THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION ON FIUME

"PRESIDENT WILSON IS NOT AMERICA. We appeal to the American people." Thus the influential *Tempo*, of Rome, turns to us for a verdict on Italy's claim to Fiume, so dramatically challenged by President Wilson at the peace table. And in the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, an Italian daily published in New York City, we read again: "Wilson is not America, and we are sure that the great majority of his countrymen will condemn his act, both in substance and in form." But an examination of our press does not justify this confidence, but reveals the majority lining up with the President in his opposition to Italy's demand. Italy is not, however, without her champions. Senator Lodge, who will be the next chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in a telegram to a number of leading Italian-Americans takes the Italian side, saying: "If Italy is of the opinion that it is necessary to her safety and for her protection that she should hold Fiume, I am clearly of the opinion that it should be hers, especially as the people of Fiume, I understand, have voted to join with Italy." Mr. Hearst's New York *American* (Ind.) believes that "Italy has at least a fair *prima-facie* case," and that "in considering Italy's claims to the Adriatic littoral, proper consideration should be given to the enormous service which the Italians rendered the Allies in those critical days, when the Allies without the Italian assistance, would undoubtedly have been disastrously defeated." The Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.) thinks that "Italy can make out quite as good a case for being specially guaranteed against adverse foreign influence in Fiume as this country has for being similarly guaranteed in Cuba"; and another Democratic paper, the Montgomery *Advertiser*, remarks that "Italy is being rawhided, or so it seems to a wayfaring man." The Washington *Post* (Ind.) calls President Wilson's stand "a disappointment to Americans as well as to Italians." "The side of Italy in this controversy is the side of the fair balance in government and diplomacy," affirms the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), and another Republican paper, the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*, remarks that, "even should Italy obtain all she asks, her gains from the war would be small compared with those which the Servians and their Slav brothers are given." To the Philadelphia *North American* (Ind. Rep.) the Italian situation is "a typical and ominously important demonstration of what a headstrong and impractical intervention has accomplished for the United States and the world." This paper goes on to say:

> "What the Italian mind can not by any means grasp is the apparent theory that the Jugo-Slavs are one of the Allied peoples. To the Italians they are, except for the Servians, defeated enemies—willing instruments of the Teuton confederation. Thousands of Croats, who are Jugo-Slavs, fought for Austria-Hungary up to the last battle, and were among the most ruthless of the invaders of Italy's northern provinces."

Then there are other papers which, while condemning President Wilson's course, do not defend Italy's. Thus the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) is inclined to think that "America will not believe that Fiume is worth all the fuss that is being made about it, and that it would be better to grant the Italian demands, even at some sacrifice of principle, than to destroy the whole fabric that has been built up so laboriously and at such a sacrifice of blood and treasure." But it adds: "The Italian insistence upon the inclusion of Fiume in its territory is inexplicable to us." "The settlement of Italy's territorial claims is not in any way or in any degree our business," declares the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), which adds:

> "We may not have any sympathy with the course pursued by Italy; we may consider her selfish and grasping, but it is not our part to act as moral dictator for the whole earth. The furious anger of the Italians against President Wilson is perfectly understandable. There is danger of a serious permanent breach of friendship between the United States and Italy; and what is for the moment even worse, there is danger that by his action the President has hopelessly destroyed the unity of the Ally alinement against Prussianism and has ruined the chance for any real League of Nations."

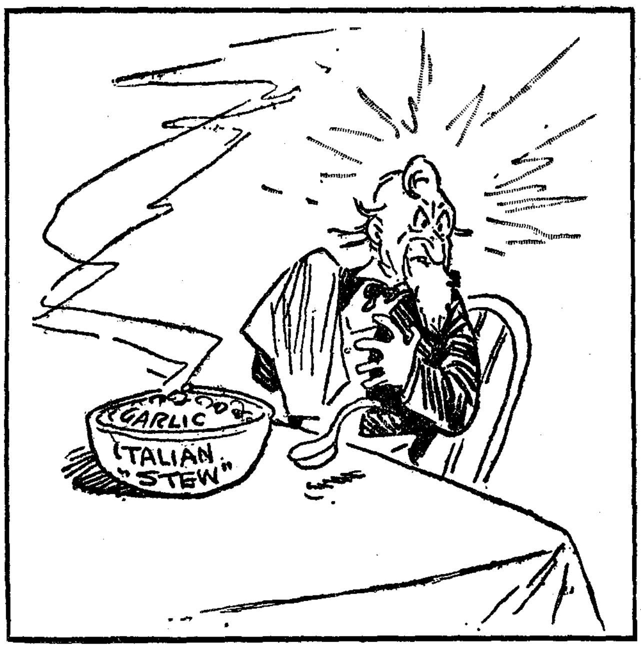
"All the worst phases of the heart-sickening deadlock which has arisen over the Fiume issue are directly traceable to the physical presence of President Wilson in Europe," declares the New York *Evening Sun* (Ind.), which is convinced that this issue "is not America's affair." Premier Orlando's popular and parliamentary indorsement at home "only serves to bring into sharper contrast Mr. Wilson's lack of mandate from America," remarks the Providence *Journal* (Ind.). The average American, admits the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), "is inclined to side with Jugo-Slavia, for she is small and weak, and American sympathy spontaneously runs to the small and weak." But it argues that it is not our business to take sides in the matter at all, and it continues:

> "Great Britain and France having apparently approved the American official position, the presumption, of course, is that Italy is unreasonable. But to prevent a smashing of the coalition, to keep alive the concert on which everything depends, some unreasonableness by a friend may be tolerated. The larger ends of the war never must be forgotten. Not to jeopardize them is still the chief business of the Paris Conference. It will be of little advantage to make an impeccable argument if the practical results are a wrecking of the great union of free people."

So, too, in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) we read that "if there is to be consistency, Fiume can not go to Italy outright," because "it is the commercial port of a great hinterland, drawing from Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Roumania." But, says this paper,

> "The President has gone too far. It is easy to justify Italian control of the portions of Dalmatia that Italy desires, and it is not worth while for him to be stubborn over that end of the situation. As for Fiume, the proper settlement of that matter

> would seem to be the erection of a free port. With everything else in her hands that she could wish, Italy ought to be satisfied with such a disposition of Fiume—if it could be brought about.
>
> "As for the President's manifesto, it has naturally stirred up much ill-feeling. On its face it is an appeal from negotiation to the support of an uninstructed public, and the uninstructed public of Italy—uninstructed in Mr. Wilson's line of thought—repudiates it. But there is something more than a public appeal. There is involved the determination of the President to rule the Peace Conference just as he has ruled the Democratic Congress at Washington. He made a grievous blunder when he appealed to the people of the United States last November to elect a Democratic House. He lost. He has made a second blunder by issuing this manifesto in Paris at a moment when there was still a possibility, if not a probability, that an understanding would be reached."



A TASTE OF INTERNATIONALISM.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Nevertheless, the bulk of American public opinion as we find it reflected in the press sustains President Wilson's stand on Italy's peace demands. Nor does this support keep within any political boundaries. "The United States pledged itself to a course of action before entering the Peace Conference, and it will follow the straight and lofty path blazed by Mr. Wilson in his 'fourteen points,'" affirms the Pasadena *Star-News* (Rep.); and the Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.) is convinced that "Italy will have to yield." "The United States having promised Italy nothing, and recognizing that the Jugo-Slav peoples are entitled to access to the Adriatic, and considering that even the Pact of London did not promise Fiume to Italy, President Wilson has all the argument, all the morals, and all the respectability on his side," declares the Houston *Post* (Dem.), which adds:

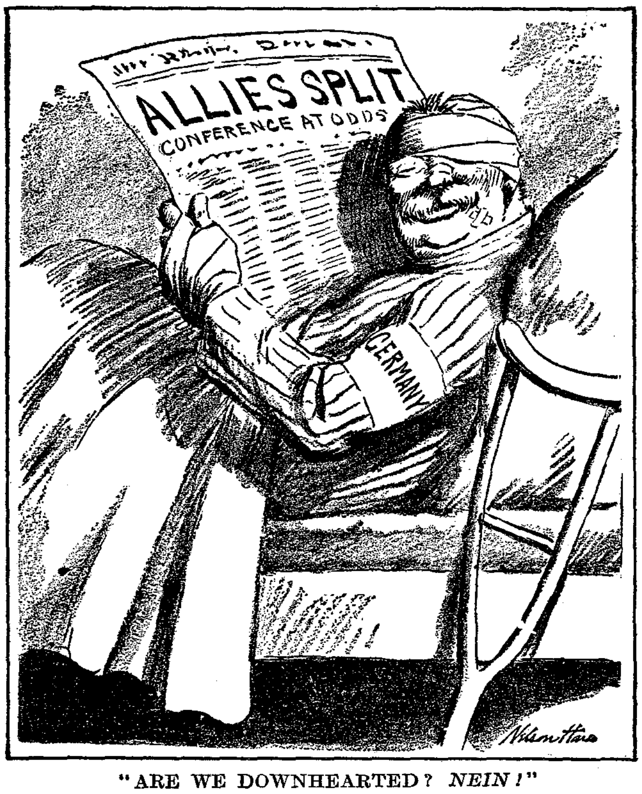
> "If his position happens to be too lofty for Italy, just be patient. Italy will get the idea before long. When her wise men ponder the position of the American Government and contemplate all that the United States means to Italy we think they will be willing to be magnanimous and generous in their attitude toward the weak nations of the Balkan peninsula now emerging from the thraldom of a thousand years into the sunlight of freedom."

"From no quarter in this country generally recognized as liberal comes criticism of the President's stand on the Adriatic question," remarks the New York *Globe* (Rep.), and *The State Journal* (Rep.), of Lincoln, Nebraska, can not see "how he could have taken any other stand without scrapping the principles of international adjustment to which the United States has been committed." His declaration, it adds, "has cleared the moral atmosphere." "President Wilson, as spokesman for the Entente, has taken a just position in the Fiume controversy," thinks the Kansas City *Star* (Rep.), which does not often find itself in agreement with Mr. Wilson. The Philadelphia *Press* (Rep.) feels that even Italy must ultimately recognize "the force and justice" of the President's position; and the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune* (Rep.) regrets that "Italy does not seem quite to have grasped the League of Nations ideal." "Italy is wrong, and in due time she will admit it," declares the Jersey City *Jersey Journal* (Ind. Rep.), which is confident Italy will not force a complete break because that "would mean the loss of American and English economic and financial support." "It is not the Allies' intention to withhold from Italy what it deserves, but this does not imply that they are prepared to do injustice merely to satisfy greed," says the Detroit *News* (Ind.); and the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.) is convinced that "if a treaty should be made excluding the Slavs from the sea, and the treaty should include an obligation of members of a league thereby constituted to guarantee the boundary so fixt between Italians and Jugo-Slavs, it could not be ratified by this country." "Italy should not be given Fiume," declares the Louisville *Post* (Ind.). "Fiume is not vital to Italy; it is vital to Jugo-Slavia," notes the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.), which continues:

> "There is room in Europe for a united Italy and for a united Jugo-Slavia. If it were proposed, in truth, to deprive Italy of any just reward for her service to the Allied cause, of any rightly acquired territory vital to her security, we would be earnest and persistent in protest. We rejoice that she has come into her own in the Trentino, the Isonzo Valley, and Trieste. We are not inclined to scrutinize too closely the population of the Istrian peninsula if it goes to her in the settlement. Its aliens, we have no doubt, will be given fair treatment. And Italy, enlarged, enriched, united, will prosper in peace and security and win again the smile and affection of the world."

The same paper points out that America by this crisis is "forced to choose between two courses":

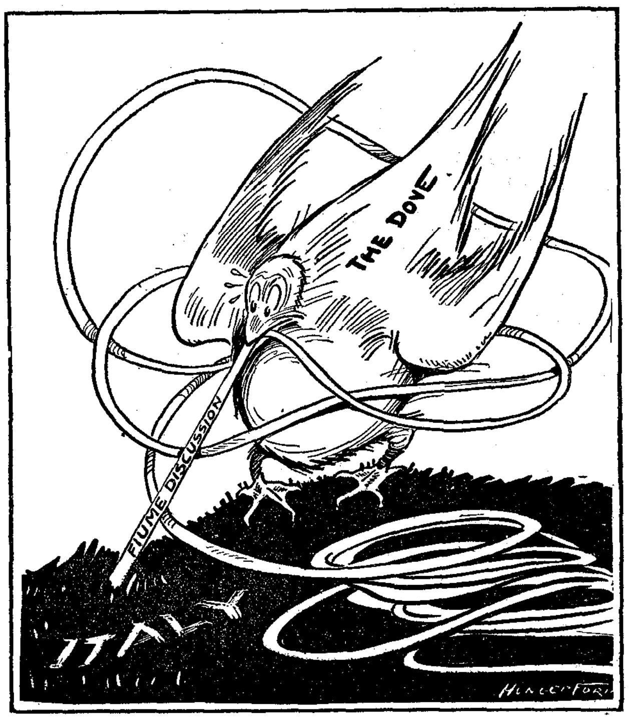
> "Either she must recognize the validity of the London Treaty and the added Italian claim for Fiume, or she must recognize the incontrovertible fact that the whole political and geographical situation upon which the London Treaty was based has been radically altered by the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy.
>
> "To us there seems little argument over such alternative. If



"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? *NEIN!*"

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

a new world map is to be made, it must be made on the facts as they are and not on the facts as they were in 1915. The American position that the armistice, based on the fourteen points, abrogated the secret treaties is the only position that gives freedom for intelligent and just reconstruction of the world order.



A SPAGHETTI WORM.
—Hungerford in the Pittsburg *Sun.*

Jugo-Slavdom has come into existence since 1915. Italy herself presided at its birth, and Orlando gave it his blessing. The new nation, freed from oppression, must be allowed a fair chance to live. It must not be stifled in its cradle."

"At all events," says the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), "Mr. Wilson will never sign a treaty making Fiume an Italian seaport." "Sober second thought," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.), "may persuade the Italians that if the possession of Fiume was not necessary to their security and welfare when they entered the war and defined their aims and fixt their rewards, it is even less of a necessity to-day, when their ancient enemy is broken and helpless." "America can never, and never should, consent" to Italy's extreme demands, the Duluth *Herald* (Ind.) maintains. On this issue, thinks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), it is "pretty nearly a case of Italy *contra mundum.*"

In making his declaration, says the New York *World* (Dem.), "there can be no doubt that the President speaks for an overwhelming majority of the American people and for the enlightened opinion of the whole world. This is a sentiment that neither Italy nor any other nation can safely challenge." And the evening edition of the same paper predicts that "once the Italian Government is convinced that the Fiume bluff can not succeed, Italy will come back to the peace table and use her disappointment to plead for consolation prizes." "President Wilson's attitude toward the territorial claims of Italy and that country's quasi-ultimatum is the attitude of the United States," says the New York *Commercial* (Com.), And in the Boston *News Bureau* (Fin.) we read:

"President Wilson is right. Greater Servia must have Fiume. To the Jugo-Slavs possession of Fiume is a matter of life and death. Without Fiume the new Servian state can have no independent commercial life, no genuine national existence. At Fiume, and Fiume only, the railroad systems of Croatia, Bosnia, and Slavonia connecting at Belgrade with Servia reach the sea. South of Fiume there are many harbors, but no seaport on the whole Dalmatian coast. The Dinaric Alps rising abruptly from the sea prevent railroad building to the coast.

"For Italy possession of Fiume is but a slight additional gratification of the racial desire to include all people of Italian descent (here there are some 25,000) within the geographical limits of the Kingdom of Italy, and it furthers the chauvinistic Italian ambition to make the Adriatic an Italian lake.

"The balance of equities is overwhelmingly in favor of the Jugo-Slavs, and President Wilson has done well to recognize it."

Among the many other papers which stand uncompromisingly behind the President in this issue are the Little Rock (Arkansas) *Democrat* (Dem.), Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), Knoxville *Sentinel* (Dem.), St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.), Syracuse *Herald* (Ind.), Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), and Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* (Dem.).

"Italy demands her pound of flesh," remarks the St. Joseph *News-Press* (Ind.), "and she is entitled to the same degree of sympathy that is usually accorded to the late Mr. Shylock." "Italy can not afford to fly in the face of Providence and the new diplomacy," declares the Richmond *Journal* (Ind.). And the Newark *News* (Ind.) reminds us that "Mr. Wilson did not take the initiative in issuing ultimatums":

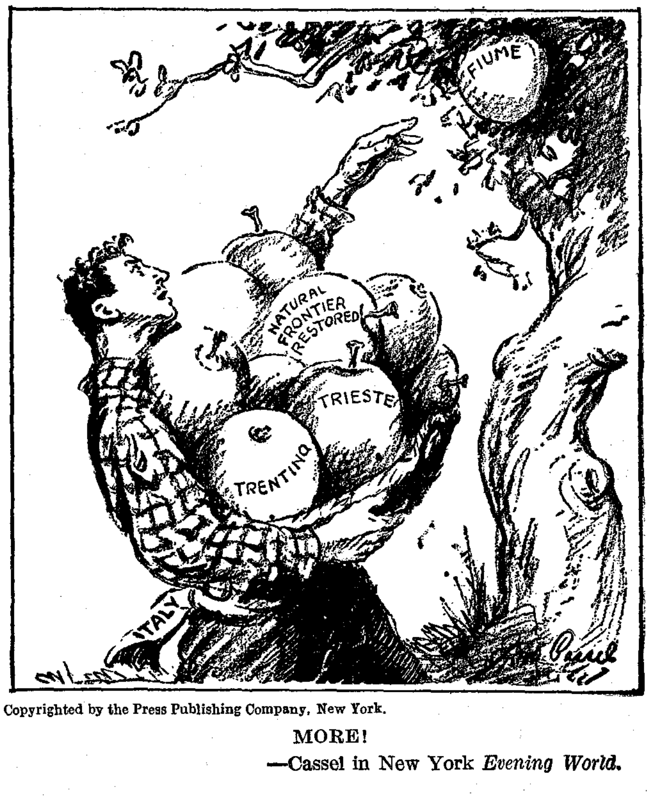
"His statement was a reply to an earlier ultimatum laid down by the Italian delegation within the conference, when it demanded 'Fiume or nothing.' For nearly two months Orlando and his associates held up the conference, refusing to yield to the united demand of their Allies for a different adjustment of Italian national interests which are interwoven with the equally important national interests of other peoples. They can not evade responsibility for what has happened."

Nor is the incident, in the opinion of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Dem.), wholly to be regretted. For—

"In the attitude of this one delegation we see what might have been the attitude of all European delegations but for the spirit and counsel which America brought to the conference.

"Italy fears that Trieste, under her control, will have a most dangerous commercial rival in Fiume, if it is given to the new Jugo-Slav state. Even under their old masters Fiume was threatening Trieste's supremacy. It is worth more than all the rest of the Dalmatian coast to the south and would realize the dream of an Italian lake in the Adriatic.

"Well-wishers of Italy, admirers of her struggle for unity and independence, may excuse the demand that has caused discord, but can not hope that it will be successful. She is applying, not the *irredenta* formula, but the old formula of trade grabs and territorial grabs whose inevitable consequences in misery are to be read in her own past history."



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MORE!
—Cassel in New York *Evening World.*

THE RING AROUND LENINE

REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE, assailed on every side in 1792, sprang to arms and threw the invaders across the border in a few weeks, and then gathered her strength for the great campaigns that planted the tricolor on half the palaces of Europe. Bolshevik Russia is now in a similar situation, but any dreams of a *Soviet* invasion of Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Roumania, with 3,000,000 soldiers, seem nonsensical to American editors, altho they admit that Lenine and Trotzky now command the largest army in Eastern Europe, conservatively estimated at 300,000 men, with as many more in reserve. As correspondents note, the Bolshevik army holds the inside position, and thus, tho handicapped by lack of transportation facilities, can strike in any direction and more quickly than its adversaries. But against the *Soviet* armies, as Mr. William G. Shepherd points out in the New York *Evening Post*, at least five of the peoples of Europe are actively engaged in military preparations for defense—the Ukrainians, the Roumanians, Bulgarians, Poles, and the Germans. The New York *Evening Post* reminds us editorially that "there are 850,000 Allied troops in southeastern Europe to-day—English, French, Servians, Greeks, Roumanians, and Italians," and that "of these the English and French alone number nearly 300,000," and that "with the Czecho-Slovaks and Poles in the North, a cordon of easily more than a million men can be stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea."

ALEXANDER VASSILIEVITCH KOLCHAK,
Who heads the strongest anti-Bolshevik government in what was the Russian Empire. Some incidents of his career are told on page 114.

The spring campaign is already under way on almost every part of the Russian battle-line, and altho the season is young and other than military factors must be considered, a goodly number of our editors are convinced by the early battles that Lenine and Trotzky are fated never to conquer Europe like Napoleon, or even to repel the invader like Danton. It seems to the San Francisco *Chronicle* that the Bolshevik forces are already "a beaten army." Almost daily, the New York *Globe* reminds us, come reports of Bolshevik defeats on every front. Most important of all in the general estimation is the advance of Kolchak's army in Siberia. The Siberian "dictator," with Allied and Czecho-Slovak support in the rear, heartened by promises of Allied recognition of the Omsk government, with Allied equipment and military advice at his command, began a scientifically planned campaign in March. This army is moving forward in three columns. As the New York *World* notes:

> "Two columns in the south have reached tributaries of the Volga and are near the main stream. Even more threatening is the northern column, which has traversed one-third of the way from the Asian border to Petrograd and will soon menace Vyatka, commanding the branch line to the Dvina River. The Bolsheviki must retire from a vast region here or be caught between the Kolchak forces and Entente troops on the Lower Dvina."

And at the same time, to quote *The World:*

> "What may prove the beginning of a movement that will redeem all northern Russia is the success of the Finns in cutting the Murmansk Railway at a point as near Petrograd as New London is to New York. Here they are not far from Colonel Maynard's mixed force operating southward from Murmansk. Meanwhile the successful action at Kief deals the Bolsheviki a violent blow in the breadbasket. For Kief means wheat."

The Utica *Press* further summarizes the news of disasters to the forces of the Bolshevik Government:

> "Polish and Ukrainian forces have each in recent days administered separately heavy blows to its armies and prestige in western Russia. From Ukrainian sources it was reported that a Bolshevik force of 20,000 rifles with numerous guns had surrendered to Petlura in the Pripet River region, and later it was reported that Polish troops had captured the important city of Vilna in Lithuania and two important railroad centers farther south. . . . The only offset to these reverses has been some success by the Bolsheviki in the Crimea, and the whole of the claims made here by the Moscow régime are disputed from other quarters. Reports are insistent that the military forces of the Lenine régime are becoming demoralized, that some divisions, especially in the east, have mutinied and refused to fight, and that a similar spirit is appearing among the forces in the west and north. Heretofore the Moscow Government has recruited its armies by promising food, tho this has meant starvation for the civilian population. It is not unlikely now, however, that shortage of food is being felt in the widely scattered armies, the breakdown of transportation being one important factor in the scarcity of supplies. It may be the beginning of the end of Bolshevism in Russia. The thing that has destroyed systematically what it found, that has existed off the none too abundant resources at hand upon its advent, and that has produced little or nothing itself, is probably nearing the point of exhaustion. The collapse in Russia may be nearer now than any one suspects."

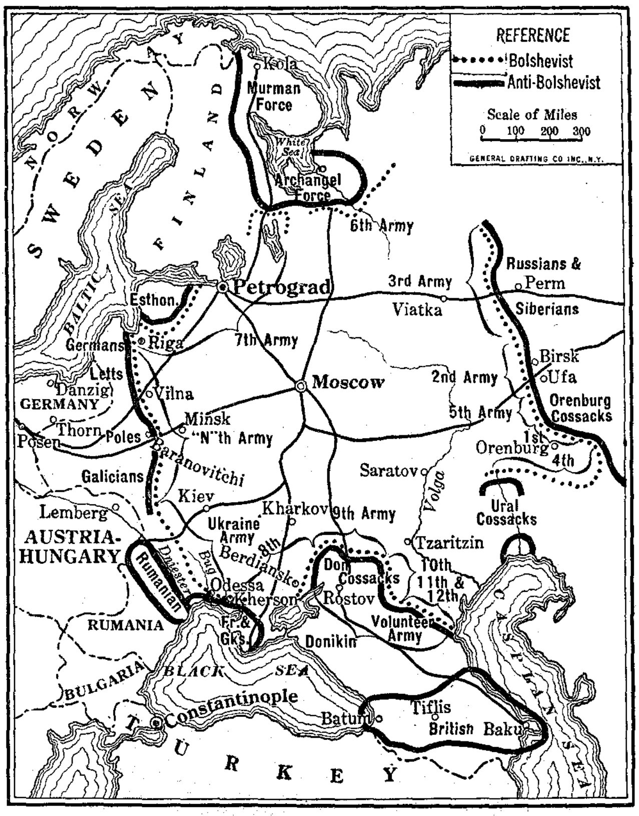
It is all especially encouraging to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, because "for the first time the Russians themselves seem to be fighting the Bolsheviki successfully," and "this is the only way Lenine and Trotzky can be beaten." In explanation of this statement it should be said that such Allied forces as are in Russian territory are for the most part held in the rear as a reserve and to guard lines of communication and supply bases.

Altho the news from Russia is good news, the Springfield *Republican* would caution us that it does not necessarily mean the final turn of the tide. Moreover, "the good news is military rather than political, and therefore of less significance."

That the Russian problem is economic and political as well as military is admitted by Allied statesmen, who have apparently decided to fight Bolshevism principally by combating Bolshevik propaganda outside of Russia, by sending food to the Russian people, and by lending moral and material support to anti-Bolshevik Russian elements. The plan to feed Russia through neutrals is strongly supported editorially by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which accept the proposition that hunger, in the *Eagle's* words, "is the chief recruiting agent of Bolshevism, and food is Bolshevism's worst enemy." The New York *Tribune*, on the other hand, assumes that Bolshevism is not the effect but the cause of Russian hunger, which will disappear only "when Bolshevism goes." A protest against feeding

Russia has been made as follows by the acting head of the anti-Bolshevik Archangel government:

> "The proposition to feed our enemies comes when victory is near, and it is entirely outside the question to think that we should cease fighting in order to permit the provisions to reach our enemies."


REFERENCE
Bolshevist
Anti-Bolshevist
Scale of Miles
0 100 200 300
GENERAL DRAFTING CO INC., N.Y.
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
BALTIC
Kola
Murman Force
White Sea
Archangel Force
6th Army
Petrograd
Esthon.
Germans
Riga
Letts
Danzig
GERMANY
Vilna
7th Army
Moscow
3rd Army
Viatka
Russians & Perm
Siberians
Birsk
Ufa
2nd Army
5th Army
Orenburg Cossacks
Orenburg
1st
4th
Minsk
"N"th Army
Thorn
Poles
Posen
Galicians
Baranovitchi
Kiev
Lemberg
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
Kharkov
9th Army
Saratov
Volga
Ural Cossacks
Ukraine Army
8th
Berdiansk
Bug
Dniester
Rumanian
Odessa
Kherson
Don Cossacks
Rostov
Tzaritzin
10th
11th & 12th
RUMANIA
Fr. & Gks.
Donikin
Volunteer Army
BULGARIA
BLACK SEA
Constantinople
Batum
Tiflis
British
Baku
CASPIAN SEA
TURKEY

From the London "Times."

HOW *SOVIET* RUSSIA IS HEMMED IN.

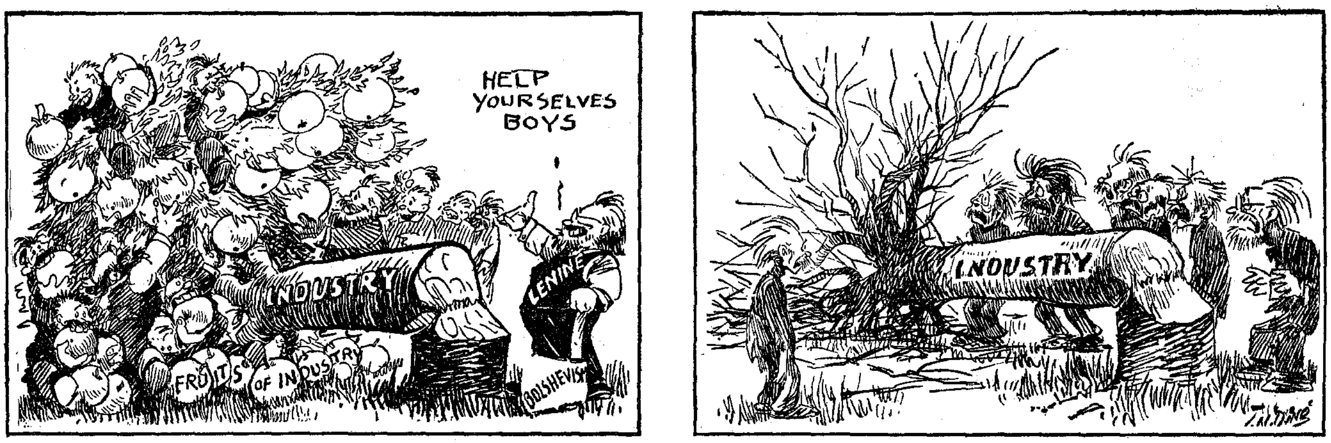
Since this map was prepared, in April, the Allies have been driven from Odessa and the Crimea, the Bolsheviki have lost Vilna, Minsk, and Kief, the Siberians have advanced westward, the Archangel and Murman forces have prest southward, and the Finns have driven the Red armies almost to the outskirts of Petrograd.

The suggested policy of recognizing the Omsk government pleases important papers like the Boston *Herald*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, New York *Times* and *Tribune*, and Detroit *Journal*. The Detroit paper is imprest by the way this régime is gathering financial strength, "reestablishing peasants on their land, holding in order and peace all territory eastward from Perm and Ufa," and also keeping faith with the people in preparing Russia for a democratic government. The New York *Times* reminds us that the Omsk government was formed by the consolidation of the Siberian government and the Samara group. *The Times* insists that Admiral Kolchak is no dictator, but a president appointed by a government which realized the need of a one-man executive. The majority of his ministry, it says, are radicals. The Socialist New York *Call*, however, calls him "the Czarist dictator Kolchak, the booze king of Siberia," over which he "rules with the aid of foreign bayonets, the knout, and the sale of vodka." This paper has no patience with any plan to recognize the Kolchak government.

Mr. Lloyd George's theory that the best Allied policy is to let Russia work out its own salvation would seem to be supported by those who see the *Soviet* régime "tottering to its fall" because of what the New York *Journal of Commerce* calls its "bitter struggle against all the economic and social laws which have hitherto governed mankind." It is inevitable, we are told, that as the Bolshevists' "theories come into contact with the hard facts of life, the economic obstacles in their path should be found to be insurmountable."

Looking beyond the borders of Russia, the Boston *Transcript* sees "the preposterous thing" called Bolshevism, Communism, or Spartacism everywhere "waning very perceptibly." It sees Bela Kun's communistic government at Budapest collapsing at the approach of Roumanian and Czecho-Slovak armies, and it assumes that this "will mean the end not only of Marxism in Hungary but of Hungarian resistance to the purposes of the Supreme Council at Paris." Then, "at Munich also, the Bolshevik régime has collapsed," and while in northern Germany "the principles of revolutionary communism do not appear at this moment to be on the wane," *The Transcript* sees "signs even in Berlin and Westphalia that the nightmare of Bolshevism is slowly fading from the dull eyes of eastern and central Europe."

We are, however, warned by a Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* that the Bolshevik propagandist has been busily at work within the gates of the eastern European nations now fighting *Soviet* Russia, "and the extent to which he has already weakened the internal defenses can not be known until the testing time comes." Lenine, in a recent interview, has declared that the Bolsheviki are still carrying on their maneuver of "resting and biding our time until the rapidly ripening proletarian revolution should break out in all countries." Mr. William Allen White, writing from Paris, declares his belief that Bolshevik propaganda has been effective this spring all over Eastern Europe, where "industries are dismembered; trade is dead; political organization is benumbed and weak." We must not blink the fact, he says, that "Bolshevism is the strongest single idea in the world right now." Mr. Fraser Hunt, the Chicago *Tribune's* correspondent in Russia, finds every one asking the question: "If not the *Soviet* Government, what?" He believes that in Russia "there is no organized group capable of taking over the *Soviet* power." He finds many able and intelligent Russians supporting the Bolshevik régime and opposing a counter-revolution, hoping to evolve something satisfactory out of the present government, which, they admit, is "intolerable."


HELP YOURSELVES BOYS
INDUSTRY
LENINE
FRUITS OF INDUSTRY
BOLSHEVISM
INDUSTRY
Darling

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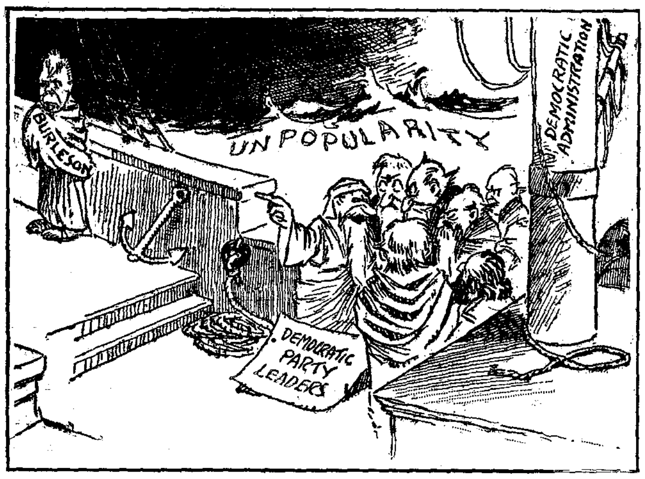
CUTTING DOWN THE TREE TO GET THE FRUIT.

It makes it easy for a while, but what will they do next season? —Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

BURLESON DROPPING THE WIRES

THE GOVERNMENT'S GRIP on the cables has been released, its hand is being taken from the wires, and the news of Mr. Burleson's change of policy seems to the stanchly Democratic New York *World* "a confession that his administration has been disastrous." To the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) it means the end "in abject and exemplary failure" of Mr. Burleson's "adventure in government ownership," and the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) concludes that we have had a lesson in the inadvisability of government ownership which "ought to last us for another generation." Shortly before Mr. Burleson—or President Wilson—decided on this step, two events had brought upon the Postmaster-General a bombardment of criticism with editorial high explosives which sounded loud above the continual crackling of criticism which has been going on for many months and has been from time to time noted in our columns. Then the Postmaster-General—who seemed to some of his friends to be the victim of his own silence—replied with hot shot of his own, defending his own policies and attacking the motives and records of his chief critics. We are thus in a fair way to be able to size up what "Burlesonism" is and is not. The two revelatory events are the recent telephone strike in New England and the incident of the New York *World* telegram.



JONAH.
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

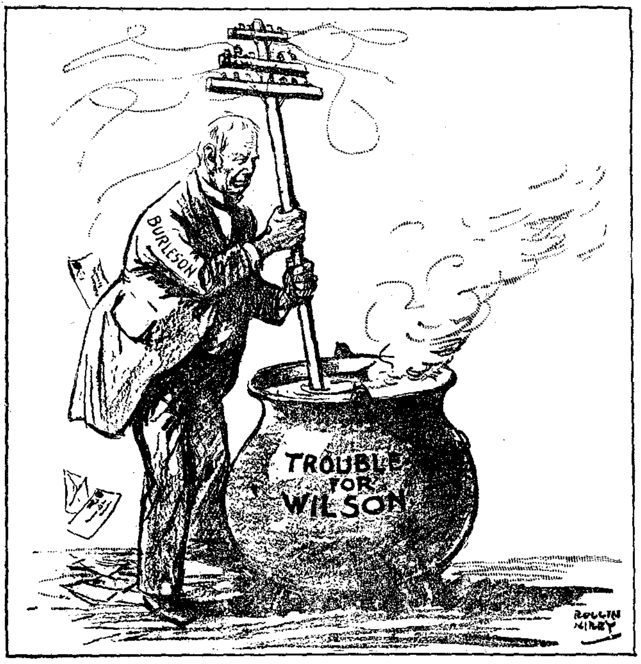
The New York *World* published in its Washington correspondence, it will be remembered, a story in which Mr. Burleson was, to quote the head-line, "Pictured as Snoop, Trouble-maker, Disorganizer, Autocrat, and Arch-Politician." The writer, Mr. Seibold, discust in detail Mr. Burleson's record before entering the Cabinet, his political activities since that time, and his administration of mails, wires, and cables. *The World* decided to find out whether other papers using its news service cared to have this story and prepared a telegram to them reading:

> "3—Washington—Seibold—Burleson pictured as snoop, trouble-maker, disorganizer, autocrat, and arch-politician—Post-office employees call their chief slave-driver, convict laborers having been whipt on his farm—Misgovernment of mail system alleged—He is credited with having put national prohibition through—5,000 (words)."

The office representatives of the telegraph companies submitted the message to their chiefs, who refused to accept the message for transmission, as to them it appeared "improper." The next day the newspapers were talking of "gag rule"; Mr. Burleson was denying his personal responsibility in the matter, and ordering that nothing should be held up in the future because of criticism of himself; telegraph officials were explaining; Democratic politicians were quoted as talking of Burleson as a party Jonah, and the Washington dispatches said the Postmaster-General's popularity was "at the lowest ebb." The incident itself was described by a telegraph official as simply "a case of an employee wanting to go easy on the boss."

But in this case the "boss" seemed to think that the time had come to hit out at his critics, and since most of the editorials reaching us seem to be on the critical side, it is only fair first to let the Postmaster-General speak for himself, by quoting from his statements to the press. Mr. Burleson would have the public understand "that the mail service during the war was maintained upon an exceptionally efficient basis," and he "confidently believes that every fair-minded, unselfish, honest American, judging by his own experience and considering the difficulties confronting the postal establishments, recognizes this as a fact." Mr. Burleson insists in a letter to the New York *Evening Post* that the Wire Administration under his direction has at all times "endeavored to be just and fair to all the employees of the wire-service, the owners of the properties, and the public." The most carefully worked-out plea for Mr. Burleson and his policies is made by the Publicity Chief of his Department. To summarize the chief points made in this statement:

> The attacks on the Postmaster-General are a concentration of opposition to the Wilson Administration on the part of interests which had failed in their attacks on Secretary Daniels and Secretary Baker, and do not dare "to open the attack on the President personally." Attacks from the officials of the Postal Telegraph Company are due to selfish reasons and animosities growing out of the failure of these officials to cooperate with the Wire Administration. The New York *World* "was ripe for espousal of antagonism" toward the Department because of a recent difference of opinion between Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Burleson. But "the avalanche of criticism turned loose upon Postmaster-General Burleson involves a great deal more than such questions as the prompt delivery of mail, wage-rates, wire-rates, or even of whether the Government should control the wire service." It is held to be "an unintentional compliment to Mr. Burleson" that certain selfish interests "hate him so bitterly." The issues at stake are old, but have come to life all at once under the impulse of Mr. Burleson's "firm purpose" to correct evils which his predecessors only complained of and to put into effect "a policy which makes public service a paramount duty." For instance:
>
> "Vitality was given to the parcel-post contest by the fact that he advanced this service until it has become an efficient utility for public convenience. The question of second-class mail was taken from the field of purely academic discussion by the enactment of a law actually making an increase in the postage-rates for carrying printed advertising matter, for the repeal of which there was an immediate demand made by those who have been enjoying a subsidy of millions of dollars at public expense.
>
> "The exigency of war brought the wire service under government control, and thus revived an issue which had its birth when the Government strung the wires for the first use of Mr. Morse's



THE MAN WHO STIRS IT UP.
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

great invention, and Henry Clay protested against the wires ever being allowed to pass into private control.

"The enactment of a law substituting space measurement for the weight system in determining payment to be made to railroads for carrying the mail added another to the group of private interests having occasion to complain of the Post-office Department policy, inasmuch as the railroads by this legislation were deprived of the payment of about $10,000,000 a year in excess of what they earned by service performed."

Mr. Burleson's characterization of his administration as efficient brings sharp contradiction from many an editor. In fact, it seems to the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) that the present Postmaster-General has "shown to what heights domineering inefficiency may mount." Assertions of "Mr. Burleson's incompetency," the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) affirms, come from "all classes, all sections, and all parties." Says this paper:

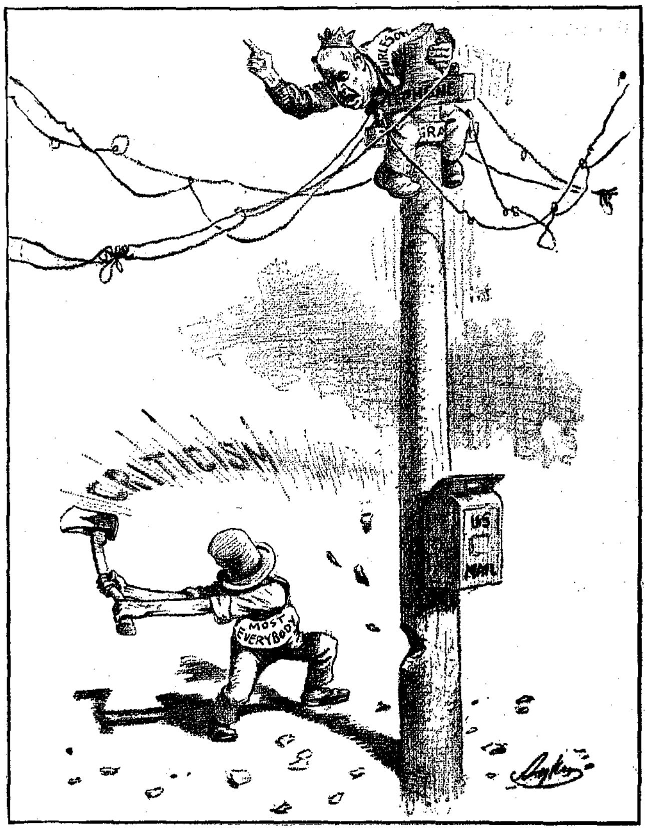
> "The general breakdown of the postal service was first taken up by an association of New York merchants, large users of the mails and vitally affected by inefficient service. This association gathered data proving the breakdown and giving many of the reasons for the failure in the metropolis. Other cities found similar conditions. Mr. Burleson has put in force an unbalanced method of demerit marks that has brought discouragement and demoralization to the postal employees. His autocratic policy has closed the usual avenues for complaint and correction of abuses. His method of stationary distribution of the mails has resulted in tardiness of delivery, indefinitely increased by the missing of connections. His adherence to the space instead of the weight method of paying the railways has brought other delays. He has eliminated the time-saving tube service in the larger cities, altho Congress voted for its retention. He has been urging that rural-free-delivery routes be let out to private contractors. His defeat of the purposes of the merit system is practically confessed.
>
> "The turmoil that has characterized his relations with postal employees has appeared under his administration of the telegraph, telephone, and cable systems. Service has deteriorated and rates have gone up, and Mr. Burleson has continual friction with owners, employees, and patrons."

Complaints of Mr. Burleson's handling of his department and criticisms of his policies are accompanied by demands for his resignation, which come from papers of all parties. The independent Springfield *Republican* declares that "Mr. Burleson's retirement should not be delayed," and the Republican *Union*, of the same New England city, says briefly: "Mr. Burleson ought to be fired." It seems to the Socialist New York *Call* that it is high time that Burleson be retired and "the Post-office Department restored to the public service." The Democratic Richmond *Times-Dispatch* hopes for Mr. Burleson's early "forced retirement" from the position which he has "so persistently abused to his own personal ends," and the Richmond *News-Leader* (Dem.) says with even greater emphasis:

> "If in mistaken loyalty to a dangerous subordinate our great President declines to dismiss Burleson, then we are frank to say impeachment should be moved in the House of Representatives on the very day Congress convenes."

But aside from criticism of Mr. Burleson personally, *The World* incident is taken by many newspapers as evidence of what might happen at any time under government ownership and control of the telegraphs and telephones. It is considered ample proof that, in the words of the Birmingham *News* (Dem.), "a free press can never be guaranteed so long as the Government controls the wires." Mr. Burleson, declares the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* (Ind.), "has done more in his short period to make the perilous theory of government ownership ridiculous and detested than an ordinary man could accomplish in a lifetime of ardent effort." The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) agrees that we have now had an object-lesson as to what is "extremely likely to happen" with government ownership. It observes:

> "During many years the arguments of serious thinkers against government operation of these great utilities have been mainly three. It was predicted that the administration of them would be extravagant, causing either higher rates for service or a heavier burden on the taxpayers, or both. It was predicted that, despite these increased expenses, efficiency and morale in the service would deteriorate. Finally, it was prophesied that the door would be opened, not only to political coercion, but to the gratifying of personal antagonisms and the practise of surveillance over messages or business personally objectionable to the ruling political powers. The first and second of these arguments against government ownership and operation have been powerfully reenforced by actual experience with the railways and the wires. The third has lost no force from this latest incident."



NO ARGUMENT ABOUT IT.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

Some advocates of government ownership, like the Socialist *Appeal to Reason* (Girard, Kan.), the radical *Public*, and the Non-Partizan League's organ, *The Non-Partizan Leader*, do not, however, admit that anything that might happen under the administration of Mr. Burleson can be fairly used as an argument against public ownership. The inefficiency of an individual administrator, they contend, can not affect the principle at stake. As *The Public* puts it, "since nature never produces two things exactly alike, there is no reason to suppose that there will within a century be found another such Postmaster-General."

Mr. Burleson's attitude toward labor seems to be an important element in his unpopularity. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, calls the Postmaster-General "an archaic autocrat, who must walk the plank sooner or later." In a series of articles in *The New Republic* Mr. William Hard calls Postmaster-General Burleson a "Junker" and a "Sweat-shopper," and tells how he has driven postal employees by the thousands into the ranks of the American Federation of Labor. In the recent Boston strike Mr. Burleson "got his first sound absolute drubbing from his employees," according to Mr. Hard. Boston telephone operators had vainly tried to negotiate with him. "He neglected and negated their local collective-bargaining system which had existed successfully between them and their local telephone company." Finally, the operators struck, with consequent inconvenience to the public. They scored a victory, Mr. Hard notes, getting an increase in wages and the bargaining system they wanted.

BRITISH INFLUENCE IN THE LEAGUE

ANTI-BRITISH SENTIMENT ATTACKS the League of Nations as a British league into which America is being enticed by British guile. Judge Daniel F. Cohalan, addressing a meeting of Irish Independents, said recently in New York: "We are told by the President that the proposed League of Nations was made in England and submitted by England's representatives. A cursory examination of the plan reveals the truth of that statement even if it were not vouched for by the President of the United States. The shrewdness of the English mind, the cunning of the English hand, and the training of the English diplomat show through all its provisions." And of late Senator Borah told a mass-meeting called in Chicago by the Committee of One Hundred for the Irish Republic: "This League of Nations might be called a league to protect the integrity of the British Empire. It is illuminating to know who wrote this Constitution. It was General Smuts, one of the brainiest men under the British flag. You will find every vital principle and clause, sometimes without even a change of language, in the draft submitted to us. It is the English draft, whether for good or bad." The Boston *Transcript* notes with some misgivings the fact that, under the provision giving "self-governing dominions and colonies" the right to representation in the body of delegates, "the British Empire would cast six votes in that body, and the United States only one." But another influential New England paper, the Springfield *Republican*, assures us that there is no basis for the fear that the United States would be at a disadvantage as compared with the British Empire in the matter of representation, since the body of delegates possesses "mainly advisory powers," while in the executive council, where the real power resides, the British Empire as a whole will have only one vote. This paper further argues that in the body of delegates the United States will have at least as much control over the votes of Cuba, Santo Domingo, Haiti, and the Republic of Panama as England will have over the votes of Canada, Australia, and South Africa. "The importance of the right to vote in the body of delegates is greatly exaggerated," agrees the St. Louis *Star;* "it is the executive council that will make the important decisions." The Chicago *Evening Post* also discounts entirely the charge that the League will be packed in the interest of the British Empire. Nor is it disturbed, as some papers appear to be, because the League protects British naval power; and if originally it was a league "made in England," what of that? It is such no longer, thinks *The Post,* and quotes an article by Dr. Hamilton Holt, who says:

> "I read in advance the original English 'secret' draft brought by Lord Robert Cecil to Paris, and, while I must say that it was the most admirably worked-out proposal presented by any delegation, the covenant as it stands to-day is more American than English."

A Canadian paper, the Quebec *Telegraph,* makes an interesting contribution to the controversy when it assures us that on many questions, such as oriental immigration, the Canadian view-point is virtually the same as that of the United States, and it goes on to say:

> "Canada and the United States are equally the heirs of the North-American idea; they are equally detached from European traditions; they are equally the children of the New World. So, as a matter of clear fact, Canada's representative in the Conference would probably tend to stand just as close, perhaps closer to the United States than to the United Kingdom.
>
> "This does not mean that we have any political tendency away from the Empire and toward the United States. . . . Of course, in any hour of danger to the power or integrity of our Empire, there is no doubt where Canada would stand. But is there also any doubt where, in such a crisis for civilization, the United States, too, would stand?"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

APPARENTLY, the President's cold was not in his feet.—*Columbia Record.*

PEACE hath her blunders no less renowned than war.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

PERHAPS Italy would be willing to give up Fiume in exchange for Burleson.—*New York Evening Post.*

SOME of the Huns act as if they had invited the army of occupation to come over and visit them.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE trouble is not so much with the fourteen points as it is with the fourteen interpretations.—*Washington Post.*

GERMAN naval officers maintain that their fleet was never defeated. Neither was the Chinese Fleet. — *Indianapolis News.*

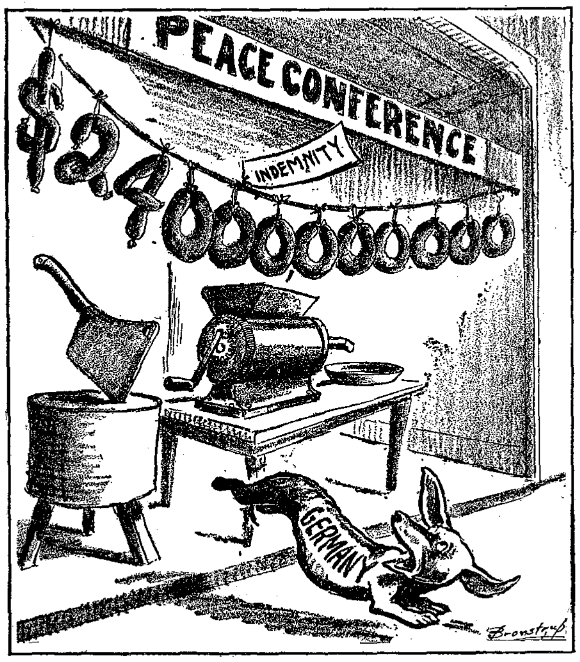
SCIENTISTS have discovered a thrush that dives and swims. What is needed is a swallow that will kick.—*Baltimore American.*

JUST as we seemed to be heading straight for the haven of peace, we find it is about fourteen points to starboard.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IT is said that our national prohibition will tend to restrict immigration. But is this an argument for or against prohibition?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE Germans think that they are winning at the Paris Peace Conference. That's what they thought at Verdun and Argonne and the Meuse for a while.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE only kind of League of Nations to which Senator Borah will assent is one in which the United States is the super-power, which corresponds to the notion of League of Nations that the Kaiser used to have.—*New York World.*



"I SEE MY FINISH!"

—Bronstrup in the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

MR. BURLESON shows a disposition to be just a little mite less burly.—*Boston Transcript.*

Too bad that the man only recently out of the trench must learn now to retrench.—*Columbia Record.*

IT is now alleged that the Crown Prince did beat somebody after all. It was his wife.—*New York Sun.*

THE American eagle was the first heavier-than-air machine to fly across the Atlantic.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

THE discovery is being made that running railroads and telephones is not as easy as it looked.—*Washington Star.*

THE reason Korea's case is hopeless is because all of Japan's friends have the same sort of skeleton in the closet.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

REPORT says the Hungarian Reds will abolish the telephone service because it is *bourgeois.* It's worse than that over here. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

DOESN'T take much of a metallurgist to discover that the corner-stone of Bolshevism is just one big gold brick.—*Anaconda Standard.*

REVENUE agents are already at work rounding up all the private stills, probably operating on the theory that the early bird catches the worm. — *Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THOSE who are demanding the resignation of Postmaster-General Burleson would ascertain by investigation that in the bright lexicon of democracy there is no such word as resign.—*Houston Post.*

MAX HARDEN claims that the German people were in the dark concerning the cause of the war. But the fact that they were in the dark is no reason why they should be let off light.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

JUSTICE FOR THE FOSTER-PARENTS OF OUR CHILDREN

IT IS STRANGE that the generous-hearted American people, who poured out their riches so prodigally in response to every patriotic, every charitable appeal, and who accorded such enthusiastic and liberal support to every measure and to every group that helped win the war, should have neglected to properly encourage and reward the services of one of the noblest professions in the field of human activities—a profession that in lofty ideals, in unselfish principles, in sacred responsibilities, stands side by side with the ministry of the Gospel itself.

We wish to bespeak, with whatever power and authority we may have and with such words as may be granted to us, some measure of consideration for the foster-fathers and mothers of our children—the school-teachers of the United States of America.

There is no class of workers of which we demand so much. We commit into their keeping the minds, the bodies, and the very souls of our children in the tender and formative years of their lives, and they, receiving these children, can indeed be said to hold in the hollow of their hands the future of America. We expect these devoted men and women to watch over and care for our sons and daughters as tho they were their very own, to drill them in the arts and sciences, to train them for business and for citizenship, to instruct them in manners and in morals, to do for them those things which we would do had we the training and the leisure.

No class has assumed so heavy, so trying a burden and a responsibility with such willingness as these consecrated men and women. No class has performed their increasingly heavy tasks more devotedly, more conscientiously, and with less thought of self. No class served their country more wholeheartedly, more loyally, during the trying and tempestuous times of war, day by day pursuing their round of duty, day by day helping the young people, and through the children the parents, to see the struggle in its true light, thus securing the cooperation of the community in every measure undertaken by the Government to win the war.

Truly they have made the nation their everlasting debtor. Truly had they not done their work so well this republic would not outlast the span of a generation.

What then have the teachers received at our hands in return? They have received little of honor and somewhat less of pay. Other classes have prospered; other classes through powerful organizations have secured generous wages. The teachers have no spokesman, however, to demand even the simple justice of a living wage, so to them we give their petty pre-war pittance, so meager, so pitifully inadequate, that it places a burning brand of shame and disgrace upon this nation.

The men and women who are making the Americans of to-morrow are being treated with less consideration than the janitors who sweep out the buildings in which they are employed; they are earning on the average, less than the wages given to the scrubwomen employed in the public buildings of the United States Government. Normal-school graduates receive less salary than street-sweepers; high-school principals and superintendents less than section foremen; country school teachers less for instructing the farmer's children than he pays his hired man to feed his hogs.

In a certain town of Illinois, for instance, the average wages of fifteen miners for one month was $217, while the average monthly salary of fifteen teachers in the same town was $55. In another town a miner, who, by the way, was an enemy alien, drew more than $2,700 last year, while the salary of the high-school principal in the same town was $765. We welcome with all our hearts the long-belated recognition that is being given to the man who works with his hands. We believe that this same workingman will be the first to join with us in asking better pay for those who teach his children.

No wonder there are fifty thousand vacancies in the teaching forces of the schools. No wonder the ranks are being filled with weak men and with immature women who merely use the profession as a stepping-stone to something better. No wonder there are thirty thousand teachers in the United States who have had no schooling beyond the eighth grammar grade. Small wonder, indeed, that seven million of our school-children are being trained by teachers, mere boys and girls themselves, who have had no professional education whatever.

When we consider that the 740,000 teachers of America are paid an average salary of $630 a year; when, moreover, we consider the fact that living costs have actually advanced 103 per cent. since the beginning of the war, thereby cutting the buying-power of these insignificant salaries in half, we can easily determine that only a fool or a martyr would choose teaching as a profession, or would long remain in it unless these terrible conditions were swiftly remedied.

What a crime is this! What an indictment! What an unpardonable sin at the doors of an enlightened people who now find themselves at the head and forefront of the democracies of the world! How can we better prepare for the great undertakings of reconstruction than by setting ourselves immediately to remedying this perilous condition. In these trying and chaotic times when the world is beset by unrest, by anarchy, by revolution, by the devil's brood of appalling evils that follow in the train of war, we must make sure that the foundations of our republic are set on a rock that it may stand against the flood.

The peace and security of the world of the future will be in the safe keeping of the generation now in our schools. These boys and girls must "weave up the raveled sleeve" of civilization. Their hands must minister to the wounds of the nations. Their minds must meet and solve the difficult and crucial problems that will be their inheritance. Their hearts must be so imbued with the horrors of war and with the poverty and anguish that inevitably follow in its wake that they in their time will enter upon it only as a last resort in national self-defense or in support of some great principle of humanity.

Never has there been a more urgent need for high-minded, great-hearted, splendidly trained, 100 per cent. American instructors to drive home the vital lessons that these times hold. Never has the future of the nation been so clearly committed into the hands of the teachers. And yet thousands of men and women of ability who would prefer to teach are reluctantly leaving their chosen calling, forced by the hard necessities of their very existence.

The teachers ask no largess at the hands of fortune. They enter their profession for service, not riches. But they invest years and money in preparation for their life-work and the knowledge they gain is shared with others who themselves use it to their own profit. Teachers, then, by every right and in all justice expect a return that will permit them and their dependents to live decently and in comfort.

In every community reached by THE LITERARY DIGEST there are readers of foresight, of vision, broad-minded men and thoughtful women who will see—nay, perhaps have long since seen—the critical and compelling importance of this problem. We are directing this appeal to them. We urge them to compare the salaries of their teachers with the wages of those who are doing work of equal value. There will be a challenge in the facts that will stir the community to action.

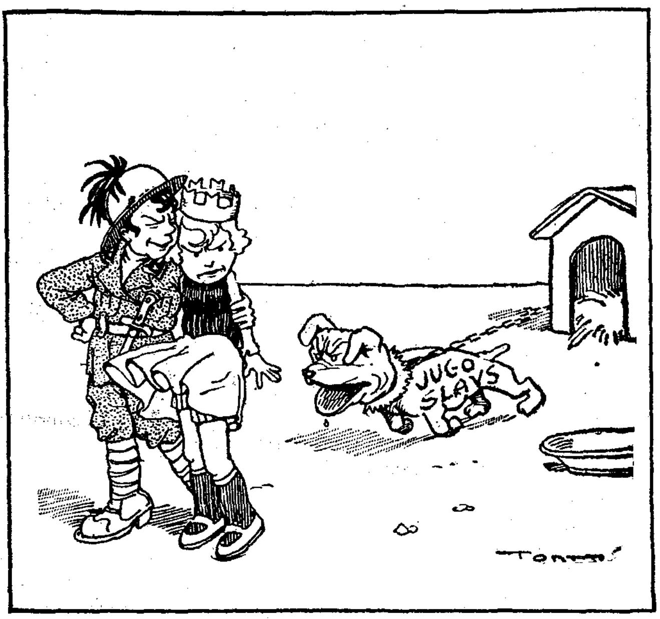
Let each community invest in schools so that it may thereby invest in a trained manhood and womanhood that can play their part in the great period of rebuilding and reconstruction that lies before us. Let each community set for its goal, as far as is practicable, a minimum wage of at least $1,000 a year for the teachers of America. This would cost the nation perhaps as much as we spent so gloriously in but one week of the Great War.

We are not pleading merely for the welfare of some single profession; we are not pleading for a special class; we are pleading for America: for her larger, her brighter, her richer future, for the fulfilment of her glorious promise. We are pleading for a coming race of men and women who shall be qualified to make complete the work of our forefathers who founded this nation and dedicated it to liberty, and who will bring to full fruition the new victories that we have won in freedom's cause. We are pleading for a wider teaching of the principles, the purposes, and the ideals of this nation that all men shall know her meaning and shall have equal access to her opportunities; that the light of Americanism will so shine that it will flood every home, every heart, in our great land.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY"

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE AGO enthusiastic Italy was describing President Wilson as the "best-loved man in the whole world." Bronze tablets commemorate his visit to various Italian cities, and in Genoa they named a street in his honor. To-day he is the subject of Italian contumely and scorn because of his outspoken opposition to Italy's claim on Fiume, which resulted in the return of Premier Orlando and Foreign Minister Sonnino from the Peace Conference. The Wilson tablets, we learn from the press, have been covered with tarpaulin cloths and Wilson Street in Genoa has been rechristened Fiume Street, while in all the chief towns of Italy there were parades and manifestations of protest against President Wilson in which the crowds carried placards bearing inscriptions such as "Viva Fiume!" "Italy alone will settle her own affairs," and "Long live America! Down with Wilson!" The Italian people and press, we are told, are solidly in favor of the United States, but they maintain that President Wilson is not the United States. They are apparently unanimous in their support of Premier Orlando for his public rebuke to Mr. Wilson, in a statement in which he said that President Wilson's action is such a departure from diplomatic custom as to leave the Italian delegates no other course than to withdraw from the Peace Conference. While the Italian delegation was discussing counter-propositions received from the British Prime Minister, which had for their aim the conciliation of contradictory tendencies affecting Italian territorial aspirations, the Paris newspapers published the President's message, Premier Orlando points out, and proceeds:



AN UNARMED FOE.

"Don't be afraid, little girl. The Jugo-Slav dog hasn't any teeth!"

420 (Florence).

"The practise of addressing nations directly constitutes surely an innovation in international relations. I do not wish to complain, but I wish to record it as a precedent, so that at my own time I may follow it, inasmuch as this new custom doubtless constitutes the granting to nations of larger participation in international questions, and, personally, I have always been of the opinion that such participation was the harbinger of a new order of things.

"Nevertheless, if these appeals are to be considered as addrest to nations outside of the Governments which represent them (I might say even against the Governments), I should feel deep regret in recalling that this process, heretofore applied to enemy Governments, is to-day applied for the first time to a Government which has been and intends to remain a loyal ally of the great American Republic, namely, to the Italian Government."

Premier Orlando goes on to say that he might complain that such a message addrest to the Italian nation had been published at the very moment when the Allied and associated Powers were negotiating with the Italian Government questions heretofore discust in intimate and complete solidarity, and he adds:

"Above all, I should have the right to complain if the declarations of the Presidential message have the purpose to oppose the Italian people to the Italian Government, because it would misconstrue and deny the high degree of civilization which the Italian people has attained and its democratic and liberal régime."

The break in the peace negotiations was received with deep regret by the Italian press, tho they agree that there was no other course open to the Italian delegates. The populace received Premier Orlando and Foreign Minister Sonnino with acclamation and every show of enthusiastic support, and the Rome *Epoca* asserts that "Never as to-day have Parliament and the country united to uphold the Government. If President Wilson returned to Italy he would perceive it." Says the Rome *Giornale d'Italia:*

"We appeal to the common sense of the American people and ask them whether they deem the attitude of their President just and fair who forgets that our country entered the conflict to help the Allies preserve their existence instead of remaining a comfortable spectator, gathering the fruits of neutrality. What must we say of this universal apostle of justice whom we acclaimed last winter, believing him our friend? He has no word of reproach for those who annexed millions of peoples of other races while he humiliates Italy because he would leave to vengeance, hate, and a foreign yoke people belonging to her country."

The Rome *Tempo* insinuates that the Allies are taking advantage of Italy's critical need of food and coal to make her yield, but maintains that "every one in Italy feels that even at the cost of seeing our life and our traffic paralyzed, it is necessary to refuse to sign a peace which means disillusion and mockery." This journal makes a comparison between the Irish and Italian questions, pointing out that when the Irish-American Assembly at Philadelphia asked President Wilson to bring before the Peace Conference the Irish question, he refused his support, declaring that it was purely an internal question of the British Empire. Similarly, adds The *Tempo*—

"Our controversy with the Jugo-Slavs is an internal political question. Jugo-Slavia is a state, like the Irish Republic, still awaiting its recognition in Paris. If Wilson has not wished to assume the just task to help solidify the efforts at self-determination which Ireland so solemnly aspires to, putting forward the pretext of the unsuitableness of his intervention in internal questions of the United Kingdom, consistency would require that he abstain from giving any verdict on those which are for us legitimate, natural, and automatic consequences of a pact which ought to be regarded as law and which ought to have constituted a fact not susceptible of revision.

"But it is very easy to be *intransigeant* with a weaker Power. Formidable obstacles obstruct our way to free manifestation of our indignation. We see now why, in these last months, such scanty reserves of coal were sent to Italian ports."

The imputation that the United States is taking advantage of Italy's material needs is also advanced by the Rome *Idea Nazionale,* which observes:

> "No other explanation can be given for President Wilson's refusal to recognize the Italian aspirations but the conviction that Italy isn't strong enough to resist if America doesn't send her grain, coal, and credit. President Wilson, you have seen in the United States 3,000,000 Italians working for the richness of your country the same as in the Southern provinces the negroes work for the richness of the planters, your supporters. Now you will see 40,000,000 Italians standing upright, scornfully refusing your bargain.
>
> "We have not grain nor coal nor credit, but we have the consciousness of our rights. When you studied theology in your college in Virginia, in Trieste, Fiume, Zara, and Spalato men died for Italy. While you were tranquilly composing speeches beyond the ocean, here men died for Italy."

The Rome *Messagero* calls attention to the fact that Premier Orlando and Baron Sonnino "have not definitely withdrawn from the Conference, but have simply suspended their participation in its work." After the vote of the Italian Parliament "they may return to France to continue with new strength and better hope the interrupted diplomatic battle. President Wilson will bring into the new negotiations a spirit of wiser moderation." Therefore, this journal urges that the Italians stop all talk of annexing Fiume "through act of Parliament," for "we must get Fiume by direction of the Peace Conference." Among the Italian press in the United States we find the New York *Progresso Italo-Americano* saying:

> "We know that there is a righteous ferment in the Italian colony, because of the position taken by President Wilson at the conference in opposition to the interests of Italy, but we sincerely advise against any manifestations, since we are certain that the outcome of the dispute will be in our favor. Wilson is not America, and we are sure that the great majority of his countrymen will condemn his act, both in substance and in form."

In the Paris *Journal*, Mr. St. Brice thinks the whole upset is due to the manifold mistakes made by all parties, while in a bitter attack on President Wilson in the *Echo de Paris* the writer "Pertinax" declares:

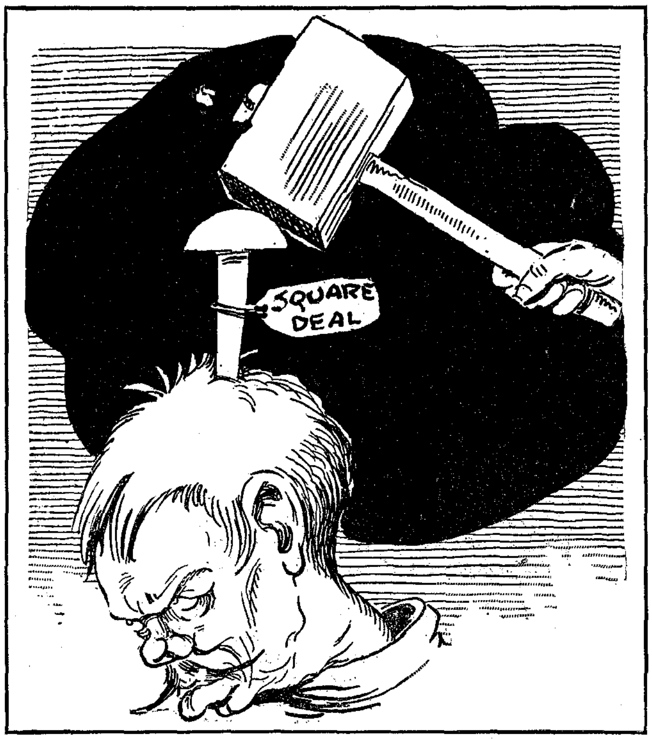
> "We have already sacrificed too much to the Wilsonian doctrine, solemnly condemned by the American voters last November. The international régime we have accepted for the Sarre marks an act of weakness which will cost our country dear. Are we going still further to-day in our enthusiasm for the new order? Are we going to tear up all existing treaties? Is nothing to remain of our alliance?"

But unqualified approval of the President comes from the Paris Socialist *L'Œuvre*, which says:

> "We do not disguise the fact that in such a moment we heard with genuine emotion the voice of President Wilson rise above the mutterings of these international confabulations. President Wilson, tired of the confidential wire-pulling of secret diplomacy, has finally rent the veil and appealed to public opinion."

The *Journal des Débats* heartily supports President Wilson, who "has applied the surgeon's knife to a painful wound. The patient will cry out, but the wound will heal, and the surgeon will be thanked in the end." Among the opponents of President Wilson's action in the British press we find his consistent critic, the London *Morning Post*, ascribing to him "Wild-West diplomacy," while it adds caustically: "Mr. Wilson's name among the Allies is like that of the rich uncle, and they have accepted his manners out of respect for his means." The London *Express* charges the President with "plunging the Conference into a profoundly stupid tragedy by rushing into the arena waving the red flag." His action is described as "open diplomacy gone mad," and it adds that as Premier Orlando has gone home, "we commend his example to Mr. Wilson." But the London *Times* says that England and France strongly support the President on the moral claim possest by the lands to the north and the northeast of Fiume to an outlet to that port for their commerce to the sea, and proceeds:

> "England and France will not hesitate any more than America to act upon this conviction should they be forced to do so. They will not admit the right of Italy to pick out clauses of the treaty which favor her designs and to reject those which favor the Jugo-Slavs. If she insists upon the treaty she must have the whole treaty, and the whole treaty will leave her without Fiume."



THE ONLY WAY.

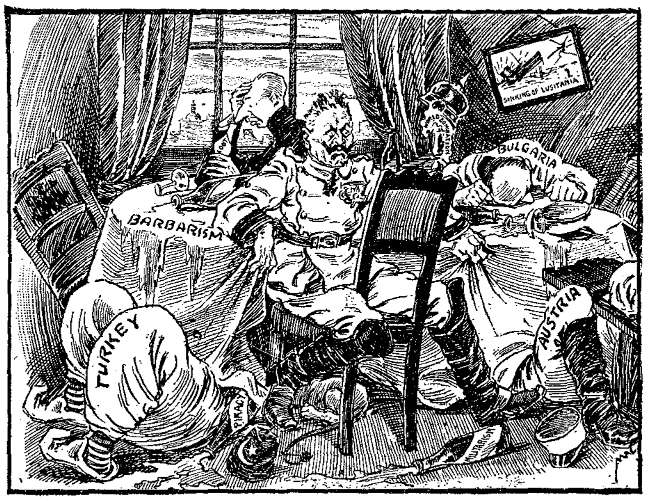
An Italian suggestion for getting an idea into the hard-headed Jugo-Slav.
—*420* (Florence).

The London *Westminster Gazette* also indorses President Wilson's statement, noting that Italy in her claims went beyond the Treaty of London in seeking Fiume as well as the Trentino and other territory assigned her by the London Pact. The Manchester *Guardian* calls the President's statement a "document of decisive importance," and adds that "these are not merely words, they are an act." *The Guardian* asserts it can perfectly understand Italian feeling in a matter where historic tradition plays so important a part, but warns Italy against pressing historic claims too hard, for, "after all, the support of America for a world peace is worth a good deal more than the security which any particular state could hope to derive from adding a strip to its own frontier."

Berlin dispatches report that Germany is in high feather because of the Fiume *contretemps*, which is regarded in political circles as an indication that Germany's chances for an easier peace are greatly increased. Advices from Switzerland and Spa, Belgium, say that Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, and Count von Bernstorff, head of the Berlin Peace Bureau, are seeking emissaries to send to Switzerland to intrigue with Italians there for a renewal of the German-Italian alliance if possible. At any rate, press dispatches inform us, it is hoped to wheedle the Italians into an attitude favorable to the German case against Great Britain, France, and the United States. Among the German press the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* approves President Wilson's stand, while the *Börsen Zeitung* of the same city pronounces the President's statement as "most comprehensive in import, most impressive in tenor, and the most consistent of all his notes." The *Berliner Tageblatt* insists that the only way of solving present and future conflicts that menace the peace settlement is to have Mr. Wilson "administer an eleventh-hour reprimand with equal energy to all the associated Powers, thereby bringing about a total revision of the treaty and a genuine return to the fourteen points."

TURKEY'S MELANCHOLY DAYS OF PEACE

GREEK AND ARMENIAN demonstrations in Constantinople sadden some Turkish editors who bewail the fact that now their German masters are routed and the German system is on the scrap-heap, the Turks are split up into so many factions that they are practically helpless before the serious situation that confronts them. Especial attention is given to the rejoicing of the Constantinople Greeks, who hoped and expected the city to be given to Greece at the Peace Conference, on the basis of the Twelfth Article of the peace program of President Wilson, according to which Ottoman sovereignty will be maintained solely in the "Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire." The Greeks say that the vilayet of Constantinople, comprising Stamboul, Pera, Skutari, and the suburbs as far as Tchataldja, has a total population of 1,173,670, of whom only 449,114 are Turks. We are reminded also that Constantinople, up to the time of the Turkish conquest, had for centuries been the capital of the Greek Empire, and before that time had been for several years a flourishing Greek colony. But even if the Society of Nations should decide to form an international state around Constantinople and on both sides of the Straits, which the Greeks believe possible, Greece would be very far from miserable, and hence the rejoicing of the Greek population in Constantinople, which is anything but musical to Moslem ears. One Turkish cabinet, that of Tewfik Pasha, which is described as of the "watchful-waiting" school, was lately thrust out of power by an avalanche of criticism. The cabinet of Jevid Pasha succeeds, and we are told that its members all belong to the new party of Liberty and Confidence. Jevid Pasha is really trying to do something, especially in order to make the best possible showing for the Turks at Paris. But, we are told, it is very discouraging to the Turks in Constantinople who wish to conciliate Ottoman Greeks to see the Greeks unreservedly indulging in national demonstrations that "smack rather of Hellenism than of Ottoman loyalty." What is worse, the reaction of such public rejoicing is to start anew the hue and cry for "Turkey for the Turks," which, according to the Constantinople *Tasviri Efkyar*, has done so much harm in recent years. This daily continues:



DER TAG:

Or the cold, gray dawn of the morning after for Germany and her allies. —*Cape Times* (Cape Town, S.A.).

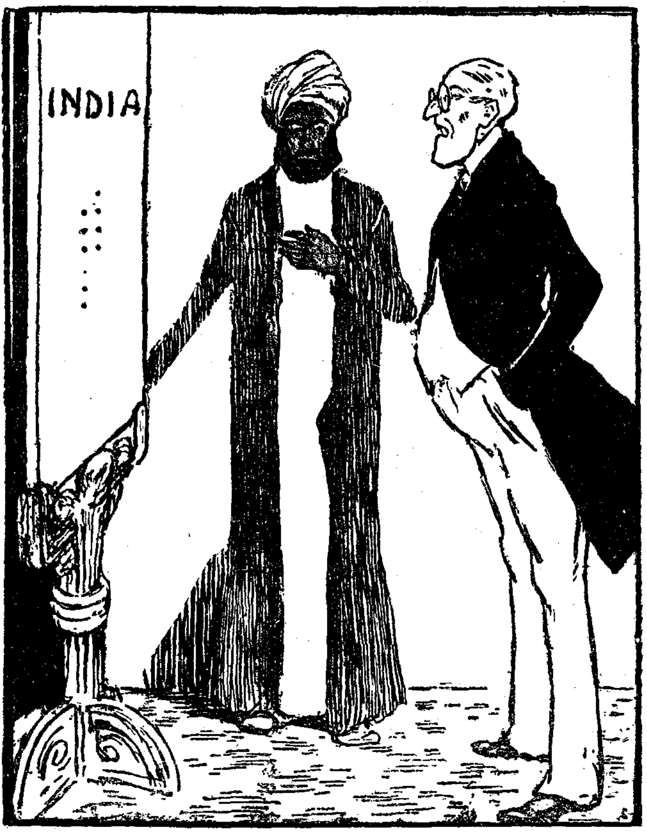
"We are no longer surprized by such demonstrations on the part of the non-Moslem elements of our country. For months we have heard of these things and have even witnessed some such national expressions. The present demonstration is the culminating one. But what causes us surprize and anxiety is the apathy of the Turks, the Moslem element, the real proprietors of the country. It is for the Turks, the Moslems, to save the country, yet we can not see the necessity of uniting as a single force in the face of the common calamity. Instead, personal jealousies, party ambitions, desires for office, which were stifled for ten years, now dominate all our thoughts and feelings.

"While the Peace Conference is coming to a final decision relative to the future of the great nation to which we belong, the Greek and Armenian communities among us are straining every nerve, striving in a thousand ways, now by means of ruffian bands, now by plotting against the tranquillity of the city, to further their own interests. And all the time we Moslems appear indifferent to the grave dangers that threaten us. We indulge in personal and party recriminations, as tho we were determined not to leave one able and valuable man in the Moslem element of the country.

"The present demonstration of the Greeks, their desire to dominate our capital, where we outnumber them two to one, and the efforts of Armenians to escape from subjection to our rule, ought effectually to rouse us Moslems from lethargy and unite us in toil and sacrifice for the preservation and security of our Ottoman country and nation."

RIOTOUS "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" IN INDIA

BLOODSHED AND PILLAGE in many parts of India as the result of "passive resistance" would perhaps seem a ridiculous inconsistency if the conditions were not so grave. Officials of the British Government have discovered a direct connection between the Bolsheviki of Russia and the disturbing elements in the Punjab, in consequence of which six Russians, apparently of the better class, well educated, and speaking several different Indian dialects, were arrested in this part of India and jailed. According to reports from the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, the worst trouble has been at Amritsar, the great and wealthy city in the Punjab which is the religious capital of the Sikhs, where it is said that three British bank managers were burned to death, one of whom apparently was clubbed before he was burned. The bank premises, the Amritsar town hall, and the railway freight station were destroyed, and a European guard was killed. At Kasur, near Ferozepur, the railway station was attacked and a British soldier killed, while at Lahore a mob tried to march on the European quarter and

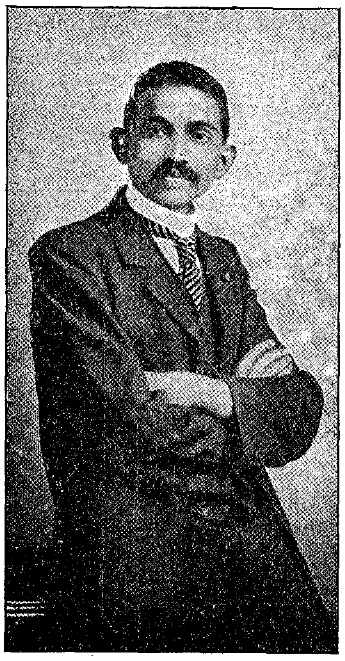


HIS BLIND SPOT.

"We must prescribe better glasses for you, Mr. Wilson. You always see the fourteen points, but never the fifteenth, which is India." —*Jugend* (Munich).

was fired upon with a few resulting casualties. More serious collisions of the police and troops with the rioters occurred later at Lahore. At Ahmedabad, the second city of the Bombay Presidency, the telegraph-office and a cotton-mill were burned, with a reported slight loss of life. We read also of conflict between the cavalry and mounted police and mobs in Bombay, while previous to these outbreaks riots had occurred at Delhi, in which mobs pulled people out of tram-cars and carriages and stopt British officials in motor-cars, calling out to the occupants to "Get out and walk." Here also an attack was made on the railway station, and in a mêlée at Delhi six persons were killed and sixteen wounded through troops firing on the mob. The London *Times* fears a spread and recurrence of the sporadic trouble in India, and remarks:

> "The impression conveyed is that the outbreaks were organized and deliberate, and that they were the result of premeditated plans. The Government of India and the provincial authorities appear to have acted with reasonable promptitude. Troops were quickly sent from Lahore to Amritsar, and armored trains were taken to the scenes of rioting both in the Punjab and in the Bombay Presidency. We believe all moderate-minded Indians will deplore these excesses, and are glad to note that at Patna, the capital of Bihar and Orissa, eminent Mohammedan members of the Imperial Legislative Council successfully exercised a restraining influence. Now that these regrettable events have revealed the obvious dangers of the 'passive-resistance' movement, we trust that all Indian political leaders who wish to retain the confidence of the Government and of the public in this country will instantly dissociate themselves from it. They have a plain duty to perform, and can not remain 'passive' spectators. It must be obvious that, if India lapses into internal strife, the great reforms which the British Government have in contemplation may be imperiled, if not indefinitely postponed."



"PATRIOT OR VISIONARY?"

Mr. M. K. Gandhi, a conspicuous figure in the unrest in British India.

An Indian correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, who sympathizes with the "passive resisters," draws a parallel between Egypt and India, in which he says:

> "Egypt is plunged into chaos and disorder because British 'mandarins' refuse to allow freedom of speech or public meeting and suppress the Nationalist press. The only liberty left to an Egyptian patriot who wishes to secure for his own people the same rights Britain and her Allies fought to secure for Servia, Greece, and Montenegro, and other small nations not under British rule, is the right to be interned as a danger to the state. From one end to the other, we are told, Egypt is just ablaze with anger and unrest.
>
> "Farther East, in India, Lord Chelmsford and his Council are doing their level best to drive Indian Nationalists along the path that leads to disruption by driving all Nationalist propaganda underground. What is the use of telling Indians his Majesty's Government intend granting self-government if at the same time men and women who advocate these principles are liable to imprisonment, and if all the avenues for constitutional propaganda are closed."

Keen resentment is felt among the Indian Home-Rule adherents, who maintain that India is "not an infant nation, not a primitive people, but the eldest brother in the family of man, noted for her philosophy and for being the home of religions that console half of mankind." Englishmen do not realize the deep wound inflicted on Indian sensitiveness by insisting on a political trusteeship of India, we read in a pamphlet of the Indian Home Rule League (London), entitled "Self-Determination for India," and it is claimed that the British Parliament "should enact a complete constitution for India, conceding autonomy within the British Commonwealth, with transitory provisions for bringing the whole constitution into full operation within the time specified by the Congress and the Moslem League." We read then:

> "The autonomy we advocate may be briefly sketched as follows: The peninsula of India should be divided into a number of provinces on the principle of nationality. The province should administer the internal affairs of the province and be entrusted with all powers requisite for the administration. The form of government should be democratic. These provinces should be federated to form the United States of India, with democratic central executive and legislative bodies having powers to deal with the internal affairs of the whole of India. The United States of India should form a unit of the British Commonwealth, with equal status with any other constituent unit thereof. There should be a supreme commonwealth executive and legislature dealing with concerns common to the whole commonwealth, such as war, peace, army, navy, and foreign affairs. In this pyramid every part of the British Empire would be united with full freedom for self-development of the constituent parts."

According to a Simla correspondent of the London *Times*, the passive-resistance movement was originated by the Bombay Home-Rulers, as a protest against the "Rowlatt Acts," measures to repress sedition and revolutionary crimes, but which the Indian Nationalists consider oppressive and tyrannical. They secured the support of Mr. M. K. Gandhi, who is described variously as a patriot by some judges and by others as a political visionary. The opposition to the Acts was never sincere, according to the London *Times*, which tells us that—

> "Politicians of repute wanted an expedient by which they could create enough excitement to enforce, as they hoped, the granting of the utmost possible constitutional changes. The revolutionary party wanted something with which to incite mobs to commit violence. Both found what they sought in the Rowlatt Acts. Midway between the two stood the figure of Mr. M. K. Gandhi, an emotional but sincere agitator well known in South Africa a decade ago. Mr. Gandhi has been nurtured on the doctrines of Tolstoy, and is about as practical as his mentor. Tolstoy thought that the best way to get good government was to abolish all governments. Mr. Gandhi does not go quite so far, but acts as tho be believed this subversive principle. Entirely well-meaning himself, he becomes an unconscious foe to peace and order because he is in touch with far more subtle associates. Mr. Gandhi conceived a violent hostility to the Rowlatt Acts, and started a movement of passive resistance against them. The covenanters, as he called them, had to take a pledge of which the following is the salient part:
>
> "'We solemnly affirm that in the event of these bills becoming law, and until they are withdrawn, we shall refuse civilly to obey these laws, and such other laws as a committee to be hereafter appointed may think fit; and we further affirm that in this struggle we will faithfully follow truth and refrain from violence to life, person, and property.'"

The worst of passive resistance in India, *The Times* goes on to say, is that it leads to pulling people out of tram-cars and may end anywhere. No one who knows Mr. Gandhi will believe that he organized or would countenance riots in Delhi or in any other place, but others in the background are less scrupulous, according to the reports of one correspondent that "amazing statements are being disseminated among the ignorant regarding the cruel oppression they may be subjected to" through these acts. Mr. Gandhi stands apart as an enthusiastic visionary who proposes to set up a committee to decide what laws the public are to obey, according to this London daily, which adds that such a committee would be "the negation of government."

PROHIBITION AND ELECTRIC LIGHT

WHEN THE SALOONS go out of business on or about July 1 next, there will be a big slump in the use of electric current and a corresponding drop in the revenues of the electric-light companies. These organizations should keep a stiff upper lip, however, for things are not always what they seem. As the quarters vacated by the saloons are taken up for other purposes, the use of current will pick up, the revenues will rise again, until finally the companies will be better off in a dry world than they ever were in a wet. These predictions are from no organ of prohibition, but are made by *The Electrical World* (New York, April 12), which assures us that they are borne out by the experience of many companies doing business in communities that have gone dry after a moist and hilarious existence. The time necessary to regain the first losses from the closing of the saloons is given as from two months to a year. Obviously the thing that causes the great reduction in earnings in most cities, says the writer, is the closing of the stores used as saloons. While saloons are not users of liberal intensities of light, they are excellent producers of revenue because they are long-hour users. He goes on:

WHISKEY
CAFE

WHEN PROHIBITION COMES IN, THESE LIGHTS GO OUT—

"Saloons use lamps on an average nineteen hours a day."

> "It is usually agreed that, unless local laws restricting them are enforced, saloons use lamps on an average nineteen hours a day. When the saloons are permanently closed the buildings which they occupied produce no revenue until some other business is started there. It is unlikely also that any business which succeeds a saloon in a given location will be such a 'long-hour user.' It is probable, however, that a greater connected load will be used by the new customer. Average experience as to whether the net profit is greater in one case than in the other is difficult to secure, but it seems to be generally conceded that when the saloon locations are all taken up by other businesses the central-station lighting revenue will have returned to approximately its former proportions. It is also noticeable that companies in the larger cities seem to suffer more, proportionately, than do those in the small towns or the cities of moderate size."

In order to show how this works out under different conditions, the experiences of some of the stations which have kept records on this topic are given in the article in tabular form, grouped by States. In Kansas, the second State to go dry, it is difficult, we are told, to find companies that have records or men who remember how the revenues were affected. The experience of Kansas and Tennessee does show, however, the difficulty of enforcing prohibition laws when they are unpopular. For nearly ten years after Kansas was voted dry saloons flourished in the larger cities. In States where prohibition has prevailed for years opinion is unanimous that the result was beneficial to the central station. Where two or three years of experience in dry territory has fallen to the lot of a public utility executive he becomes, we are told, an ardent advocate of prohibition for business reasons, regardless of his personal inclination. To quote further:

> "Certain types of business always show activity during the period of transition from saloons to other customers. It seems generally conceded that with the abolition of saloons there have been increases in the demand for house-wiring among working people. Electrical devices have been easier to sell. Collections of electric-service accounts have been better. Better lighting fixtures and different types of fixtures and reflectors, particularly those used in poolrooms and restaurants, are sold to replace types used in saloons. Places of legitimate amusement have flourished and increased in number. While the readjustment is being made, however, central-station revenues suffer. To make this period of transition as short as possible has been the aim of central-station sales departments in some of the States already dry.
>
> "One of the methods that seem to assist in this work is to be of all service possible to the men who attempt to start mercantile businesses in the locations vacated by saloons and to the men who start legitimate entertainment enterprises. Such propositions usually turn out to be permanent businesses. The saloons that are converted into 'near-beer parlors' probably come as close as any other customers to being long-hour users like the saloons, but in many cases these 'near-beer parlors' are reported to be poor pay. On the whole, the thing to do seems to be to help all legitimate ventures and to keep a watchful eye on the credit of doubtful new businesses."

One reason for the "picking up" of the electric revenues after a town has gone dry is the interesting one that the saloon-frequenter often stays at home more and burns electric light there. Says the writer:

> "Nearly all managers who have operated properties in cities that have been dry for a few years speak of the increased revenue from residential customers of the working class. Their impressions in this respect are necessarily more or less general. However, some information that has a specific bearing on the

subject has come from the Ware County Light and Power Company, of Waycross, Ga. R. E. Tresher, assistant treasurer of the company, writes:

"'We have always been under the impression that moving-picture theaters were high-class revenue producers in that they paid comparatively large bills. We recently discovered during two "flu" bans that our peak load was considerably higher with theaters, etc., closed. This is simple when we consider that three hundred to five hundred families at home would certainly consume more light than would be consumed by a theater which they might attend for from one and one-half to three hours.'"

REAL ESTATE RIDING ON SNOWFLAKES

THE CARRYING OF SOIL down-hill by running water is widely recognized by geologists as a potent agency in shaping the earth's surface. But earthy material, sand and soil, may also travel up-hill, and may even move from low-lying desert country to the tops of far-distant mountains or plateaus. This it does on the wings of the wind. In a single storm on March 9 last, as estimated by scientific observers at the University of Wisconsin, solid matter was thus whirled aloft to the amount of millions of tons—possibly hundreds of millions. It came probably from the southwestern deserts—Arizona or New Mexico; and was distributed on the flakes of a snow-storm over the northeastern States of the Union, from Wisconsin eastward to Vermont. Profs. A. N. Winchell and E. R. Miller, who report these facts in an article printed in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, April 12), think that a considerable part of our soils is derived thus from material blown from lower to higher levels by the wind. They say in substance:

"The evidence obtained as to the area covered by the dusty snowfall is admittedly incomplete and inconclusive. Inquiries were sent immediately after the fall to a number of Weather Bureau officials in cities. The replies from most of these indicated that the contamination of the snow by city smoke, dust, and ashes had precluded any possibility of recognizing the colored snow. Inquiries were then sent to coöperative observers of the Weather Bureau in places remote from cities, from Wisconsin eastward to Maine. The snow unfortunately had disappeared at many of these places by the time of the receipt of the inquiry, and only one-third of those to whom the inquiry was sent had noticed the phenomenon. All told, positive reports were received from Dubuque, Ia.; Grand Haven, Mich.; Portage, Wis.; Hancock, Wis.; Montello, Wis.; Florence, Wis.; Newberry, in upper Michigan, and Chelsea, Vt.

"A microscopic study of the coloring matter separated from the melted snow shows that it consists chiefly of inorganic substances, but contains also some plant tissue. The proportion of the chief constituents has been estimated to be: feldspar and quartz, 65 to 75 per cent.; amorphous material, including limonite, hematite, kaolin, opal, etc., 20 to 30 per cent.

"In addition to the minerals and organic material, this snow-dust contains a considerable number of diatoms. There seem to be more than one kind of diatom present, and the sizes vary, but the usual size in this dust is 0.006 to 0.01 mm. in width, and 0.02 to 0.035 mm. in length. They are roughly cigar-shaped, and so small that it would require 750 laid end to end to measure one inch, and more than three billions to fill one cubic inch. The portion of the diatom found in the dust is the test, which is composed of hydrous silica, or opal, and has various very regular markings over its surface.

"The organic constituents were so obviously plant tissue that they were submitted to Prof. R. H. Denniston, of the Department of Botany, who reports that they include fragments of blades of grass, of leaves of clover or some similar legume, fibers of cotton, and fragments of coniferous wood, all more or less decayed, as shown by the presence of saprophytic fungi and their spores.

"Comparison with similar analyses of soils, volcanic dust, and atmospheric dust shows that the Madison dust has two peculiarities—namely, it is finer than the other dusts and it contains a large percentage within a small range of sizes. Some soils contain much larger amounts of clayey material than the Madison material, but a hasty search of the literature makes it clear that few, if any, soils contain as much silt; on the other hand, shower and volcanic dust contains much less clay than the Madison dust. This may be explained as due to the fact that shower and volcanic dusts fall wholly through the action of gravity, while the Madison dust was brought down not by its own weight, but by the weight of the snow or rain condensed upon it.

"No explanation is offered here for the small range of sizes within which such a large part of the Madison dust is included other than the remarkable sorting power of the wind; perhaps this is a sufficient explanation even as compared with the shower and volcanic dust, if the size of the Madison dust is remembered."

It is estimated that the total amount of solid matter that fell in this way amounted to more than thirteen and a half tons per square mile. Observers of the United States Weather Bureau report that this colored snow fell at least from Dubuque, Iowa, to Chelsea, Vermont, in an east-west direction, and from Madison, Wisconsin, to Newberry, Michigan, in a north-south direction. It covered an area of at least one hundred thousand square miles, and probably much more. Therefore the total quantity of dust may be estimated as at least a million tons. In fact, it seems likely that the material was brought down throughout the area covered by this snow-storm, and in that case the quantity deposited would run into the tens of hundreds of millions of tons. Where did it all come from? After reviewing evidence of various kinds, the authors say:

"It is believed that the dust came from an arid region of the southwestern part of this country, where siliceous feldspathic rocks are abundant. Such areas are common in New Mexico and Arizona. It is conjectured that the material was whirled up from the surface on March 8, in the afternoon, when the

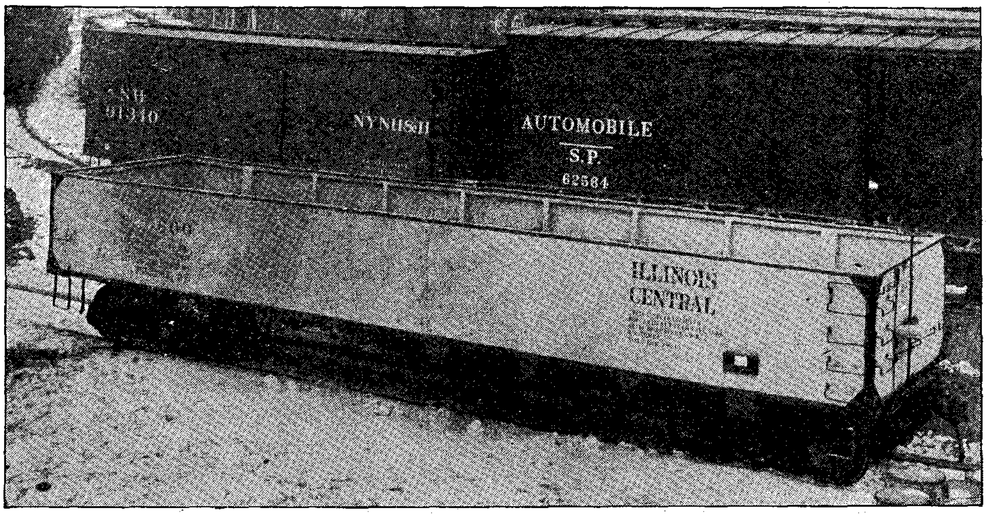
BUT MORE OF THESE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON.

"With the abolition of saloons there have been increases in the demand for house-wiring among working people."

convectional currents are most effective. The dust-bearing current then whirled around the storm-center until it arrived at the flank of the colder current flowing in from the east over the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Valley. The warmer and lighter air from the southwest then rose over the colder and denser air from the east, and the precipitation of the moisture upon the dust particles as nuclei came about through the mechanical cooling of the ascending air. The precipitated moisture was in the form of rain at first, but froze to sleet as it fell through the cold lower stratum. Higher ascent cooled the rising air below the freezing-point, and then the snow formed that fell with the sleet formed lower down.

"The evidence here presented that a single storm may transport a million tons of rock material a thousand miles or more emphasizes the importance of the wind as a geological agent. Water transports larger rock fragments, and its work is readily seen on every hand; air transports much finer material, and its work is only rarely noticed at all; yet the air is constantly at work over a much larger surface than that covered by running water, and it is an open question whether the total work done by the air in transporting rock material is not of the same order of magnitude as the work accomplished by water.

"It is clear that arid regions will constantly lose rock material by wind action and that the dust will be held by moist areas which are covered by vegetation. This is a type of erosion which may carry material 'up-hill' from a dry region of little elevation to a moist region of greater elevation. In the case here presented, however, the material probably came from a mountainous arid region to an area of lower elevation.



TO CARRY THE CARGO TO THE CONCRETE SHIP—THE CONCRETE FREIGHT-CAR.

"The soil of any region is probably derived in considerable part from material transported by the wind.

"Diatoms and all sorts of plant and animal life of microscopic size as well as fragments of larger organisms may be transported long distances by the wind."

WANTED: SKILLED PHYSICIANS—The war not only revealed rare medical and surgical skill, but also disclosed the rarity of it. In fact, we are told by an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) the war has called attention to special needs in every line of human endeavor. He goes on:

"In no previous war was such extensive use made of those who had reached the highest attainments of human skill and ingenuity. The urgency and extent of this demand naturally drew attention to the scarcity of those who were qualified to render service along highly technical or specialized lines. So, in medicine, there was an unprecedented demand for physicians of exceptional qualifications and skill in the various specialties, such as pathologists, bacteriologists, psychiatrists, and, of course, expert surgeons along special lines, as, for instance, brain-surgery. Here, likewise, the urgency of the demand has forcibly revealed the fact that the supply of physicians having such skill is comparatively limited. This revelation, however, does not call for a violent condemnation of medical education of the past, but does lay special emphasis on the possibilities and aims of medical education in the future. As a matter of fact, the improvements of the last fifteen years have been directly in line with these needs, and are, therefore, a matter of congratulation. The United States was never so well supplied with physicians who were as thoroughly trained or as skilled in the specialties as at the time it entered the world-war. Meanwhile, the war has rendered a great service in revealing the possibilities and benefits that will result from higher attainments in medicine. This shows the necessity of continuing the campaign for improvements, not only in undergraduate, but also in graduate medical education. If the highest attainments are of such vital importance in great national crises, how much greater will be the service to the public, whether there be peace or war."

THE FIRST CONCRETE FREIGHT-CAR

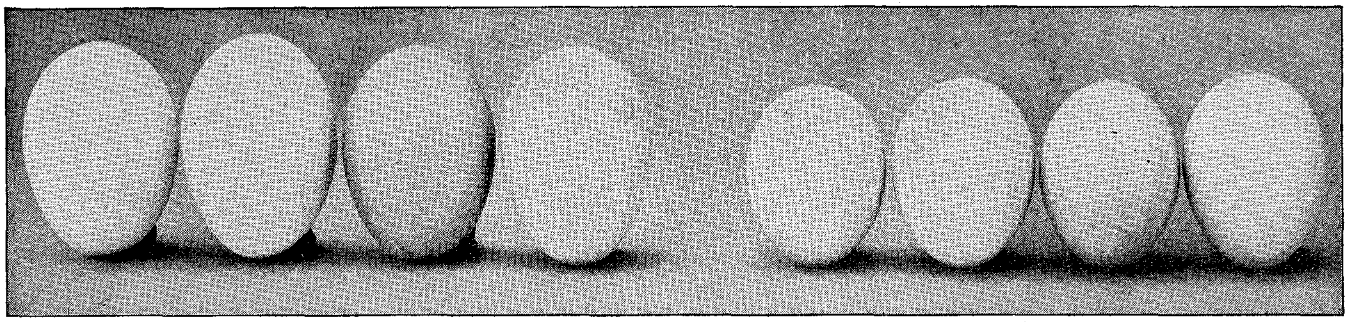
ONE MORE ITEM to the long list of things that may be built of concrete is the freight-car. Of course the concrete, as in most other cases, must be reenforced by iron rods to resist the strains which the hardened cement by itself is not able to bear. The building of a 5,000-ton concrete ship, says a writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago), was one of the boldest of engineering experiments during the war. Many doubts were exprest as to the seaworthiness of so large a concrete vessel, but the *Faith* has justified her name. Not less bold is the reenforced concrete freight-car that has just been built after the designs of Joseph B. Strauss, civil engineer, of Chicago, for service on the Illinois Central Railway. We read:

"As compared with the ordinary all-steel freight-car, a concrete car should have the following advantages: (1) lower first cost; (2) lower maintenance cost, and (3) longer life. Steel cars require frequent painting, and are by no means as everlasting as was anticipated when they were first introduced in place of wooden cars.

"If a reenforced concrete car will stand up well under the shocks of service, and if its ratio of dead-weight to load carried can be kept as low as that of a steel car, there is little doubt that reenforced concrete will displace steel cars just as steel cars have been replacing those of wood.

"This first concrete car has a capacity of 100,000 pounds and it weighs 53,600 pounds. But the makers say that with proper facilities for construction the weight can be reduced fully ten per cent. The average steel car of like capacity weighs from 43,000 to 45,000 pounds. For the concrete used in this construction the first commercial application of a new light-weight aggregate known as Haydite was made. This material is a result of a manufacturing process developed by Stephen J. Hayde, of Kansas City; a concrete having a weight of 104 pounds per cubic foot resulted, having a strength of 4,450 pounds compressive strength in twenty-eight-day tests.

"Because the concrete sections on this car are thinner than ever before attempted in such concrete work, it was decided to use the cement gun for walls and floor. Cross-bearers were poured in the usual manner. Wood forms were placed on the outside of the car and the concrete was 'shot' into place by compress air. The resulting concrete is exceedingly dense and the finish remarkably smooth on the surface which was against forms. The interior surfaces were left more or less as produced by the cement gun. The use of the cement gun increased the unit weight of the concrete above that computed. As a result of this and the necessity of using heavier sections than required, the weight of the car when completed exceeded the computed weight by more than 3,600 pounds. This experiment, however, makes it evident that with proper facilities for construction, another car of this size and design can be made to weigh somewhere between 46,000 and 48,000 pounds.



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Forecast Magazine," New York.

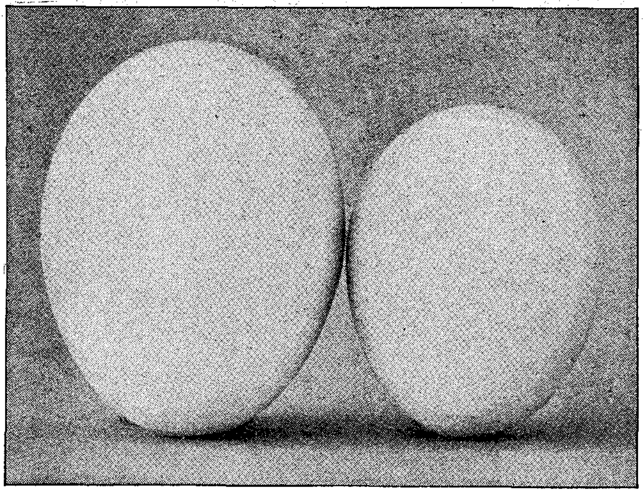
THESE FOUR EGGS WEIGH NINE OUNCES. THESE FOUR EGGS WEIGH SEVEN OUNCES.

YET THEY COST THE SAME BY THE DOZEN.

"This car was built with the sanction and cooperation of the United States Railroad Administration. The Illinois Central Railroad took an active interest in the car and contributed many parts of the equipment. In leading up to the construction of this first reenforced concrete gondola car, the Concrete Car Company of America was organized. This company is now actively developing plans for various types of concrete cars with a view to undertaking their manufacture on a commercial scale."

EGGS BY THE POUND

WHY DOES NOT THE BUTCHER sell chops at so much apiece, regardless of size? Because he is not quite bereft of his senses. How, then, about the grocer, who sells eggs in precisely the same illogical way? Eggs, as well as chops, are of various sizes and shapes; they should be sold at so much a pound just as meat is. Alberta M. Gondiss, who advocates this sensible reform in *The Forecast* (New York, April), tells us that the normal egg averages about a pound and a half to the dozen; yet she has seen "baby eggs" a dozen of which weighed barely a pound. The discount, however, was solely in the weight, not in the price, since eggs are "sold by the dozen." This variation in the weight of eggs, she goes on to explain, depends partly on the age of the hen, also somewhat on the time of year and the feeding, and a good deal on the freshness or staleness of the egg—the staler egg being always lighter. The factor which most of all affects the size, however, is the breed of the fowl. We read:



ARE THEY WORTH THE SAME?

The little one-and-a-half-ounce egg at the right costs just as much as the big two-and-a-half-ounce one if bought by the dozen.

"The big, yellow cochins, the minorcas, the wyandottes, and a few other breeds yield big, heavy eggs, often weighing six to the pound. The eggs of the common white leghorn, a prolific layer, run ten or twelve to the pound at adult age—the first eggs of the pullet being always smaller. On the commercial farms of some of our State universities the leghorns have been developed to produce larger eggs; but on the general farms throughout the country the leghorns lay smaller eggs than the usual 'general purpose' breeds, such as the Rhode Island reds or the Plymouth rocks—as these lay smaller eggs than the cochins or wyandottes.

"Eight eggs of ordinary size—the kind that would not be pronounced either large or small—should just balance a one-pound weight. This average, of two ounces to the egg, is the generally accepted standard, and the domestic science teachers, the dietitians, and other professionals along the line of food and nutrition, who are given to exactness in statement, will assert this to be the correct normal weight of a hen's egg. Yet eight high-priced eggs, presumably of good grade, frequently occupy the light end of the scale, failing to bring the indicator to the middle.

"The picture shows the great discrepancy which may occur between two eggs from the same crate, one weighing two and one-half ounces; the other, one and one-half ounces.

"The sale of eggs by weight on the wholesale basis has for long been customary; and in view of this it seems still more unfair that the retail buyer should be compelled to pay for them by the dozen. Some years ago there was a serious demand that eggs should be sold by weight, but since then one or two concessions have been made by the dealers, which up to the present have partially stilled the demand for the sale by weight.

"One of these concessions has been a more careful grading of the eggs, so that the weight per thirty dozen, which is from fifty-five to fifty-seven pounds, is fairly well standardized, and eggs under this weight fetch less money. But this is entirely in the interests of the wholesale dealer, for only in comparatively few retail markets are the smaller eggs sold at a proportionately less price. In only a few rare cases, and for specially choice and costly eggs, has the weight per dozen been standardized.

"Some hotel stewards reject all eggs that will pass through a ring of one and one-half inches diameter; but this is buying eggs by the shape rather than by the weight. . . . . . .

"Fruits and vegetables are commonly sold by weight; it should not be harder to sell eggs on the same basis. It is much more important that what the Food Administration calls 'a fair price for eggs' should be based on a price by weight, since eggs are a more important and valuable food from the standpoint of nutrition. Yet, a few months ago complaint was made by a writer from one of our Western cities that in his town he saw 'eggs range from fourteen to twenty-six ounces a dozen, all at fifty cents.' . . . .

"All the tendencies of modern trade are toward standardization and uniform grading, and the sale of eggs as at present conducted is about as unstandardized as can be imagined. The customer has no protection, the dealer is practically helpless in the face of general custom (for alone he is helpless to change it), while there is at present no incentive whatever to the farmer to increase the size and weight of his eggs. When once the retail buyer makes definite, continued, and resolute protest, the matter will be sure to come up for discussion and rational solution among all of those who together can bring about concerted action looking to the selling of eggs by the pound."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

LETTERS - AND - ART

A "FULL-BLOODED ROMANCE" FROM ITALY

MORE THAN "a slashing chronicle of flaming vengeance" is the new play that has taken New York by the throat. By its commingling of "imaginative and emotional inflections" it is declared "more richly a work of art than anything seen in the theater in many years." It marks a tide that when taken at the full will lead us on to romance, but gaged from "The Jest" we shall have more than the old swashbuckling romance of waving plume and clashing sword. Indeed, in the view of Mr. Ralph Block, writing in the New York *Tribune*, "the idiom of the bare romantic drama is here far transcended." "The Jest" is a play translated or adapted from the Italian original of Sem Benelli, whose fame in the theater of his native land is said to ring louder than d'Annunzio's. It is ten years old on its native heath, and every prominent actor there has put it in his repertory, we are told, so that in Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, and other Italian cities it has had four hundred performances. A year after its first appearance Sarah Bernhardt introduced it to Paris audiences in a French version made by Jean Richepin, so our infection by its romantic virus has been rather delayed. One critic hopes it will deliver us from the plays of modern realism where bedroom scenes have been plentiful, for "the constant reshuffling of the same old disreputable cards has become dreadfully tiresome and monotonous." "Romantic" is the term that nearly all the critics feel safe in using, but this piece seems to demand particularizing, and the call puts the critics in a quandary over their own bag of tricks, whether they shall pull out this one or that one, call the play verse or prose, melodrama or tragedy. On the latter question Mr. Broun, critic of *The Tribune*, goes in for hair-splitting:

> "Sem Benelli's play, 'The Jest,' is quite the most robust and full-blooded romance which our stage has seen in many a day. And yet it is not merely a slashing chronicle of flaming vengeance. Combined with an enormous amount of vivid physical action is a good deal of searching and subtle characterization. If the play must be set into some pigeon-hole of classification at least two words are needed. It is not exactly melodrama nor yet tragedy, but rather tragimelodrama or melotragedy, as you will."

Photographs by Abbe.

THE AVENGER.

The part played by John Barrymore in "The Jest," which is described as a "marvelous portrait, etched in bitingly under the greatest strain."

On the point of the literary form there is confessed mystification, the program helping, perhaps, by withholding the adapter's name and affording us the critic's plight that Shaw made merry over in "Fanny's First Play." Mr. Corbin, the *Times's* critic, boldly promises to satisfy himself on a later occasion:

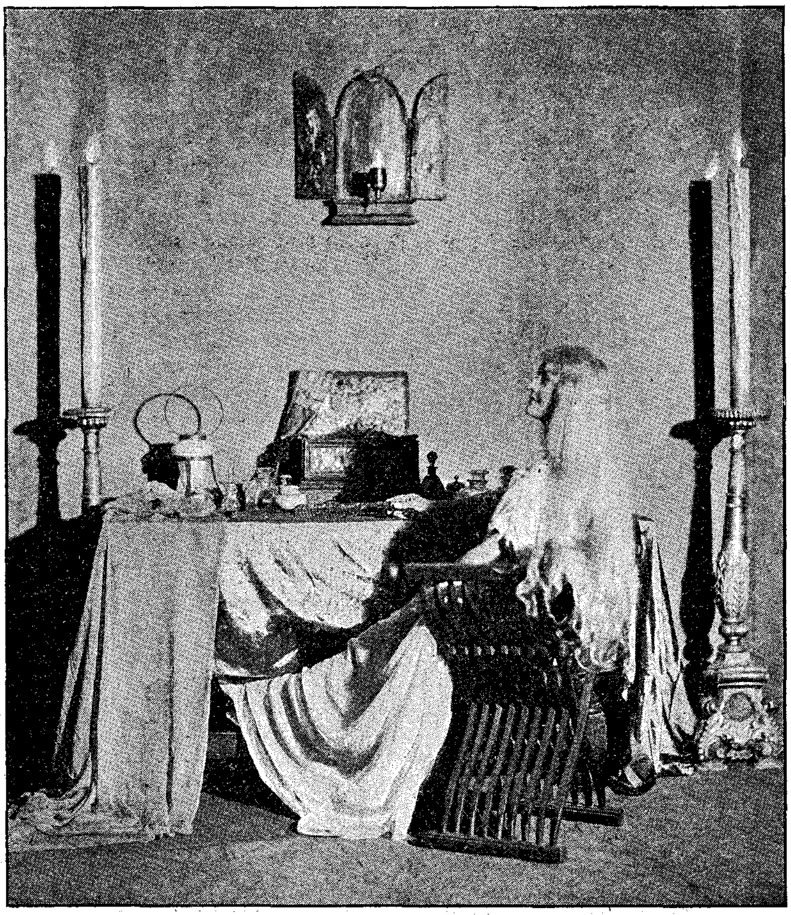
> "I hope to see it again and satisfy my mind on the mooted question whether the text (which is translated by Edward Sheldon) is in prose or blank verse! I already know that much of it is iambic pentameter, and of a very high quality. Also I am confident that Lionel Barrymore has set a new mark in his development as a character actor, and that John Barrymore has revealed a new and distinct phase of his varied and extraordinarily interesting talent."

The Barrymore brothers and their manager, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, have thus more than the mere critical approval showered on their histrionic work in the play whose outline we quote from Mr. Towse in *The Evening Post:*

> "The action is supposed to take place in Florence during the rule of Lorenzo the Magnificent, a date that confers the freest liberty of play to the melodramatic imagination. But in the story itself there is nothing incredible. Into the details of it there is no necessity to go, but it may be pointed out that they are the consequences of a deliberate plot, not, as is generally the case in pieces of this kind, of fortunate coincidence. The conflict is between brains and refinement on the one side and brute force and courage on the other. *Gianetto Malespini*, a gifted young painter, patronized by the Medici, has all the graces of life except courage. He is an arrant coward. As such he has been the butt from boyhood up of the daredevil soldier, *Neri Chiaramantesi*, and his brother *Gabriello*. They have subjected him to every kind of abuse and ridicule, and, to complete his humiliation, *Neri* has robbed him of the lovely *Ginevra*, whom he carried off by force of arms and made his willing mistress.
>
> "The first act begins with a long tale by *Gianetto*, to his powerful friend, *Tornaquinci*, of the manner in which he had been insulted and tormented the night before by his persecutors and finally ducked in the river. But he has, he says, conceived a subtle scheme of revenge which will compensate him for all his sufferings. Presently *Neri* and *Gabriello*, escorting *Ginevra*, arrive as *Tornaquinci's* guests and *Gianetto* is compelled to endure all manner of jeers, flouts, and provocations until, at last, he wagers the half-drunken *Neri* that he will not dare to go armed to a certain company of political foes and flagrantly insult the host. *Neri* accepts the challenge and a bloody broil ensues,

which results in his arrest as a madman. Meanwhile, *Gianetto*, who has contrived to possess himself of the key to *Neri's* house, enters the chamber of *Ginevra* at midnight (the idea might have been borrowed from Boccaccio) and is still with her when *Neri*, who has escaped from his captors, comes home. But the latter is closely pursued, and soon, after a desperate and admirably managed stage-fight, is recaptured, bound hand and foot, and cast helpless at the feet of the triumphant *Gianetto*, who, with *Ginevra* by his side, mocks him as he froths and rages.

"In the third act (which is far too long) *Neri*, a hopeless prisoner in a dungeon of the Medici, is chained to a pillar and subjected by *Gianetto* to every kind of mock and jibe in the endeavor to break his stubborn courage, but in vain. It is a scene of brutal, but not ineffective realism, in which sheer theatricalism is alleviated by vigorous dialog. *Neri* is inexorable in his ferocious and vengeful hate—even biting the hand that he has offered to kiss—and stands mute, even when he is furiously beaten by a woman, introduced by *Gianetto*, whom he had formerly betrayed. But to another of his light o' loves — who adores him still — he listens when she bids him feign the madness with which he is charged and promises to help him to freedom. He, therefore, plays the madman, and *Gianetto*, feigning to be deceived, finally orders his chains to be stricken off and sets him free, only as a means of luring him to crueler misery. Knowing that he is certain to seek revenge against *Ginevra* and himself, he devises a plan by which the unlucky *Neri*, in the very moment when he thinks he is exacting the payment in full of accumulated hate, kills his own brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and so goes mad in earnest."



THE LITTLE FISHMONGER'S DAUGHTER,

Who is the bone of contention in "The Jest" between the two deadly enemies. The part is played by Miss Maud Hanaford.

Outside the puzzle of the critics' categories the play on its first disclosure imprest the *Sun's* reviewer as providing "rather the most important theater evening of the year," and Mr. Block, of *The Tribune*, helps out the impression in colorful prose of his own:

"'The Jest,' as it is acted and produced at the Plymouth Theater, is drama, and more than drama. It is, in the whole of it, in the beaten-out sound of it, and the procession of color and souls, a play in the older sense. It is a recapturing of what is rare and evanescent at best, a great illusion, a full and complete evocation of the mists that hang dreary curtainwise at the back of men's minds.

"But it is more than that. It is the fantastic other side of the real, more than a struggle between men, more than a tale whispered out of windy nights. To label it by any name is to mistake it, not to be aware of the sweep of it, the music cunningly hidden in it, the patterns devised for it, and the silent accumulation of all these effects in an overpowering final strangeness. It is more richly a work of art than anything seen in the theater here in many years, and as such it is a curious commingling of imaginative and emotional inflections. Pity, hate, irony, beauty, laughter, grotesquerie, fury, strength, and weakness—these are the threads of its texture, woven, at most, in such a refinement of outer and inner design as to create at moments a more than desirable complexity. . . . . . .

"Without the Barrymores this spectacle of feudal Italy would lose a considerable part of its fascination. In effect it seems to be the kind of play which is open to limitless exploitation, possessing a kind of elasticity that allows it to expand for as much genius as can be put into it or to contract gracefully to the minimum of content without losing charm or interest. In this sense doubtless it is romantic drama, of a kind that has often passed before lighted eyes on the boards of the Thalia Theater on the Bowery. It is marked by beauty in diction, more than enough to survive translation and transposition, wealth of imagery and episode and a dynamic accumulation of action.

"What the two chief actors contribute is an energy of characterization and a delicacy and precision and fluency of expression that is contained only in great acting. It is a common phrase among those who have seen the early performances that the easier part is Lionel Barrymore's acting the brawling, husky mercenary who has in years of torment drawn down the finely drawn vengeance that at last holds and destroys him.

"But this is true only from the standpoint of the most superficial comparison. The part of the avenger, as it is done by John Barrymore, is a marvelous portrait, etched in bitingly under the greatest strain. But it is, after all, a part in which the effort is entirely positive, the merit of which lies in the amplitude and fineness of the soul portrayed and the adequacy of the portrayal. There is no question here of restraint; it is rather a question of sufficiency, the actor's own hope that he will have that more than enough which is only enough.

"It is true that the part of the great hulking mercenary has something heroic about it, a magnetism that is almost inevitable, but this is a danger as well as an advantage. What observers have not regarded is that while the effect must be crude, broad, one of sprawling immensity and power, only the keenest deliberation in the actor's imagination will keep this immensity from defeating itself, from becoming so generous and prodigal as to lapse into caricature and inhuman grotesquerie. There is no moment in 'The Jest' at which the brutish *Neri* does not live as a man, implying great reserves of common humanity—not only greed and fury, but desire and even love—behind the fissured countenance he turns on friends and enemies alike."

REVERSED OPINION ON BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"—As an offset to the bitter controversy waged here over the presentation of the Barnard "Lincoln" to London, we read that "leading Americans" are almost jubilant over its going to Manchester. So at least is a writer in *The Guardian* of that city credibly informed:

"I gather that the choice of Manchester for Mr. Barnard's great statue of Lincoln has given great pleasure among leading men of all opinions and parties in America. Messages have just been received by Mr. J. A. Stewart, who is going to Manchester to arrange for the reception of the statue, all of which recall the historic bond of sympathy between Manchester and Lincoln's cause in the Civil War.

"For instance, Major Seaman, chairman of the British War

Relief Association in New York, writes: 'If there were only one statue of Abraham Lincoln to be given to the people of Great Britain it should go to Manchester, because in Manchester, John Bright, and her cotton-spinners, the American Union found a friend in time of dire trouble. Americans love to remember how Manchester and her people stood by them, and we are proud to be able to testify to our gratitude.'

"Mr. A. D. Humphrey, New York, a member of the Lincoln Presentation Committee, writes: 'Lincoln and Manchester link naturally as exponents and exemplars of democracy. We find great satisfaction in this gift of the Barnard "Lincoln," and in the hope that it will stand in the center of the city that John Bright and Lincoln loved.' Judge Alton Parker writes in the same strain: These messages remind us that America remembers how, through the terrible days of the Civil War, with all that it involved of suffering in Lancashire, the heart and intellect of Manchester were firm to the cause of the North."

GERMAN PROFESSORS KICKED ACROSS THE RHINE

IF GERMAN PROFESSORS made themselves infamous by their *pronunciamiento* in support of the German Government in 1914 they seem to have done the one thing left for them—that is, making themselves contemptible by crying out against a natural and inevitable act of the High Command of France. German professors, it appears, were asked to pack up and leave Strasbourg University within twenty-four hours from the time of their summons, tho this may be noted as five months after the university passed from German control. Such treatment is made "the ground of sharp protest in the name of science," and the protest comes by the roundabout way of the University of Upsala from the Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig. It is addrest to institutions of learning in England, France, and America, and the reply in each case will likely not differ greatly from the one already sent by President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, which arouses admiring comment in the press. Dr. Butler's reply starts out with an observation concerning procedure at least in England and America that "any one who comes into a court of equity seeking relief must come with clean hands." He goes on in a way much approved by the Yankee mind of answering a question by putting another:

> "Before the Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig can expect the court of public opinion to sympathize with their allegations, the people of France, England, and the United States will certainly wish to know what measure of protest, if any, the Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig recorded against the cruel and inhuman treatment in 1914 by the German High Command of the scholars associated with the University of Louvain and against the wanton and barbarous destruction of the library of that university.
>
> "They will also wish to know what measure of protest, if any, the Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig have recorded against any or all of the following thirty-one kinds of offense which, it has been proved on indisputable evidence gathered formally by national and international commissions, were committed by German armies and German agents and their allies in one or more of the countries invaded by them during the war whose issues are now in process of settlement.
>
> "Massacre of the civilians, putting to death of hostages, torture of civilians, starvation of civilians, rape, abduction of girls and women for the purpose of enforced prostitution, deportation of civilians, internment of civilians under brutal conditions, forced labor of civilians in connection with military operations of the enemy, usurpation of sovereignty during military occupation, compulsory enlistment as soldiers among the inhabitants of occupied territory, pillage, confiscation of property, exaction of illegitimate or exorbitant contributions and requisitions, debasement of currency, issue of spurious currency, imposition of collective penalties, wanton devastation and destruction of property, bombardment of undefended places, wanton destruction of religious, charitable, educational, and historic buildings and monuments, destruction of merchant ships and passenger-vessels without examination and without warning, destruction of relief-boats and a relief-ship, bombardment of hospitals, attack on and destruction of hospital-ships, breach of other rules relating to the Red Cross, use of exploding and expanding bullets, directions to give no quarter, ill-treatment of prisoners, misuse of flags of truce, poisoning of wells.
>
> "The Rector and Senate of the ancient University of Upsala might render great service, not only to science and to scholarship, but to the cause of civilization itself, if they would bring to the attention of the Rector and Senate of the University of Leipzig as well as to that of the proper authorities of the University of Heidelberg and the Heidelberg Academy of Science the fact that acknowledgment of the wrong-doing on the part of the German Government, the German armies, and the German people, and contrition for that wrong-doing, are the first and necessary steps in the rehabilitation before the world of German scholarship and German science.
>
> "It is probably within the truth to say that the universities of France, England, and the United States are awaiting with deep interest and no small measure of anxiety some sign that German scholarship and men of science realize the offenses, public and private, that have been committed by the Germans and in the name of Germany during the war now ending, and some evidence that these scholars and men of science feel sincere regret for them.
>
> "We have not forgotten the amazing prostitution of scholarship and science to national lust marked by the formal appeal to the civilized world made by German professors in September, 1914. That appeal was an unmixed mess of untruths, and the stain which it placed upon the intellectual and moral integrity of German scholars and men of science will forever remain one of the most deplorable, discouraging events of the war which German militarism and Prussian autocracy forced upon the peaceful and liberty-loving nations of the world."

To the composition of such a reply the New York *Herald* imagines Dr. Butler sat down with "a certain amount of relish," but it also fears that "its barbed sentences are unlikely to pierce the tough hides and the thick skulls of the conscienceless professors of Leipzig." The New York *Globe* is of the opinion that "the French staff did exactly what self-respect demanded," especially in view of these well-remembered facts:

> "It can never be forgotten that German professors as well as German preachers and authors not only undertook in the name of scholarship and science to justify every crime of German militarism, but that they led in the teaching of the monstrous doctrines out of which grew that militarism.
>
> "Dr. Butler's reply, which will doubtless reach the Leipzig professors through the Swedish University which transmitted the appeal to Columbia, ought to teach German professors a lesson if their *Kultur*-tainted minds can absorb any of the refinements of thought. They are bound, if they have memories, to observe the unpleasant contrast between the attitude of American educators as exprest by Dr. Butler now and the almost servile attentions a great many American professors showered upon German scholars before 1914."

Even the German protest does not suggest that the French have acted in the spirit of reprisal, nor can it plant a prejudice in our minds, knowing, as the New York *Times* shows, its spirit of fair play:

> "As for what the French High Command has done in Strasbourg that so excited the indignation of Leipzig, it seems to have consisted of the expulsion from the city of certain persons who claimed to be, and may have been, scholars and men of science. What those persons had done, or were charged by the French with doing, is not revealed by the documents at hand, but a considerable part of the world's inhabitants will confidently assume, from their knowledge of French nature, customs, and policies, that the banishments were fully justified by acts committed or conspiracies hatched.
>
> "The same large majority will also call attention to the fact that in the conduct of the French, even as described by the Germans, there is not included any one of the thirty-one varieties of cruelty that are not only charged, but by careful investigation are proved, against the invaders of Belgium and France. Nobody in Strasbourg was shot or hanged, nobody robbed or enslaved, nobody subjected to intolerable personal humiliation until death was a welcome relief.
>
> "That the French, nowadays, are not always kind to the Germans is made more than probable by the wrongs that the French have suffered at German hands, but that they are not revenging those wrongs by slaughtering or torturing German scholars or men of science it would take no elaborate inquiry to disclose."

ANOTHER MAN WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE comes above the horizon. For the last century or less, literary meddlesomeness has seemed bound to leave the citizen of Stratford-on-Avon little more than his name. When the claims of Bacon and Rutland wear too thin to hold enough water, a new aspirant is brought forward. Now it is William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby, and his sponsor is Mr. Abel Lefranc, of the College of France. A little odd, it seems, that after the novelty wore off the Baconian claims advocated by such intellectual giants as Delia and Donnelly, the quest for a new Shakespeare should be left to foreigners. Rutland was championed by the German, Karl Bleibtreu, who was supported by the Frenchman, Célestin Demblon. If the author of the new volume, "Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare," were not a scholar so well known there would be something suspiciously fortuitous in the new volume with its dedication to the present British Ambassador in Paris: "Lord Derby, . . . ex-Minister of War, illustrious descendant of one of the Norman companions of William the Conqueror, of a Queen of France, and of the immortal author of the Shakespearian plays." A pathetic and heroic touch is added in the sharing of this dedication with the memory of the author's son, Robert Lefranc, "who fell to the north of Verdun on February 4, 1918," and the hope express that the book's "contents may serve to attest the soul fraternity of two great peoples, joined forever for a common, glorious destiny, and for the advancement of the human civilization of which his ancestor [Derby's] remains the most sublime expression." It was no ingenious cryptogram that revealed its secret to Mr. Lefranc, but two unconsidered letters buried in some Elizabethan state papers that gave him the clue, which, says Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn in the New York *Tribune*, he built up, like Cuvier his skeleton, from a single bone. Of course, Mr. Lefranc had long suspected that Stratford masquerader, so his mind was fallow for the seed. He says:

"THE BRAWLING, HUSKY MERCENARY,"

"Who has in years of torment drawn down the finely drawn vengeance that at last holds and destroys him." Lionel Barrymore as *Neri* in "The Jest."

"Having to return several English books borrowed from a big library, I took a last hasty glance at them. I was profoundly moved at reading in one of them, which I had opened at random, the following (purely incidental) entry, in the course of an article consecrated to a totally unrelated subject: 'From a letter comprised in the state papers of Queen Elizabeth, we learn that the Earl of Derby, in June, 1599, was solely occupied with writing pieces for the comedians.' This testimony is formulated in terms that are almost identical in two letters written on June 30, 1599, by a personage called George Fenner to two correspondents (the one his partner, Balthazar Gybels, at Antwerp, and the other, Sir Humfredo Galdelli, or, in his absence, Giuseppe Tusinga, at Venice): 'Therle of Derby is busyed only in penning comedies for the commoun players,' and 'Our Erle of Darby is busye in penning commodyes for the commoun players.' . . . In reading this curious reference . . . I asked myself whether so precise a bit of information might not furnish the one so long desired and orient research in a new direction. The grand seigneur, whose literary occupations are revealed by this text, was William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby. As to the dramatic works composed by him in 1599, all continued to be unknown. Not a single comedy has ever been cited, played, performed, or published under his name, to the best of our present information. The two letters in which his name appears were addrest from London, by a political agent who was working in England for the Catholic cause, to correspondents at Antwerp and at Venice."

The combination of circumstances here cited convinces the French writer that since the plays must have an author "who was a member of the English aristocracy," here is just the man. There is nothing in common between the plays and "the man of Stratford":

"Everything, in brief, appears to us mediocre in the man of Stratford: his portrait, his handwriting, his marriage, his love-affairs, his business affairs, his last will and testament, his soul. We can never recognize in him the author of 'King Lear' or of 'The Tempest.' *Per contra*, the career of William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, his extended travels, his tempestuous existence, his ordeals, and his passionate attachment to the theater, offer us the most perfect accord conceivable with the works of the greatest creator of souls. . . . There is a fundamental contradiction between the actor from Stratford and the refined and aristocratic work with which he is considered to have made his début in his playwriting career. . . . The author of the pieces played and published under the name of Shakespeare could be only a member of the English aristocracy, a patrician, familiar by birth and by education with the politics, the manners and morals, the traditions, the ideals, the sentiments, the proccupations, and the language of the most elevated and the most polished social classes of the Elizabethan epoch. . . . All the Shakespearian plays, with one or two exceptions, are situated in the courts of kings or in the abodes of the great. Never have the ideas and the sentiments of princely and aristocratic *milieux* been comprehended and described with a more intimate, a more subtle penetration. Similarly, the significance of race, of nobility, of blood, never met a more sympathetic interpreter. No genuine connoisseur can hesitate to recognize this general trait in the immortal works. Everywhere, and especially in the political pieces, we feel that it is a member of an aristocracy who is speaking and that he treats things from the view-point of an enlightened noble, with the conceptions peculiar to a member of the ruling class. All the plays, be they borrowed from English history, from Greek history, or from Roman history, be they yclept 'Hamlet,' 'Cymbeline,' 'Othello.' . . . 'A Winter's Tale,' or 'All's Well That Ends Well,' prove this amply from one end to the other."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

UNCENSORED NEWS OF KOREAN CHRISTIANS

At least five Protestant missionaries in Korea have been thrown into jail, and one of them, Rev. Eli M. Mowry, of Mansfield, Ohio, is reported sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor. Private information denies that missionaries have so far in any way mixed themselves with the uprisings of Koreans in behalf of independence from Japan, tho it is not denied that their sympathies are engaged in the Korean aspirations for freedom from the Japanese yoke. An Associated Press dispatch from Pyeng Yang, dated April 20, says that Mr. Mowry was "found guilty of having permitted Koreans to use his premises for disseminating propaganda for Korean independence." An appeal was entered and he was released on bail. Tokyo dispatches assert that "members of the Christian mission at Teigonari, near Seoul, clashed with gendarmes during a riot." Such dispatches contain possible misstatements of fact as well as omission of other important matters owing to the strict censorship of Japanese authorities; but what the New York *Times* calls "an American version" of the present Korean troubles is published in the form of an "uncensored" memorandum written by the Rev. A. E. Armstrong, of Toronto, assistant secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, now in the Far East. Mr. Armstrong is said to have been in Seoul as late as March 17 and his memorandum was brought into this country by the editor of the Sacramento *Bee*, thus escaping censorship. Mr. Armstrong asserts that "only by travelers can the truth reach the outside world, even Japan itself," and makes these "revelations":

Pictures by courtesy of "The World Outlook," New York.

NATIVE KOREAN CHRISTIAN PREACHERS,

Whose efforts to change the religion of Korea are opposed by Japan. Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Church, stands in the center of the group.

"What I learned roused my indignation and sympathy—indignation at the cruel treatment given the Koreans by Japanese police and soldiers, sympathy for an opprest and defenseless people crying out for justice. I hope to prepare a fuller statement later, and shall, therefore, set down here only a few points which should be noted.

"1. Missionaries and other foreigners in Korea were as ignorant about the plans of the Koreans as the Japanese themselves. The civil authorities acknowledge this, but the military and the Japanese press in Japan charge the missionaries with instigating the uprising.

"2. It did not originate in mission schools, as alleged, tho they are in it, as government schools are.

"3. Foreigners marvel at the ability and thoroughness with which the Koreans organized and are carrying on the campaign. Even the oldest British and American citizens had no idea that the Koreans were capable of planning and conducting such a wide-spread rebellion.

"4. Their methods are those of passive resistance, that no violence be used nor resistance offered to arrest. They, even schoolgirls, go to prison singing, cheering, and shouting 'Mansel' (Japanese, Banzai, lit., 10,000 times 10,000 years). This cry, or as it is sometimes exprest, '*Tongnip mansei*' ('independence forever'), has united the whole nation.

"5. The police are baffled in their efforts to find the leaders. Tho they arrested the thirty-three signers of the original manifesto, yet the program continues, and the committee is unknown. When a Korean pastor was asked by an official who was behind the movement, he replied, 'God Almighty!' When asked who were with him, he said, 'Twenty million Koreans!'

"6. Thirty missionaries gathered in Seoul, March 16, that I might hear the situation discuss. They agreed in designating the Japanese military and police and gendarme system in the Korean peninsula the German machine! Foreigners—consuls, business men, missionaries—are unanimous in their condemnation of the system which has ruled Korea since 1910. This system was learned from the Germans. While it may have been crusht in Belgium and Europe it still exists in Korea and Asia.

"7. The tortures which the Koreans suffer at the hands of the police and gendarmes are identical with those employed in the famous conspiracy trials. I read affidavits, now on their way to the United States and British Governments, which made one's blood boil, so frightful were the means used in trying to extort confessions from prisoners. And many of these had no part in the demonstrations, but were simply onlookers!

"8. Missionaries have kept out of all connection with the revolution, but they think the psychological hour may come when their humanity may compel them and other foreigners to declare their attitude and protest against the terrorism which prevails. A meeting of all the foreigners in Seoul was called for March 19, to consider what they should do. The civil authorities (who should be differentiated from the military) called a few missionaries into conference on March 9, and were told plainly how Japan had all along been alienating the Koreans and what reforms should be introduced. Mr. Usami stated that the Government intended to institute certain improvements.

"9. It is too soon to predict what effect this outbreak will have on Christianity and on missionary effort. The officials are suspicious of the foreigners and of the teaching of Christianity, especially by citizens of the democratic countries of the United States and of Great Britain. I was in Severance Medical

College on the 17th, when it was searched by a corps of police. Nothing was found, of course, much to the chagrin and the discomfiture of the Chief Procurator and his inspectors who were in charge. Foreigners' houses have probably been searched since then.

"The probable outcome will not be independence, tho the Koreans have succeeded in getting the question raised in the Peace Conference. There should be the granting of long-overdue and reasonable reform measures. The Koreans should have freedom of speech, press, assembly, petition, and travel, all of which liberties—the common rights of all peoples—are denied them. They should also have a share in the administration of their country. At present even a village headman must be a Japanese. Justice should be guaranteed. A Korean can not get justice in a Japanese court if his opponent is a Japanese."

Mr. Armstrong accuses Japan of efforts to blot out Korean nationality even to the point of requiring Koreans to learn and speak the Japanese tongue.

"Their 4,200 years of history are ignored. Surely also the whole attitude of the Japanese Government and the major portion of the Japanese people should change. The present policy exploits the country in order that Japan may be enriched and treats the people as an inferior race. Instead, the Japanese should develop the country for the mutual benefit of Koreans and Japanese, if not, indeed, for the sole benefit of Koreans, whose land it is. And they should regard the Koreans as equal to the Japanese. Otherwise the Japanese claim for the abolition of racial discriminations is pure hypocrisy.

"In Tokyo, on March 21, by arrangement of Galen M. Fisher, National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Japan, I met a few Japanese and foreigners and discust the Korean situation. One of the Japanese (a member of the Parliament, who will be in America in May) told me that the more the world knows about Japanese misrule in Korea, the better it will be for Japan, for thus the sooner will the nation get rid of the militarism which now dominates the Empire. Later he telephoned to say that he had conferred with the Premier, who said he wished that a committee of missionaries would come from Korea to tell him the situation, as the Government was ignorant of much that was taking place there.

"Publicity, in the opinion of the missionaries, is absolutely necessary that the world may know and demand justice for Korea. It is common knowledge that Japan is extremely sensitive to international opinion. She covets the world's good will. She is proud of and very much wants to retain her 'place in the sun.' She will probably act very quickly when she knows the world's mind about Korea.

"I promised the missionaries that I would help make the facts known."

A recent dispatch from Korea received by the Associated Press states that the Governor-General received a delegation of missionaries who had visited burned villages in Korea, including a hamlet forty-five miles southeast of Seoul, where, it was stated recently, the male Christians of the village were summoned and shot or bayoneted. The dispatch continues:

"Governor Hasegawa said he regretted that the facts of the massacre were as stated, but those responsible for them would be punished. He added that foreigners might be assured there would be no repetition of such incidents. Foreigners are organizing a plan for relief of the homeless and destitute. The Japanese Government and Japanese individuals are taking a similar course."

The New York *Tribune* publishes a statement of Dr. Synghan Rhee, reported as having been named Secretary of State of a Korean provisional revolutionary government, to the effect that the leaders of the movement intend making Korea a Christian country "once it is free of Japan." He says:

"Koreans will not stand for a heathen autocratic government like that of Japan. They have been trained under American Christian influence, and the leaders are all imbued with American democratic ideas. Seven of the eight members of the cabinet of the provisional government are Christians, and our government will naturally follow the American form of government as nearly as it can be done.

"Koreans are united. Hatred of idol-worship is at the bottom of the detestation which they feel for Japanese authority, which requires worship of the Mikado's image."

FINDING SALOON "SUBSTITUTES"

TALK ABOUT THE SALOON leaving a "vacuum" makes *The Venango Herald* "sick." It couples the saloon with influenza, and about the matter of leaving a vacuum the two agencies are seen on a par. Nobody felt any regret over the passing of the influenza, and this Pennsylvania "dry" organ is sure we shall feel the same way about the saloon. Nevertheless the "vacuum" is apprehended and the need of "substitutes" for the "social institution" about to pass is insisted on by many. The Salvation Army, as usual, is forehanded with practical suggestions, and announces its own plan to take over the leases of corner saloons wherever possible and make them into "corner clubs for working men and boys." They are not going to change the aspect of these places overmuch, seeing that the fixtures, counters, even the brass rails, will do well enough as the machinery for selling soft drinks, sandwiches, "and the Salvation's favorite fruit, the doughnut." Commander Evangeline Booth and her national board of executive officers, says the New York *Sun*, have got down to work on the plan, which includes in its scope not only the bars in New York City, but the gin-mills of the country from coast to coast. *The Sun* finds in the commander's statement a good word, or almost a good word, for the saloon as it is:

A GRATEFUL KOREAN PATIENT,

Who comes to a Christian medical missionary to offer a pair of Korean socks in payment for the removal of cataract from her eyes.

"The saloon as it exists to-day is not wholly bad. I say this deliberately, altho I believe that strong drink is a mocker and that the excessive use of alcohol destroys both body and soul. The Salvation Army has within the last few weeks demonstrated in its province of New York the psychology of the brass rail. There is something about the shiny bar which brings

> all men to a common footing. The easy and relaxed attitude of those who lean against the mahogany or cherry suggests solid comfort. Because wine and beer are to go, shall not a man take his ease in his own inn?
>
> "Therefore, at our newly opened hotel in West Forty-seventh Street we have kept the bar and the brass rail, and the bartender back of them. Altho soft drinks are served there instead of hard ones, this barroom of the new era glows with good cheer. The Salvation Army would deprive no man of his livelihood. There are many bartenders of genial personality and good character who could just as well remain behind the soft-drink bar as not."

The *Venango Herald's* wrath seems to be roused over the implied tribute to the saloon in the word "substitute." What may supervene, such as the Salvation Army proposes, seems to *The Herald* only a neglected need. It prefaces its statement of this fact by a little lurid reminiscence:

> "Years ago, when a lot of New York clergymen were talking about 'reforming' the saloon and when a great bishop opened with prayer a saloon that was to be a model, the New York *Telegraph* said:
>
> "'Talk about the benefits or possible benefits of the saloon is rot. The saloon is a place to get drunk in. That is all.' . . . .
>
> "As a matter of fact, there are a few things which the saloon has monopolized because of their value as adjuncts to its business, that the public, long ago, should have provided apart from the saloon.
>
> "Probably the churches—and the Y. M. C. A. in cities that care for such things—should provide more rest-rooms and recreation places; but that is to meet a need that always existed, not as a substitute for the saloon. As well call the chamber you are fitting up for your soldier boy, when he comes home, a 'substitute' for the trench or the German prison-camp."

A recent writer in the New York *Times*, Mr. John Collier, discusses "substitutes" without any horror of the word. The welcome these new proposals are calculated to meet may be deduced from the favoring conditions in "the intensified interest in public affairs pervading all our folk."

> "Through the war, through its excitement, its sacrifices, its great triumph, the whole American people have experienced a deepening of the emotional life, a widening of sympathies, a renewal of the romantic nature. We have been rendered more sociable, we have been given a taste of the greater life which is possible to all men, even the most commonplace men, in a social organization which, by chance or through successful planning, provides for a quickened psychic pulse-beat. This state of the popular mind will not last unless it be made use of. But at present it holds wide the door for great social enterprise, especially in the field of recreation and education."

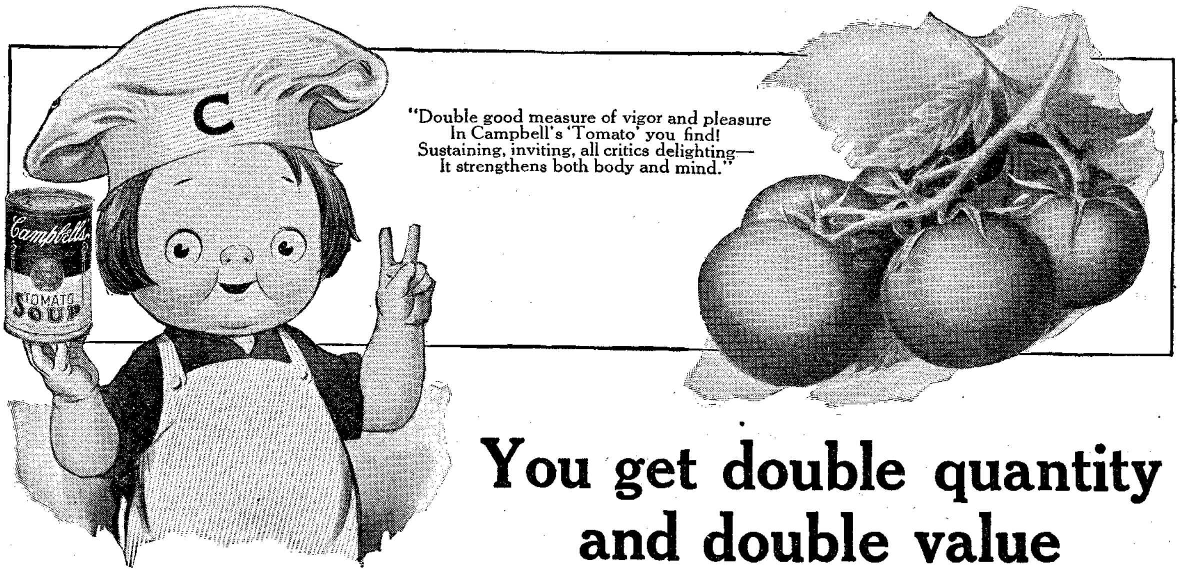
He calls attention to the resources of capital which might be used for instituting the new order in public recreation:

> "First, there is the War Camp Community Service, with a fund of perhaps fifteen million dollars, money contributed by the people for recreation, which waits to be used in the civilian community.
>
> "Secondly, there is the Y. M. C. A., with enormous resources —also received from the people.
>
> "Thirdly, there is the Red Cross. Assume that the Red Cross will remain a specialized organization dealing apart from the Army, with civilian relief and health alone. What relation to health would an adequate recreation program bear?
>
> "In the first place, such a program, which would insure activity during youth, and during maturity as well, would provide the foundation for positive health. It would develop the major organs and would reduce the degenerative diseases at middle life which come because of undeveloped organs. The immense problem of sickness which is functional rather than organic (perhaps the greatest problem of human misery) will be solved for the masses only by developing happiness—happiness in the leisure hours.
>
> "The recreation enterprise of the future will be composite. It will permit of loafing and *bonhomie* just as the saloon does. It will provide for the shutting out of the women, if the men want it, and *vice versa*. It will enable the father to escape from his family, but likewise it will make it attractive for him to be with his family. The ground floor, physically and figuratively speaking, of this recreation establishment will be devoted to casual interests, to loafing and talk and card-playing and silent games, or to the music of automatic pianos. Food and drinks will be served in this part of the establishment.
>
> "This recreation establishment will contain a theater, and in this theater the best of commercialized motion-pictures will be shown. . . . But, in addition, there will be the means for participation by the people themselves in community drama which, as the institution develops, will become a community drama conceived, written, built, staged, costumed, and acted by the people. This community drama will not be merely a talkfest. It will be a drama allowing for action of the body, for the display of color, for choral singing, for pantomime and dancing."

WAR-DEPARTMENT PROBE OF Y. M. C. A.

SOMETHING DEFINITE to go on will soon be furnished by the War Department regarding the welfare work of our several agencies so generously dowered by the American people, so that criticism and defense will not proceed in the present haphazard and deplorable fashion. Late in February, Secretary Baker directed to be sent out among the forces in France a questionnaire regarding the work of the Y. M. C. A. The three other agencies will likewise come in for report from the soldier body who are asked to furnish something more than "mere opinions." "Estimates of the value of the work, and of the proportion of all the work among the soldiers done by the Y. M. C. A.," are desired by this inquiry; but all allegations must be supported by evidence. Information of this investigation, together with some of the questions the boys are called upon to answer, are given in a letter to the New York *Globe* by Mr. Junius B. Wood, writing from Coblenz. Thus:

> "In most instances the divisional inspectors to whom the questionnaires were addrest turned over the details of securing replies to the various regimental and battalion chaplains, and in some instances to enlisted men. The different units were given opportunities to express their opinions, and the work was so thoroughly handled that in some of the divisions the compiling of the answers has required weeks. Some of the typical questions asked were these:
>
> "Were the canteen prices excessive and at variance with the commissary prices or higher than in the native retail stores?
>
> "Were there overcharges for tobacco, matches, fruit, and chocolates?
>
> "Were writing-paper, pens, pencils given to the soldiers, and was partiality shown to officers over enlisted men?
>
> "Did the Y. M. C. A. buy articles from the army commissary and then charge higher prices?
>
> "Did they refuse to sell matches and cigarets to the soldiers because they did not have the change?
>
> "Did the attitude of the workers indicate that their serving the soldiers was a privilege for the soldiers?
>
> "Was there a tendency toward pacification among the workers?
>
> "Was there feeling between the chaplains and the workers tending to create jealousy?
>
> "Has the conduct of any of the members of the personnel been such as to bring discredit upon the organization?
>
> "Have women workers been detailed as mess sergeants for the Y. M. C. A. messes?
>
> "Have the secretaries shown initiative in their work, and have they been in a position to show initiative?
>
> "Was there a lack of workers at any portion of the front?
>
> "Was the attitude of the secretaries concerning their tasks grudging?
>
> "Was the attitude of the secretaries that a soldier's life is necessarily demoralizing?
>
> "Is the Y. M. C. A. popular with the officers? And if not, why not?
>
> "These are only a few of the long list of questions, tho the questionnaire states that the replies need not be limited to these inquiries. In the last few days another order has been issued inviting any person having information which he desires to submit concerning the work of the Y. M. C. A. to forward it. Certainly the War Department will be buttressed with sufficient facts to answer all arguments in a controversy which is looming large. The most discust project of the Y. M. C. A. among the soldiers to-day is the 400,000 francs ($80,000) reenforced concrete stadium being erected near Paris."



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In Campbell's 'Tomato' you find!
Sustaining, inviting, all critics delighting—
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THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

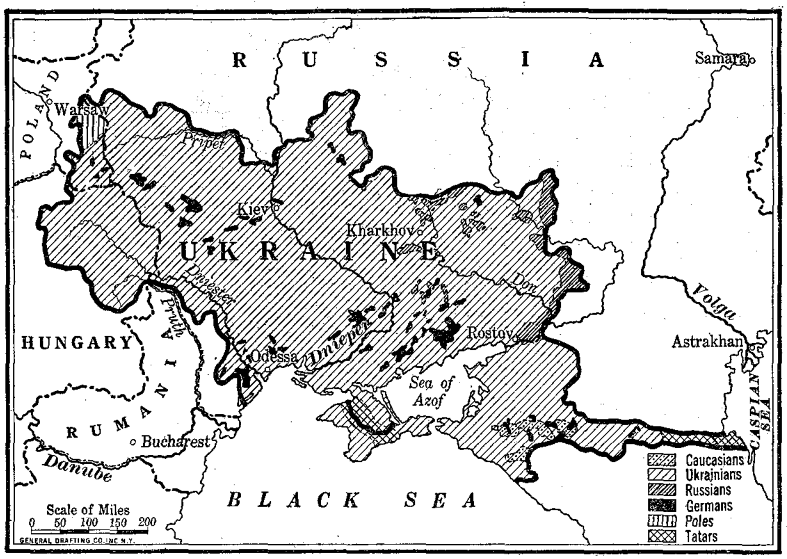
RECONSTRUCTION-PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for High School Use

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*In the Educational Department of* THE LITERARY DIGEST *the claims of various nations for a new alinement of boundaries are presented as the self-same nations set them down. The decisions reached by the delegates at the Peace Conference will in due course be reported in the news record of* THE LITERARY DIGEST, *as also the press comment from divers angles.*

UKRAINE

THE SO-CALLED LITTLE RUSSIA—Two-thirds of the territory of Ukraine is made up of the steppes, great plains extending six hundred miles from the Karpathians to the Sea of Azov, and the tributaries of the River Don. Generally speaking, the steppes are devoid of trees, and the larger region, according to the New York *World*, from which we cite the following figures, is now under cultivation. The approximate area of Ukraine is 330,000 square miles, with a population estimated at 33,000,000. The largest seaport city is Odessa, on the Black Sea, with an approximate population of 650,000. Kief, the capital of Ukraine, has a population of 626,000. In the New York *World* we read further that—



UKRAINE'S BOUNDARY CLAIMS.

"From the ninth to the fourteenth century Ukraine was an independent kingdom. Then began an era of domination by the Lithuano-Poles, which lasted for 250 years. During the ensuing Cossack period, one of revolt against foreign masters, Ukraine reasserted itself as a free nation and formed a republic. The last vestige of this republic was removed in 1775 by Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. Since that time Ukraine's desire for independence never diminished. During the governmental disorders in Russia in 1917 an All-Ukraine Congress assembled and prepared a manifesto for the establishment of a Ukraine Government "without separation from Russia." Minister Kerensky then granted autonomy to the Ukrainians. Following the overthrow of the Kerensky Government in November, 1917, Ukraine declared itself a republic and made a separate peace with Germany.

WHO THE UKRAINIANS ARE—The Ukrainians are nominally distinguished as the Little Russians, in contrast with the Russians generally considered, who are described as Great Russians. The Little and the Great Russians constitute nine-tenths of the Russian race. White Russians make up the other tenth, and they are settled between the Great Russians of the north and the Little Russians of the south. This race allotment is very clearly shown by various writers on Ukraine, among whom we may mention Mr. Isaac Don Levine, author of "The Resurrected Nations" (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York).

Ukraine, the word, means "borderland," and was applied to the southern region of Russia by the Muscovites of the north. If the Little Russians, or Ukrainians, as Mr. Levine points out, had been confined to Russia they would have come into possession of all the territory they inhabited. But some of them fell under the **control of Austria-Hungary** and became known as Ruthenes, or Ruthenians. Most so-called Ruthenians are to be found in eastern Galicia. So it happens that the Little Russians are known by two names, Ukrainians and Ruthenians, altho in early history, language, religion, and customs they are one people. To quote this informant further:

THE GREAT AND LITTLE RUSSIANS—"The history of Russia does not begin with the history of the Great Russians, but with that of the Little Russians. The first Russian Kingdom or principality was established in Kief, the capital of what is now Little Russia. When Kief was a flourishing town, carrying on trade with the Byzantine Empire, the north of Russia was still undeveloped. Had no external forces interfered, Russia would perhaps have developed its strength in the south and eventually become dominated by the Little Russians. However, the Mongol invasions swept over the southern regions, driving the independent chiefs into the marshy and forested north. Kief, the 'Mother of Russian Cities,' as it is still known, was conquered, while Moscow, in the heart of Great Russia, took over its position.

"It has been said, and not without justice, that had Kief continued as the capital of all Russia, the Ukrainian problem would never have arisen and Little Russia would have considered itself as an integral a part of the country as Great Russia. The difference in the language of the two groups was only one of dialect. However, Muscovy was from the very beginning **a highly centralized state**, and Little Russia was never permitted to share in its councils and government. The result, of course, was the estrangement of the latter from its northern brother.

"Christianity entered Russia through the south. It was when Kief was just rising that its Grand Duke, Vladimir, joined the Greek Church, and had all the inhabitants of Kief baptized. After that Christianity spread northward and penetrated into the vast country. Kief is even now a holy city to the religious Russians, and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims flock to its sacred places annually from every corner of Russia.

"The Tatar invasions from the east drove many Little Russians westward, and they settled in western Bukowina, eastern Galicia, and the surrounding territory. It was here that the Little Russians became known as Ruthenes in later years. This dispersal of the race weakened it, while to the northwest two great Powers were developing, Lithuania and Poland. The latter obtained control over Galicia in 1340, when the Polish King Casimir the Great established himself in Little Russia upon the death of its duke, in 1339. Lithuania also coveted part of that southern land, and the two kingdoms finally divided it among themselves, Lithuania taking the eastern regions of Little Russia. But Lithuania later became united with Poland, so that Little Russia, from the Karpathians to the Don, was incorporated with Greater Poland."

POLISH AND LITHUANIAN RULE IN UKRAINE—Religious oppression, according to this informant, weighed upon the Orthodox Little Russians, who were disqualified from the Diets unless they conformed to Roman Catholic tenets. Originally the Little Russians were peasants, but the establishment of serfdom in the northern countries started a stream of freemen and criminals to the southern steppes of the borderland—Ukraine. They formed a nucleus for the Cossacks, free-lances banded together by the Polish Government to face Tatar and Turkish invaders. Freedom was a doctrine of the Cossacks, and when the grip of the Lithuanian and Polish nobles came close to imposing serfdom on the inhabitants of Ukraine, enmity sprang up between the Ukrainians and their masters. Religious and economic oppression, we are told, molded a national consciousness in the Little Russians, which, as usual, manifested itself in revolt. The spirit of rebellion, prevalent all through Ukraine, was concentrated in the independent Cossack communities located along the lower Dnieper River. The banner of insurrection was raised in 1648 by the Cossacks under the leadership of their great hetman Bogdan Khmelnitsky. We read then:

A COSSACK LEADER—" Khmelnitsky was a small Cossack landowner. He had been subjected to cruel ill-treatment by a Polish noble. Unable to obtain redress by law, he centered his efforts on consolidating the spirit of discontent among his brethren. With a force of Cossacks and Tatars he started out northward in 1648, annihilating all the Poles and Polish Jews. A Polish leader, Potocki, made an attempt to stop his march with a force of four thousand. This contingent was wiped out, and a week later another Polish army was disastrously defeated by the rebels. The rising now assumed vast proportions, hundreds of thousands of insurgent Ukrainians gathering about Khmelnitsky. The path of the Ukrainian advance was marked with unexampled bloodshed. Terrible atrocities were committed; whole cities were wiped out, so deep was the feeling of revenge in the Cossack heart. Poland was fairly shaken. An enormous army of a quarter of a million was finally recruited by the Poles to stop the advancing warriors. The battle that ensued was a decisive victory for the Cossacks.

" The Poles then offered terms to the Cossacks, but they were rejected by Khmelnitsky. Under the personal leadership of the King, the Poles continued desperately their efforts to subdue the rising. On the part of the Poles it was really a fight for the 'privileges of the nobles and for religious intolerance,' while the Cossacks fought for freedom. After many battles the latter were defeated and a peace was concluded, but one not of long duration. Hostilities were renewed and the Cossacks found it necessary to transfer their allegiance to the Muscovite Czar. Khmelnitsky sent an envoy to the northern ruler offering Little Russia to him as an autonomous unit. The treaty of Pereyaslav, concluded between Ukraine and Russia in 1654, stipulated that the former retain its separate organization under the egis of Moscow."

RESULTANT UKRAINE GOVERNMENT—The Ukrainian governmental system was " crudely republican," and endured even under the Czar's suzerainty, according to treaty. If Khmelnitsky had lived long enough to establish firmly the proper relations with Moscow, Ukraine's autonomy might have proved more or less durable. But he died in 1657, and Russia began to work toward the complete fusion of Little and Great Russia. By the peace of 1667, concluded between Russia and Poland, Poland obtained the part of Ukraine which adjoined it, with the result that this section lost its autonomy. Eastern Ukraine sought an alliance with Charles XII. of Sweden during the reign of Peter the Great in order to get rid of Russian rule. In the celebrated battle of Poltava, 1709, Sweden was disastrously defeated, and Ukrainian autonomy was entirely abolished by Peter. At the same time as Ukraine's political institution was being demolished, Russia initiated measures of repression against the Ukrainian language, such as prohibition of the printing of Ukrainian books in 1720 and, soon after, the closing of Ukrainian schools. In 1772 and 1793-95, when Poland was partitioned, those parts of Ukraine which belonged to it were taken over by Russia, except eastern Galicia and part of Bukowina, which, known as Ruthenia, went to Austria as Polish territory. The modern Ukrainian problem, we are told, dates from this division, and is really a double problem, that of the Ukrainians in Russia and of the Ukrainians in Galicia. In the first country they were subjected to intense Russification, while in the second they were controlled by the Poles, who wished to have them Polonized.

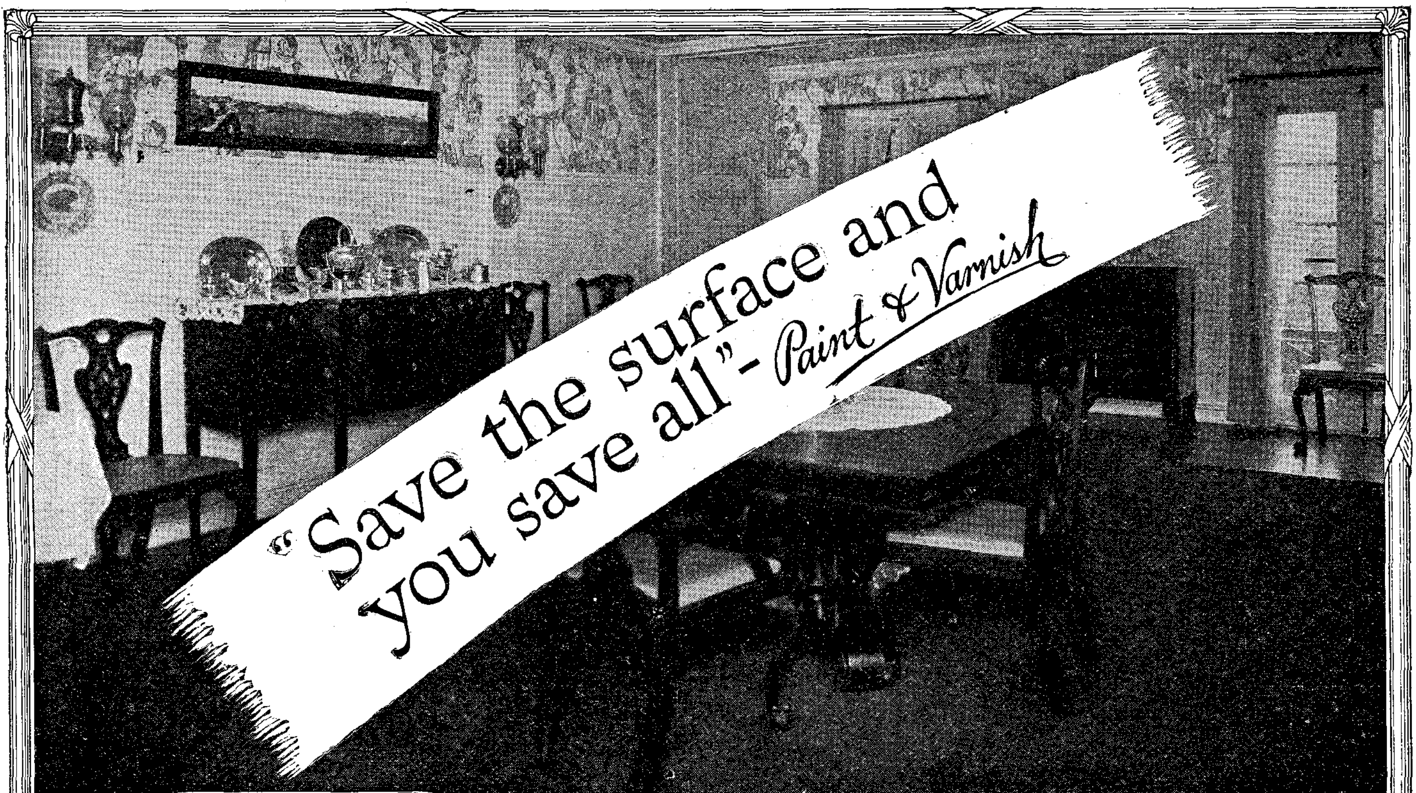
IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—Advancing to the middle of the nineteenth century, we are advised by Mr. Levine that Austria began a new method of dealing with Galicia. Formerly Austria had sustained the Poles in their attitude toward the Ruthenians. To curb the Poles and to embarrass Russia, before the war, Austria encouraged the national aspirations of Ukraine. It is reported that the Teuton monarchies designed a united autonomous Ukraine in order to weaken Russia. Ruthenian professorships were founded in the University of Lemberg and extensive literature from Galicia to propagate the spirit of Ukrainian nationalism was secretly circulated in Russian Ukraine. In the early years of the present century several Ukrainian revolutionary parties were operating in Russia. We read then:

" The conditions under which the Ukrainians lived in Galicia finally culminated in a general strike in 1902, which extended over all of eastern Galicia. This was preceded, in 1897, by a conflict with the Poles, which resulted in the murder of eight Ukrainians and many wounded. In 1900 two political parties were organized by the Ukrainians in Galicia. They demanded the division of Galicia into two parts, Eastern and Western, the former to be constituted as a separate Ukrainian province. It was these parties who were responsible for the strike in 1902 and for the numerous subsequent demonstrations. The revolutionary outbreaks in Russia in 1905 reverberated in eastern Galicia, and the Ukrainian movement there gained in intensity just as the Polish policy of suppression grew in severity. The dramatic climax of the contest occurred in 1908 when the Polish governor of Galicia, Count Potocki, was shot by Miroslav Sichinsky, a Ukrainian student. The indictment of the assassin recognized the fact that the shooting was the outcome of the struggle of the Ukrainian peasants against the Polish nobility, admitting that the slain governor supported the Russian policy in Galicia. In 1913 a semiofficial Russian statement said that a secret pact between the Polish leaders in Galicia and the Russian Prime Minister Stolypin was in existence. This agreement apparently was the result of the menace which the Ukrainian democratic movement constituted to both the Russian autocracy and Polish aristocracy. Sichinsky escaped and made his way to the United States, where he was admitted after the United States Government held his offense to have been a political act.

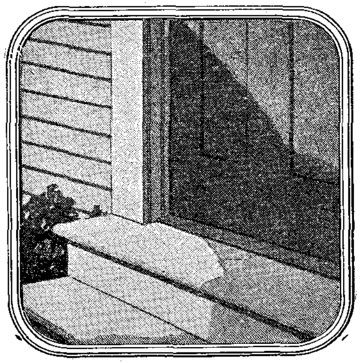
" The Great War brought Galicia into the international arena. The Russian armies occupied Galicia in 1914, and immediately the Czar's government instituted a campaign of Russification there. The reactionary Russian Governor-General, Count Bobrinsky, issued a proclamation in which he announced that he considered ' Lemberg, in East Galicia, the real cradle of Great Russia, since the original population was Russian,' and that he intended to reorganize the country on the basis of Russian ideals. The Russian language was immediately introduced and the Ukrainian prohibited. Russian officials were appointed and the Ruthenian Uniate Church subjected to persecution. The Ukrainian deputy Levitsky protested in the Austrian parliament against the Russian activities, while in the Russian Duma the same methods were denounced by the radical members. When the Russians were driven out of Galicia and Russian Poland was occupied by the Central Powers, the latter sought to win the support of the Poles by setting up a reunited Poland under their protection. The Ukrainians in Galicia were alarmed at the prospect of being incorporated in Poland and again raised their voices for autonomy."

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION — But the outburst of the Russian revolution, Mr. Levine relates, " quickly gave birth " to a Ukrainian National Assembly, or Rada, which met at Kief. The hope of the Ukrainian nationalists was a union with free Russia on a federal basis. Unfortunately, we are told, the provisional governments of Lvov and Kerensky " still dreamed of a centralized and indivisible Russia." If Kerensky had realized Ukraine's just demands for autonomy, according to Mr. Levine, the later course of events might have been different, for Ukraine did not come under the domination of the Bolsheviki when they seized the government in Petrograd. Nationalist Ukraine, nevertheless, adopted an open mind toward Russia, altho the " separatists," mostly Austrophiles from Ruthenia, attained considerable influence in Ukrainian circles. But to prove that Ukraine's liberal policy held sway, Mr. Levine quotes the proclamation of the Ukrainian National Council, dated November 20, 1917, which is the Ukraine's declaration of independence, and reads in part as follows:

" Ukrainian people and all peoples of the Ukraine! An hour of trials and difficulties has come for the land of the Russian



Expensive repairs can be avoided by taking a little care to protect the surface of the metal trim on your buildings. Remember how it is exposed. Keep it well protected and rust won't have a chance.



If we ever stopped to count the number of feet that pass up and down the door steps of our homes, we would appreciate better what their surface has to stand. Once the wood gets really worn, through lack of protection, it never can be made to look as good as new. A tough coat of protection saves the surface.

Why some Furniture never seems to grow old

SOME furniture never seems to grow old. Old in its association, yes. Old, too, in an affection we sometimes have for even inanimate things—but not old in the sense of shabbiness.

Protection of the surface is the secret of the continued good looks of furniture. It is the surface of the furniture that bears the burden of constant wear. It is the surface we *see*. As long as the surface is kept protected, good furniture stays good and grows more valuable yearly.

And furniture, after all, only illustrates a point.

In your case, the surface in danger may be something very different—as different as the metal trim on your building, or the steps of your house. As daily wear affects the surface of furniture, so rust affects metal and scuffing feet affect door steps.

"Save the surface and you save all."

Surface gives the first foothold to wear, rust, decay and all destruction. The gospel of thrift as applied to the things we own is the gospel of preserving the surface.

¶

We have prepared a book which you will find as interesting as it is valuable. It will tell you some startling new things about preventing loss, through surface protection. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address Educational Committee, Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

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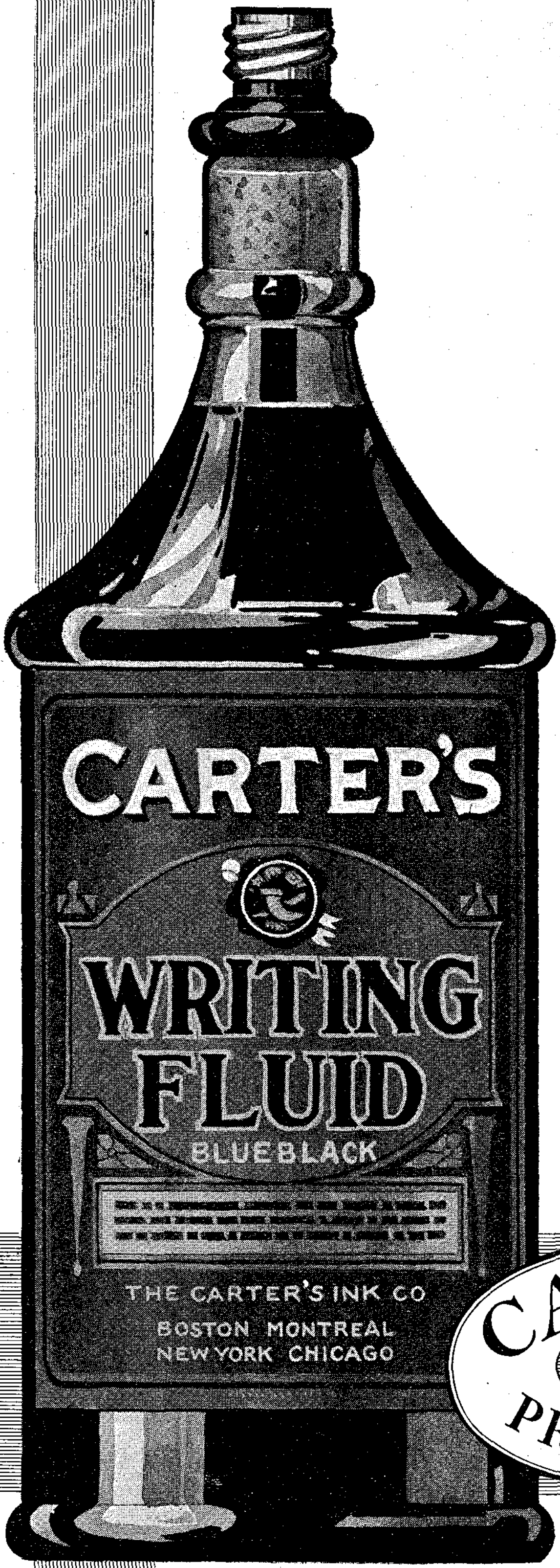
Writes a Strong, Rich Blue

Every bottle of Carter's Writing Fluid is uniform in strength. If you have been having trouble with your ink, if it has been weak or muddy in color—

if you want a clear, snappy color that flows freely from your pen, that makes writing a pleasure, then ask for



CARTER'S WRITING FLUID

The intensity of the Carter Blue is an indication of Carter Quality. No dye, however good, can be successfully incorporated with a poorly developed or muddy base. The pleasing Carter color may be traced directly back through the Carter laboratories

—to the rigid selection of raw materials and their proper handling,

—to the nine exacting laboratory tests to which each lot of ink is subjected,

—to constant experimentation guided by sixty years of experience as manufacturing chemists,

—in short, to the highest standards of manufacture, reinforced by our laboratory ideal,

"*Nothing so good that it can't be better.*"

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

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CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Republic. In the north, in the capitals (Petrograd and Moscow), a bloody, internecine struggle is in progress. A central government no longer exists, and anarchy, disorder, and ruin are spreading throughout the state.

"Our country also is in danger. Without a strong, united, and popular government, Ukraine also may fall into the abyss of civil war, slaughter, and destruction.

"People of Ukraine, you, together with the brother peoples of Ukraine, have entrusted us with the task of protecting rights won by struggle, of creating order and building up a new life in our land. And we, the Ukrainian Central Rada, by your will, for the sake of creating order in our country and for the sake of saving the whole of Russia, announce that henceforth Ukraine becomes the Ukrainian National Republic. Without separating from the Russian Republic and preserving its unity, we take up our stand firmly on our lands that with our strength we may help the whole of Russia and that the whole Russian Republic may become a federation of free and equal peoples. . . . . . .

"Likewise we shall insist that at the Peace Congress the rights of the Ukrainian people in Russia and outside Russia shall not be infringed in the treaty of peace. But until peace comes every citizen of the Republic of Ukraine, together with the citizens of all the peoples of the Russian Republic, must stand firmly in their positions both at the front and in the rear. . . . . . .

"Citizens! In the name of the National Ukrainian Republic in federal Russia, we, the Ukrainian Central Rada, call upon all to struggle resolutely with all forms of anarchy and disorder, and to help in the great work of building up new state forms, which will give the great and powerful Russian Republic health, strength, and a new future. The working out of these forms must be carried out at the Ukrainian and all-Russian Constituent Assemblies."

EFFECT OF BOLSHEVISM—Between Ukrainian Nationalism and Bolshevism in Ukraine there began a struggle as the effect of the overwhelming Bolshevik wave in Russia. The struggle did not last long, Mr. Levine reminds us, because the Ukrainian nationalist element was supported by the Central Powers, who were "naturally interested in disrupting Russia." The Ukrainians made a separate peace with the Central Powers and we are told that—

"As a result of the separate peace the Teutons extended their influence in Ukraine and finally dissolved the Ukrainian National Rada and set up in its stead a dictatorship headed by Hetman Skoropadsky, who remained in power leaning on German bayonets. The downfall of the Central Powers naturally led to the downfall of their puppet. The breakup of Austria liberated the Austrian Ukrainians, or Ruthenians, and there was no apparent obstacle toward their union with Russian Ukraine. But such an obstacle did arise as soon as the Poles learned that the Ukrainian National Council took over the administration of eastern Galicia. The former would not admit the national claims of the Ruthenians, and war between the two races opened when Lemberg was occupied by the Ukrainians. Polish troops reconquered the city, but the Ukrainians besieged it again in January, 1919.

"The Ukrainian problem is fairly complicated. The Russian Ukrainians do not demand complete separation from Russia, realizing that it would cut off the latter from the Black Sea and virtually strangle the hundred-million nation to the north. Russian Ukraine would therefore prefer to become an autonomous member of an all-Russian federation. The Ukrainians in Galicia and Bukowina are actuated by two motives mainly. First, liberation from the yoke of the Polish nobility and separation from Poland. Secondly, reunion with their brethren to the east.

"If the principle of self-determination be justly applied to the Ukrainian problem, its solution would necessarily follow ethnic lines. But these lines are rather vague in the east and north, where the Little Russians and Great Russians and White Russians are merged. The Ukrainian National Council claimed in Russia for Ukraine the provinces of Kief, Podolia, Volhynia, Chernigof Poltava, Kharkof, Yekaterinoslav, Kherson, and Tauris (less the Crimea). In addition, it claimed some districts of other adjoining provinces, including that of Kholm, which the Poles also claimed for Poland, thus creating another Polish-Ukrainian quarrel. The main dispute is, of course, in Galicia. The Poles claim Lemberg, the capital of eastern Galicia, on the ground that a majority of its inhabitants are Poles. Counting the Polish Jews, this is true of Lemberg and its immediate vicinity. But do the Polish Jews prefer Poland to Ukraine? And what about the indisputable fact that the larger territory in the midst of which Lemberg is situated is inhabited by a majority of Ukrainians?

"When the ethnographic frontiers of Ukraine are drawn, it emerges a vast country, stretching from the Karpathians to the Caucasus. On the south it is bounded by the Black Sea, Roumania, and Hungary; on the west, by Czecho-Solvakia and Poland; on the north and east by Russia. According to the Russian Imperial census of 1897 there were 22,000,000 Ukrainians in Russia, and their number must have considerably increased in the following twenty years. In eastern Galicia and Bukowina there were 4,000,000 Ukrainians, bringing the present total for the nation well above 30,000,000, spread over more than three hundred thousand square miles, a territory almost as large as France and Spain combined.

"Ukraine is an extremely fertile and wealthy country. Without Ukraine, Russia would be unable to breathe and prosper. A settlement of the Ukrainian problem can therefore not be effected without consideration for Russia, as the latter would sooner or later break the barrier of an independent Ukraine and provoke another war. The Ukrainians realize this and, while pleading for the recognition of their national rights, express their willingness to enter a federation of Russian states patterned after the United States of America."

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE—A high place among Slavic languages is allotted to the Ukrainian, which is said to be the most melodious of Slavic tongues, and, next to the Italian, the language most suitable for singing. Of greatest importance, however, is the richness of the language, we learn from the volume, entitled "Ukraine," by Stephen Rudnitsky (Ukrainian Alliance of America, New York), who tells us further that:

"The common people have collected and preserved the treasures of the Ukrainian language. While the vocabulary of an English farmer, according to Ratzel, does not include more than three hundred words, the Ukrainian peasant uses as many thousands. And, incidentally, the purity of the language is remarkable. Barely a few borrowed words have been introduced into the language of the people through the centuries of contact with neighboring peoples. They disappear entirely amid the wealth of pure Ukrainian words. What interests us geographers and natural scientists most of all is the wonderful wealth of the colloquial language in very striking names for surface forms, natural phenomena, plants, and animals. The construction and codification of the Ukrainian terminology of natural sciences and geography were, therefore, very easy. The infant science of the Ukraine possesses a terminology which, for example, far surpasses the Russian.

"The most important proofs of the independence of the Ukrainian language are Ukrainian literature and Ukrainian science. The Ukrainian language has given proof, through its development of a thousand years, that it is capable of giving expression to the loftiest products of human feeling and human intellect."

LAKES FULL OF EPSOM SALTS—On Kruger Mountain in the State of Washington, within a few miles of each other, are two lakes, one on each side of the international boundary, from which large amounts of natural Epsom salts have been mined and shipped. Says a writer in *The Mining and Scientific Press* (San Francisco, March 1):

"Photographs of the lakes, made in connection with a study of the occurrence by Olaf P. Jenkins, suggest a snow-covered field with dark areas, nearly circular, and occupying about half the total area. The dark spots are shallow pools of brine, immediately beneath which are solid rocklike masses of epsomite. The areas between the spots are white and consist of efflorescent salts resting on black mud. During the rainy season the rise of water in the lakes causes the spotted appearance to vanish. The smaller of the lakes is in Washington, and contains nearly pure magnesium sulfate. The Canadian lake contains sodium sulfate (Glauber's salts) mixed with magnesium sulfate. Other lakes in the vicinity show a predominance of sodium sulfate. Rocks in the vicinity contain pyrite and pyrrhotite. These may, upon oxidation, have produced sulfates, which reacted with the magnesia and lime of the rocks. This view is supported by the fact that between the epsomite and the underlying metamorphic rocks is a thin layer of gypsum. A point of much interest is the expansive force with which a saturated solution of the Epsom salts crystallizes upon a sudden drop in the temperature. This was sufficient to split a three-inch iron pipe from end to end. It was also found that crystallizing salts could not be kept in wooden tanks, as the solution would work into the cracks and upon crystallization would open the joints. Such tanks had to be lined with metal."

CURRENT POETRY

POEMS inspired by children are not frequently encountered, altho children in themselves appeal to all that is lyric and imaginative in the adult mind. In the volume entitled "Candles That Burn," by Aline Kilmer (George H. Doran Company, New York), several of the most successful examples of her art are written about her children. One feels in these poems an accurate understanding of the child's mind together with an enthusiasm about children and the world of their own they inhabit. Take for example—

EXPERIENCE

By Aline Kilmer

Deborah danced, when she was two,
As buttercups and daffodils do;
Spirited, frail, naively bold,
Her hair a ruffled crest of gold,
And whenever she spoke her voice went singing
Like water up from a fountain springing.

But now her step is quiet and slow;
She walks the way primroses go;
Her hair is yellow instead of gilt,
Her voice is losing its lovely lilt,
And in place of her wild, delightful ways
A quaint precision rules her days.

For Deborah now is three, and oh,
She knows so much that she did not know.

In "Justice" we have a quaint and humorous exhibit of jurisprudence in the world of children. The code as revealed to us here has tribal simplicity, and it is not to be doubted that in the end the judge and the two litigants were all three satisfied.

JUSTICE

By Aline Kilmer

Michael, come in! Stop crying at the door.
Come in and see the evil you have done.
Here is your sister's doll with one leg gone,
Naked and helpless on the playroom floor.
"Poor child! poor child! now he can never stand.
With one leg less he could not even sit!"
She mourned, but first, with swift avenging hand
She smote, and I am proud of her for it.

Michael, my sympathies are all for you.
Your cherub mouth, your miserable eyes,
Your gray-blue smock tear-spattered and your cries
Shatter my heart, but what am I to do?
He was her baby and the fear of bears
Lay heavy on him so he could not sleep
But in the crook of her dear arm, she swears.
So, Michael, she was right and you must weep.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Kilmer is the widow of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in France, July 31, 1918. The following lines were evidently written before his heroic death.

IN SPRING

By Aline Kilmer

I do not know which is worse when you are away:
Long gray days with the lisping sound of the rain
And then when the lilac dusk is beginning to fall
The thought that perhaps you may never come back again;

Or days when the world is a shimmer of blue and gold,
Sparkling newly all in the dear spring weather,
When with a heart that is torn apart by pain
I walk alone in ways that we went together.

Few of Belgium's devastated towns have won the sympathy of the Allied mind so deeply as Ypres. There are two reasons why "Wipers" holds an affectionate place in memory: one is the heroic defense made by British and Canadian troops there, and the other is the sacrilege that a town so beautiful and thriving throughout its history should have been torn to pieces. An anonymous writer in *Punch* gives us a charming tho melancholy picture of it to-day in—

THE SWANS OF YPRES

Ypres was once a weaving town,
Where merchants jostled up and down
And merry shuttles used to ply;
On the looms the fleeces were
Brought from the mart at Winchester,
And silver flax from Burgundy.

Who is weaving there to-night?
Only the moon, whose shuttle white
Makes silver warp on dike and pond;
Her hands fling veils of lily-woof
On riven spire and open roof
And on the haggard marsh beyond.

No happy ghosts or fairies haunt
The ancient city, huddling gaunt,
Where wagons crawl with anxious wheel
And o'er the marshland desolate
Win slowly to the battered gate
That Flemings call the Gate of Lille.

Yet by some wonder it befalls
That, where the lonely outer walls
Brood in the silent pool below,
Among the sedges of the moat,
Like lilies furled, the two swans float;
"The Swans of Ypres" men call them now.

They have heard guns and many men
Come and depart and come again,
They have seen strange disastrous things,
When fire and fume rolled o'er their nest;
But changeless and aloof they rest,
The Swans of Ypres, with folded wings.

The havoc wrought by the German submarines on Allied tonnage, it will be recalled, caused the relaunching of many a ship that had long been left aside as so much junk. In stirring chantey tones another *Punch* contributor records the return of these hulls to their native seas—the seas of the world.

THE OLD SHIPS

By C. F. S.

They called 'em from the breakers' yards, the shores of Dead Men's Bay,
From coaling wharves the wide world round, red-rusty where they lay,
And chipped and calked and scoured and tarred and sent 'em on their way.

It didn't matter what they were nor what they once had been,
They cleared the decks of harbor-junk and scraped the stringers clean,
And turned 'em out to try their luck with the mine and submarine. . . .

With a scatter o' pitch and a plate or two,
And she's fit for the risks o' war—
Fit for to carry a freight or two,
The same as she used before;
To carry a cargo here and there,
And what she carries she don't much care,
Boxes or barrels or balks or bales,
Coal or cotton or nuts or nails,
Pork or pepper or Spanish beans,
Mules or millet or sewing-machines,
Or a trifle o' lumber from Hastings Mill . . .
She's carried 'em all and she'll carry 'em still,
The same as she's done before.

And some were waiting for a freight, and some were laid away,
And some were liners that had broke all records in their day,
And some were common eight-knot tramps that couldn't make it pay.

And some were has-been sailing cracks of famous old renown,
Had logged their eighteen easy, when they ran their easting down
With cargo, mails, and passengers bound South from London Town. . . .

With a handful or two o' ratline stuff,
And she's fit for to sail once more;
She's rigged and she's ready and right enough,
The same as she was before;
The same old ship on the same old road
She's always used and she's always knowed,
For there isn't a blooming wind can blow
In all the latitudes, high or low,
Nor there isn't a kind of sea that rolls,
From both the Tropics to both the Poles,
But she's knowed 'em all since she sailed sou' Spain,
She's weathered the lot, and she'll do it again,
The same as she's done before.

And sail or steam or coasting craft, the big ships with the small,
The barges which were steamers once, the hulks that once were tall,
They wanted tonnage cruel bad, and so they fetched 'em all.

And some went out as fighting-craft and shipped a fighting crew,
But most they tramped the same old road they always used to do,
With a crowd of merchant-sailormen, as might be me or you . . .

With a lick o' paint and a bucket o' tar,
And she's fit for the seas once more,
To carry the Duster near and far,
The same as she used before;
The same old Rag on the same old round,
Bar Light vessel and Puget Sound,
Brass and Bonny and Grand Bassam,
Both the Rios and Rotterdam—
Dutch and Dagoes, niggers and Chinks,
Palms and fireflies, spices and stinks—
Portland (Oregon), Portland (Maine),
She's been there once and she'll go there again,
The same as she's been before.

. . . .

Their bones are strewed to every tide from Torres Strait to Tyne—
God's truth, they've paid their blooming dues to the tin-fish and the mine,
By storm or calm, by night or day, from Longships light to Line.

With a bomb or a mine or a bursting shell,
And she'll follow the seas no more,
She's fetched and carried and served you well,
The same as she's done before—
They've fetched and carried and gone their way,
As good ships should and as brave men may . . .
And we'll build 'em still, and we'll breed 'em again,
The same good ships and the same good men,
The same—the same—the same as we've done before!

As the dedication to his latest book of sketches, "Out and About London" (Henry Holt & Co., New York), Thomas Burke, author of "Limehouse Nights" and "Nights in London," inscribes the following verses:

DEDICATION

By Thomas Burke

Lady, the world is old, and we are young.
The world is old to-night and full of tears
And tumbled dreams, and all its songs are sung,
And echoes rise no more from the tombed years.
Lady, the world is old, but we are young.

Once only shines the mellow moon so fair;
One speck of Time is Love's Eternity.
Once only can the stars so light your hair,
And the night make your eyes my psaltery.
Lady, the world is old. Love still is young.

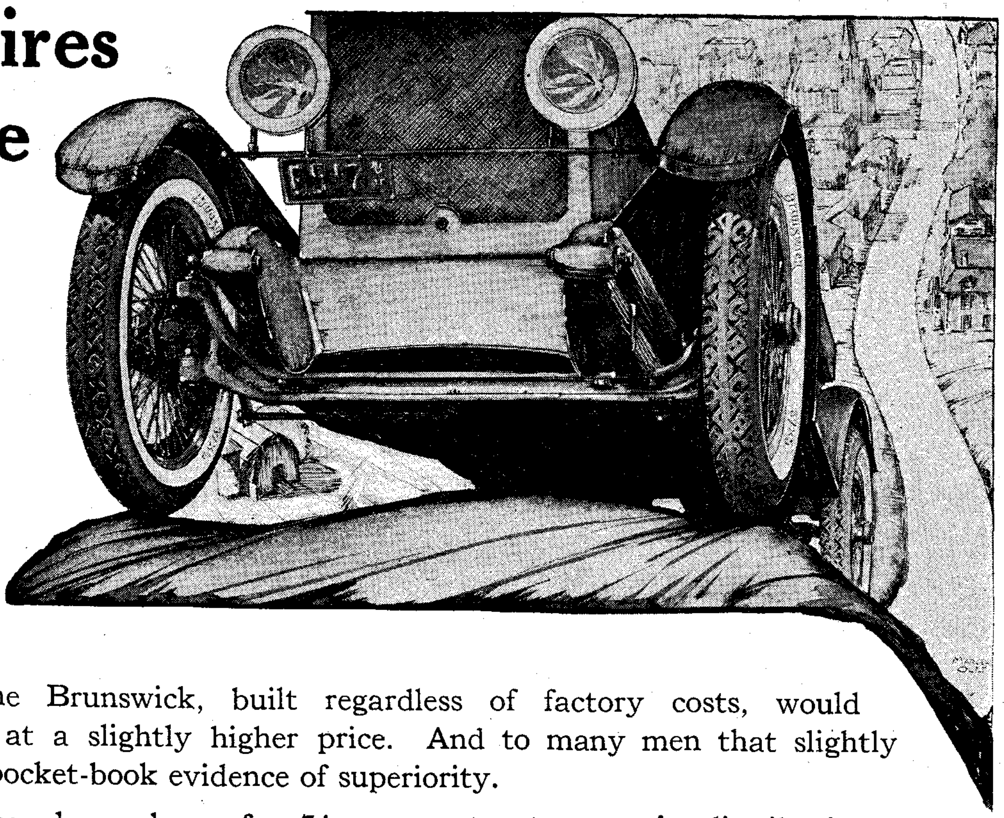
Let us take hand ere the swift moment end.
My heart is but a lamp to light your way,
My song your counselor, my love your friend,
Your soul the shrine whereat I kneel and pray.
Lady, the world grows old. Let us be young.

A remarkable degree of economy is an outstanding result of the Hupmobile's eleven-year development of the four-cylinder principle.

Even *owners* of The Comfort Car are often surprised at the miles-per-gallon they get from gasoline and oil, the miles-per-set on tires.

Economy has gone hand in hand with dependability and uncommon performance in giving the Hupmobile the reputation of being an extraordinary motor car.

Brunswick Tires Cost No More Than Others



Yet By Every Standard They Would Bring More

A SUPER-TIRE, like the Brunswick, built regardless of factory costs, would ordinarily be put out at a slightly higher price. And to many men that slightly higher price would be pocket-book evidence of superiority.

But the Brunswick idea has always been, for 74 years now, to save in distribution costs, rather than manufacturing costs.

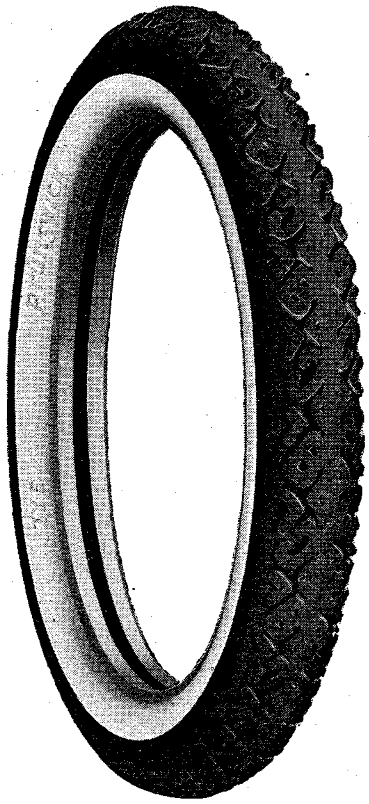
And that is why the name "Brunswick" has come to symbolize the utmost for one's money. In every line the House of Brunswick has entered, it has won confidence by adhering to this principle.

In tire-building, the whole secret of a superior product lies in the policies of the maker.

There is nothing exclusive now in the tire industry. Any willing maker can build a super-tire. But costs and competition modify ideals.

The Brunswick idea is to pay perfection's price, and get it.

And to rise or fall on the result. We have found it a paying idea, even though the profit margin is slight.



In tire building there are certain approved features known to all. Certain fabrics are preferable. Certain formulas, certain methods bring better results. Certain sidewall construction means greater endurance.

There are many additions, each one expensive, which, when combined, add vastly to tire mileage.

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Guidance in these matters is positive when the results of our test department and laboratory are studied. We have tested and analyzed over 200 different types of tires.

That Brunswick standards appeal to the discriminating owner is evidenced by the growing demand for Brunswick Tires.

The country over men are advising one another to rely on Brunswicks. One Brunswick is sufficient confirmation. One will prove to you, too, that you'll want ALL Brunswicks.

One will convince you that better tires are impossible. Or better tubes.

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and Tubes—Plain, Skid-Not and Ribbed Treads

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THIS MAN HAS EXPERIENCED THE DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS OF RUSSIAN BOLSHEVISM

WITH the presses printing money at top speed day and night and everybody counterfeiting it wholesale, prices have naturally skyrocketed in Russia to dizzy heights. Increasing the price of a cab-fare from 18 cents to $55 and getting away with it is a feat beyond even the wildest dreams of the most frenzied war-profiteer that ever disgraced the fair land of America. But they do such things in Russia under the rule of the governmental nightmare now prevailing there known as Bolshevism. A writer in *The Western Electric News* (New York), Mr. B. Freyman, an American citizen of Russian birth, who has recently returned to the United States after a four-year stay in Russia, says that when he and his wife reached Petrograd in 1914 the legal rate for cabs carrying two passengers was eighteen cents. When he came away in 1918 he paid 110 rubles, or fifty-five dollars, which, he says, is the cost of a first-class steamer passage from Libau, Russia, to New York City. He adds that at such prices but few people indulge in cab-rides except men in uniforms, most of them government leaders, who frequently ride in carriages with pretty women to rest their brains from the exhausting task of settling weighty affairs of state by doing nothing and talking much. He draws an illuminating picture of conditions as they exist in Russia under the Bolshevik régime. His story begins with a brief reference to the state of affairs right after the beginning of the war. Prosperity in Russia was general at that time, he says, for practically all industries were converted to war-purposes and swamped with government work. He goes on:

> Money was plentiful—just a little too plentiful to keep its normal value, altho it only depreciated about one-third during the Czar's régime. However, coins soon disappeared completely, as the Government withdrew them from circulation when it became apparent that they were being hoarded by speculators, and that the base-metal coins were being gathered in by Germany for the metal they contained. In place of the small-denomination coins, the authorities put out paper money with the same face printing as the regular postage-stamps. On the back, instead of paste, they bore a notice reading: "Has the same purchasing value as a coin of the same denomination." Of course, it was the easiest thing in the world to counterfeit this currency, and many formerly unprofitable printing-presses began at once to make money. Some of the counterfeiters even humorously replaced the government notice on the back by another, which ran: "How much are ours worse than yours?" As the two notices are about the same length in Russian, these counterfeits passed quite freely among the illiterate masses, and even among the more intelligent people, who seldom took the trouble to examine them closely.

Passing over the Kerensky rule just after the revolution of March, 1917, the writer goes on to the accession of the Bolshevik forces under Lenine, in that connection shedding some light on certain traits of Russian character which explain in part how Bolshevism can flourish in Russia:

> When he came into control of the government Lenine's first use of his new power was to issue a series of decrees, informing the workingmen and peasants that all property and all power belonged to them, and inviting them to take control of both. In the country districts, especially, the masses took him at his word. The average uneducated Russian is notoriously literal-minded. I remember an incident that well illustrates this mental trait: I was riding on a railroad-train early in May one year. The day was unusually warm, but in spite of that the steam was on and the coaches were oppressively hot. We complained to the conductor, but he refused to shut off the steam because the railroad rules said heating should stop on May 15, and it was then only the 11th.
>
> To this literal-mindedness of the uneducated is added another trait, common to all Russians—the fondness for a "rough-house." No Russian ever quite outgrows the desire to smash and destroy things. It gives a pleasurable excitement. Fashionable restaurants often close a night's business with practically every dish in the place broken.
>
> So when the peasants got Lenine's decree, they obeyed it literally and thoroughly. After seizing the large estates and carrying away everything they had any immediate use for, they proceeded to break, burn, or otherwise destroy everything else on the premises. In many districts they extended this process to the property of the small farmers, who cultivated their own land. Barns filled with grain and farm implements went along with the rest.
>
> All of this meant starvation for the cities. The sale of foodstuffs had been entirely in the hands of the landowners. With them dispossest, and their stores confiscated or destroyed, the source of supply was practically wiped out. Prices for what food could be had in the cities rose to enormous figures. Returned soldiers and others worked up a profitable trade by making daily trips into country districts, bringing back provisions and selling them secretly, regardless of government restrictions and rationing cards.
>
> There were, of course, attempts by Lenine's Government to supply food and to limit prices, but neither was very successful. Lenine even went so far as to send an army into the rural districts to compel the farmers to supply food, which they had refused to do at the prices fixt by the city *Soviets*. Many of the farmers even objected to trading for money at all, as they were unable to buy anything with it, since practically every commodity was almost unobtainable. However, the Red Army did not hesitate to "persuade" them with bayonets and machine guns when necessary, and many small but fierce battles resulted.
>
> All this time conditions were growing worse and worse in the cities. We ate whatever we could get, and that means very little. A meal consisting of a pound of potatoes, half a pound of rice, a pound of fish and a little tomato *purée* cost about 25 to 30 rubles. (The prewar value of a ruble was a little over 50 cents in United States money.) A well-to-do friend of ours last year gave her regular Easter dinner to five guests. In Russia, Easter is a feast day corresponding somewhat to Thanksgiving day in America, except that a ham occupies the position of honor filled by the turkey in this country. This lady served a simple meal that would have cost about 25 rubles in 1914. In 1917 a similar dinner had cost her 50 rubles. But last Easter the cost was 1,000 rubles. Those prices show very clearly how government by conversation works out in practise. A rise in food-prices of 2,000 per cent. in one year! That makes the so-called "high cost of living" in the United States look very moderate—so moderate, indeed, that for a while after our return we could hardly credit it. An amusing proof of that fact was furnished shortly after we reached America, when Mrs. Freyman went marketing for her sister, whom we were visiting. She was to get five or six pork-chops at the meat-market. When the butcher named the price at 50 cents she asked him to repeat it, and then handed him a dollar and fifty cents, feeling sure she had not heard him correctly. He handed back the dollar and stuck to his original price, but after all that, when she returned to the house she reported the "mistake" the butcher had made. It was at that time almost impossible for her to adjust herself to the idea that over a pound of meat could be bought for 50 cents (one ruble).
>
> That gives some idea of food-conditions in Russia, and how the purchasing power of money had diminished. And to make matters worse, industry was now almost at a standstill. Many factories had closed from lack of raw materials, and from general inability to operate under Bolshevik conditions. Some had lost part, or all, of their machinery and tools because of a too individualistic interpretation of Lenine's doctrines. Many of the workmen had taken his decrees to mean that property belonged to them personally, not merely as a group, so they had proceeded to help themselves to everything they could use or sell, just as the peasants had done in the rural districts.

The writer then explains the methods by which everybody is forced to join the Reds. He was employed in a factory making telegraph apparatus, and says this factory kept aloof from the movement for a long time. Then one day the bank refused to let them have money for their pay-roll unless the firm's draft bore the signature of the Workmen's Control

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And they devised steam ovens, where beans could be baked for hours at high heat without either crisping or bursting.

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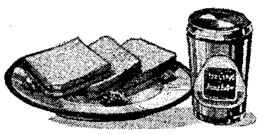

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

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Committee. Such committees were supposed to exist in every factory, often being composed of the most unskilled and ignorant members of the force, to whom nevertheless the factory heads were subordinate. On this occasion, when the factory hands found they could not get their money, they went to the bank in a body, taking with them some of the Red Guards stationed at the factory. The bank officials, scared almost to death, thereupon turned over the money without even demanding a receipt. Thereafter that factory had no more difficulty in securing pay for their men so long as it was in operation. Regarding regulations laid down by the Bolshevik Government in connection with industry, the writer states:

One of the rules of all Workmen's Control Committees was that a factory could not discharge any workman without first paying him an amount equal to what he would have been paid on his job for a certain number of weeks, the exact length of time varying with the degree of "redness" of the particular committee making the rules. It might also be of interest to mention in passing that the workmen also set their own wages. Each man was classified in some certain group, according to his skill, and was paid a wage somewhere between the maximum and the minimum decided upon for his particular class of work. The wages set were in general not extremely unreasonable, either, considering living costs, except that the fellow who did about half a day's work in a day received just as much as the industrious worker.

Still that made very little difference, since there was almost nothing for any one to do for several months before the factories shut down completely. You may wonder how they could afford to keep open at all without producing anything. The reason was that it cost them nothing. Early in the war practically all manufacturing plants had been taken over for government work. The larger ones, especially, held millions of dollars' worth of government contracts, on which work had not even been begun. On all government contracts they were allowed to collect half of their pay in advance, a provision originally intended to help them meet current expenses while getting started on the new lines of work they were undertaking at the Government's request. So all the Workmen's Control Committee had to do to secure money for the pay-roll was to sign orders for that fifty per cent. advance payment. Of course, as far as the country at large was concerned, the whole procedure represented a huge economic loss, since thousands of workers were living off its resources for weeks and producing nothing, but for the time, at least, the workmen were saved from actual starvation. However, a considerable number of us, who were opposed to the Bolshevik movement, and therefore refused to join the Workmen's Control, did come very near to starvation while deprived of our salaries for several months before we finally gave in and effected a compromise.

For some months before our factory closed up completely we made some attempt to carry on business with the Red Government, but it was impossible. For instance, we received a letter to call on one of the bureaus regarding some apparatus, and the assignment was given to me. As none of us could read the name signed to the letter, I went to the government office and asked for the man with whom I had formerly dealt on that class of contracts. The porter, who on my previous visits had earned his tip by showing me all sorts of polite attentions, now refused even to hear my question, until I had repeated it so often that it became annoying to him. Then, at last, he answered what would translate into English about as follows: "Why, comrade, don't you know that he is a *bourgeois*, and we fired him?"

That is the way things went. About the time an official got partially acquainted with some question requiring action he was "fired" at the instigation of the porter, the office boy, the scrubwoman, or some similar group of experts in government. Meanwhile a factory representative might, if he liked, have a life job explaining his proposition over and over again to a new appointee every few days, provided the factory's fifty per cent. government advance payments held out long enough to pay his salary until death relieved him. In that case, however, he would have been dead nearly a year now, for practically all factories, except munition-plants, were completely out of funds, and closed when I left Petrograd last September.

But altho living in Russia was almost impossible by that time, getting a chance to live elsewhere was no easy matter, either. In the first place, instead of merely going to the police department for a passport to leave, as under the old régime, it is now necessary to apply to some four different Bolshevik governing bodies, military and civil, local and general. Russian government is not lacking in quantity, whatever may be said of its quality. Nor are these numerous representatives of "the masses" overburdened with democratic simplicity. As haughty office-holders, some of the monarchy's officials could have learned much from them. I waited the greater part of two days to gain an audience with a weighty statesman about twenty or twenty-two years of age.

After getting passports, Mr. Freyman encountered further difficulties when he tried to get these documents viséd in Norway and Sweden, through which countries he traveled on his way home. Finally, after long deliberations and much questioning on the part of the Swedish officials, the latter decided that they would indorse the passports. Before doing so, however, they exacted of the travelers a solemn promise that they would remain in the country only such length of time as would be required to attend to matters that must necessarily be performed in connection with their travels, and suggesting that they then go on to Norway without further delay, the Swedes apparently not feeling themselves called upon to exercise any caution to prevent persons who might turn out to be a menace, from entering the land of the Norwegians. When Mr. and Mrs. Freyman reached Norway they were subjected to another seemingly interminable delay. The account continues:

With all these difficulties, however, we did not miss our boat, because it was compelled to sail some two weeks later than its regular time, since Bolshevik labor

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MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

required that much longer than was really necessary to complete the work of getting the cargo aboard. Even then, most of it was finally loaded by the boat's crew. (It was a Swedish vessel.)

Our final experience with the Bolshevik Government came on the boat. Before it was allowed to leave about two dozen representatives of different *Soviets* and committees had to be satisfied. The passengers were compelled to land until these officials had completed most of their investigations, including an inspection of our baggage. Then we were invited to submit to a personal search. One object of this was to see that no person carried away money in excess of 1,000 rubles, the maximum allowed under the law. As a preliminary to the search, each of us was required to make out a statement of what money we had on our persons.

When Mrs. Freyman and myself were summoned to the cabin to take our turn, we found the government representatives seated at a long table at one end of the room. All but two of them, who had arrived too late to get the full effects of the ship captain's frequent treats during the examination of the cargo, were in a state that might be described as tipsy if applied to less important personages. We seated ourselves at a second table across the room, with our backs toward them, and began to count our money, wondering how we could save the several thousand rubles we carried in excess of the permitted amount. At our table, and facing us, were two men, whom we did not know. Seeing our difficulty, one of them whispered to me to give him my excess money, which I did at a venture, knowing I should lose it otherwise anyway. The second man repeated the process with Mrs. Freyman, and then suddenly rose and left the room. The two sober representatives of the Government had seen what happened, however, and they protested to the others. In my case they could not object, as the transaction was perfectly legal, since the man who had taken my money proved to be the representative of a Swedish banking-house. He had given me a receipt for the amount, which I later exchanged for Swedish currency on reaching Stockholm. But the other man, as we now learned, was the captain of the boat, and they at once suspected him of aiding us to smuggle money out of the country. He had returned to the cabin almost immediately, and he replied to their accusations with a very ready defense. "Why," he declared, "these people merely gave me 200 rubles for extra delicacies to be served with their meals. Here, if you are going to make a fuss about it, I'll give it back and the matter is ended." He handed me that amount, and as a search of his clothes did not reveal any more, they concluded that he was telling the truth, since he had not been gone long enough to hide anything. As a matter of fact, he had simply handed the money to the ship's doctor, just outside the cabin door. Later, when we were well out to sea, he returned it to me, accepting nothing but a bottle of wine and some cigars for his aid.

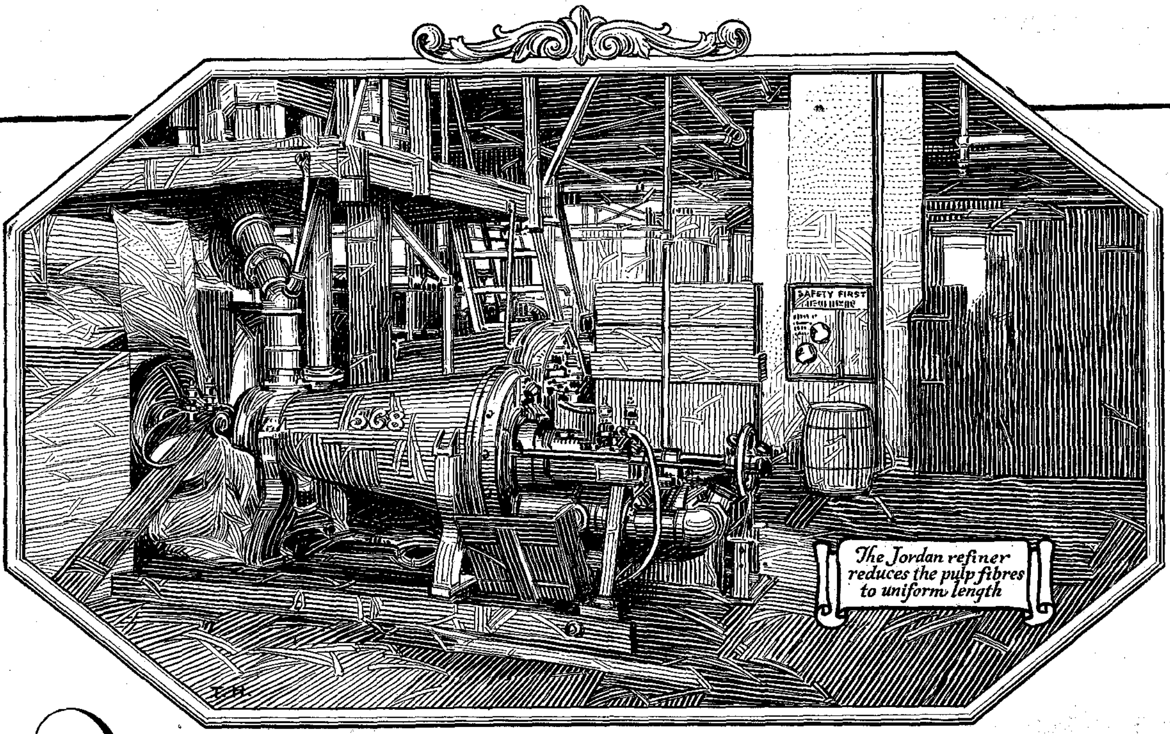
So, instead of being arrested and removed from the boat, as the two sober officials had at first demanded, we were allowed to proceed on our way without further trouble from the Red authorities. In Norway we were delayed for over a month while our passports were being investigated and viséd at Washington, but at last, on December 16, we anchored in front of the Statue of Liberty—the kind that works.

RAISING HUNDREDS OF SHIPS SUNK BY THE GERMANS

SOME more blue news for Germany that will thicken their cloud of gloom another shade or two is the story of what has been done by the Allies in the way of salvaging many of the vessels sunk by mine and submarine. According to a writer in *The Pacific Marine Review* (San Francisco), 407 of the vessels sunk by the Germans in British waters between January, 1915, and May, 1918, have been salvaged. This work has been one of hardship and personal sacrifice to an extent which fully justifies placing its record beside that of the other heroic achievements of the war. Some instances are given illustrating the ingenuity and daring of the men who risked their lives in attempts to retrieve, from the bottom of the sea, ships which it was thought would never again be seaworthy. The story of the *Liverpool*, a fictitious name for a real ship, is typical of what some of these men went through, and the courageous way in which they solved problems and overcame obstacles with which it would seem beyond the power of human beings to cope successfully. To quote the writer who tells the *Liverpool's* story in *The Review:*

> While making a hurried trip to Archangel before the ice should close that port, she ran afoul of a mine-field which German submarines had studiously laid in the Arctic Ocean.
>
> "I suppose they kissed themselves good-by," I remarked to the naval officer who was telling me about it as we lounged before a crackling wood fire in the Harvard Club.
>
> "Almost had to," he replied, taking an extra puff on his pipe as if in the way of emphasis. "If the old man had not had grit, a good head on his shoulders, and a well-built ship to back him up, I don't think any of them would have been saved. It was a devil of a fix to be in up there midst the ice-floes, winter coming on rapidly, a hole as big as a house abreast your No. 2 hatch, and no port of refuge within less than 300 miles, and that only reached through ice-fields.
>
> "Fortunately, the bulkhead aft of No. 2 held, even tho the *Liverpool* settled by the nose and took a bad list. How long it would hold, of course, was the problem. The old man dared not steam ahead, as the ice would finish her in short order and she never could have lasted long enough to back her 300 miles to port, even if her rudder didn't get smashed by the ice.
>
> "Something had to be done, and that quickly, for if she sank and her crew of 500 had taken to the boats, it was almost a certainty that not one of them would have lived to tell the tale. Why? Well, not a boat could have reached open water before the Arctic froze solid and no rescuing ship could have got to them in less than six months. Six months on the ice, with only life-boats as shelter, which any moment might be crusht, was an impossible situation, to say nothing about the question of food.
>
> "As no ship could reach him before the ice blocked the sea, the old man backed her 100 miles to the nearest land and shoved her ashore. She would at least be a shelter during the six months, the worst thing happening to her being that the drift of the ice would cause her to grind her bottom to bits. Suddenly the old man developed a brain wave which turned out to be an inspiration. The *Liverpool* had a large cargo of munitions—no explosives, just empty shells, etc. This the crew was speedily set to dumping overboard on the side from which would come the drift of the ice. Being ashore, the water wasn't very deep alongside and the cargo was enough to form a breakwater to protect her, if she could be got afloat, from having the bottom ground out of her.
>
> "As the cargo came out she floated except at the bow. The old man soon saw that he couldn't float her there, even if he put a temporary patch over the hole. So there was nothing to do but to part the *Liverpool* from her bow and this was done by dynamite, as had been done in cases of other ships whose noses got too familiar with some rocks. And during the six months she lay behind her cargo breakwater, her sunken bow also functioned as a part of that ingenious contrivance. I tell you what, it was some achievement to do in a week's time, with no assistance of any kind except what marine engineers were able to tell the old man via wireless.
>
> "The old man said he nearly got nervous prostration trying to think up schemes to keep his crew fit during those days, when there was no daylight at all. Mind you, he had just 500 men. He gave them military drills on the ice, cricket games, had ice-boats built and had races, and blessed some genius for devising a way to manufacture home-made skates. Then he made his crew go to school, the text-books being novels from the ship's library. The wireless gave them the news of the world, and even solved problems which stumped the temporary schoolmaster. They found in the library some of Sheridan's plays and had a go at that. When the salvage ship arrived at the end of six months, as soon as she could push her way through the ice, thanks to the old man's genius, she found the *Liverpool's* crew in a pretty fit condition."
>
> The fitting of a new bow to the *Liverpool* as she floated in not too calm a sea was a feat in itself. Equipping new bows to ships which have left their old ones on the rocks is a delicate task even in a drydock, for the two parts have to be brought to a dead line in every particular. Yet the marine engineers who figured on the *Liverpool's* plight, who advised them via wireless, overcame the difficult job of fitting a bow to a floating ship by equipping the *Liverpool's* new bow with a socket which would fit into the other section of her hull and form a "blow-out" patch over the joint. Of course, above water the two parts could have been held together by stringers if necessary. It was the bent and twisted plates under water which gave the most difficulty. And as we Americans used electric welding for joining together, as they floated, the halves of the boats brought through the Welland Canal, so was it used on the *Liverpool*. And under her own steam she came back to civilization, a monument to what man can do when he has to. Not the least remarkable part of the case was the building and launching of the new bow and towing the unwieldy structure 1,200 miles over waters infested by mines and *U*-boats.

Another story, just as thrilling, but extending over a briefer period, is told of a cruiser chasing raiders in the South Atlantic where it was rumored the *Kronprinz*


568
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The Jordan refiner reduces the pulp fibres to uniform length

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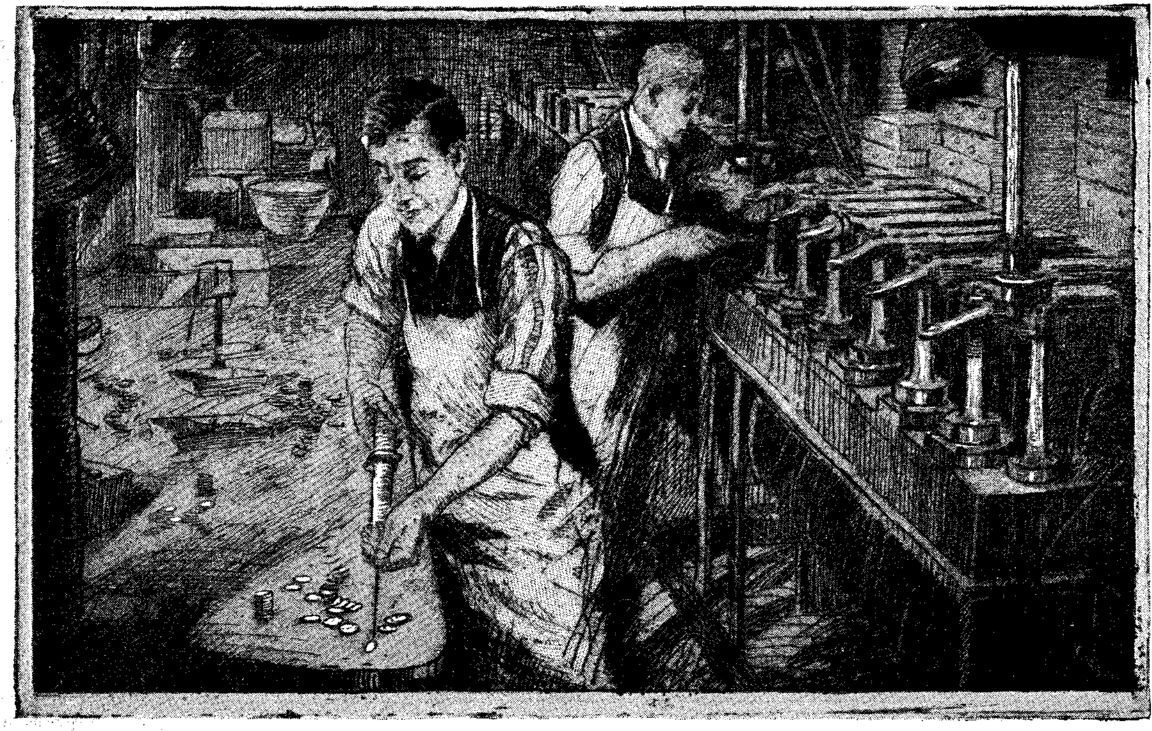

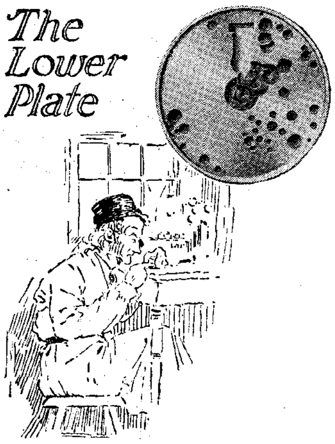

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IF you open your watch and examine its mechanism, you will find it consists substantially of two supporting plates, between which is mounted a gearing of meshed wheels to take care of the movement, recording time. This is called the train, which we will speak of in our next advertisement.

The lower supporting plate in a Waltham watch is the foundation upon which every unit revolves and is fixed. It is bored with minute holes to take the pivots, screws, pinions, etc.

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It makes every operation (and there are 141) with infinitesimal exactness to the ten thousandth part of an inch—flawless, beautiful in its complex simplicity—every plate a replica of every other plate, proving Waltham standardization to be one of the miracles of American mechanical genius.

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No hand work could ever approximate the beautiful and flawless exactitude of this Waltham drilling and threading.

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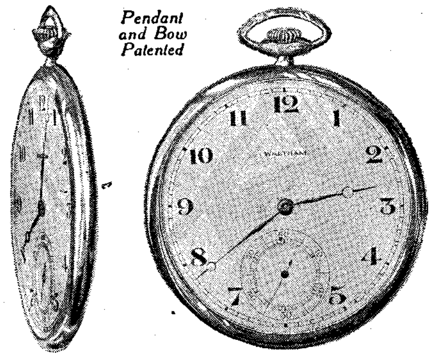

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Wilhelm had been seen. The night was intensely "dark and "creepy" as the vessel plunged on, seeing and hearing nothing. Suddenly there was a crash like the crack o' doom, followed by piercing human yells of terror, and then a loud thumping on the cruiser's bottom. A hurried examination showed that the vessel would sink before long unless repaired. A neutral port was near, and for this she steamed. In dry dock it was found that her forefoot had been pushed back like a bellows, the bottom plates were bent and cracked, but nothing was torn or ripped. The conclusion was that the cruiser had struck a tramp acting as a "stool-pigeon" for the *Kronprinz Wilhelm.* The tramp, of course, must have gone to the bottom. Facilities for permanent repairs not being available at that port, the marine engineers set to work and furnished the battered cruiser with a false forefoot made of wood which they bolted over the damaged one. Then she steamed out to sea and stayed on patrol for four months before she was again put in dry dock and permanently repaired.

The writer relates another story of an old vessel that he knew had been used as a "dummy" and then sunk as a breakwater at Kephola, two years before. To his astonishment, this ship sailed past him as he stood with a friend watching a number of camouflaged ships steaming seaward. He says:

"I could hardly believe my eyes as I appreciated what a frightful condition a ship gets in after lying just awash on the bottom for a few years exposed to all the fury of the elements. Furthermore, I knew the dummies had been filled with rocks and cement ere their sea-cocks had opened, and it seemed unbelievable that such a solid weight had ever been taken out of the old ship without destroying her.

"I was at Kephola right after she was refloated," my companion said, "and I never saw a more dilapidated spectacle. In making her into a dummy Haddock had built on wooden superstructures here and there and filled up well decks to give them a straight sheer fore and aft. This falsework, of course, remaining above water, the sea had pounded it till it clung to her in shreds, and as she floated with barnacles and sea-grass covering her hull nearly to the top, she really looked as if she had the mange."

"But how, in the name of Sam Hill, did they ever get that concrete out of her so she'd float?" I asked, watching the friend of my youth and wishing her luck on her voyage overseas.

"By blasting."

"Blasting! She's so old I would have thought it would have split her apart."

"It did with some of the dummies which weren't as well built as the ——. Of course, they didn't get it all out, as some of her deck beams, stanchions, and ribs were cemented in, and to blast round them would be fatal. Yet they got most of it out, and I'd rather be on her when Fritz was around than on most ships."

Naturally, I asked why, and was informed that my old friend was now pretty nearly a concrete ship with an outer plating of steel. And questioning the skipper for further tales of salvage, I learned of the timidity with which a certain famous ship had been floated. I have a picture of her lying on her side, half out of water, and can see the shell-holes in her deck, made by the cruiser which finished her meteoric career as a raider. That she was ever righted and floated after lying there filling up with sand as the surge and the fury of the elements beat upon her for three years is hard to understand. In the first place, the boilers had to be taken out and the engines as well, for, never meant to be suspended in space at a ninety-degree angle, they had broken from their bed-plates and become a jumbled mass on the side which was bottommost. Through the upturned side they had to be hoisted, and as that side was frequently like a half-tide rock, never clear of the sweeping seas, a caisson was built on it to protect the workmen. And sometimes for days during a gale men would be marooned inside the caisson, wondering what moment their barrier would be smashed around them, or, as once occurred, a *U*-boat would appear and land a well-directed shot in their vicinity. Yet they plugged away, and one day turned the big ship over on her own bottom, floated her, and started her on her 1,000-mile tow through the danger zone to a dry dock, only to lose her when complete victory was barely theirs. The feelings of every man who had risked his life and suffered hardships to salvage her were such that any one of them would gladly have throttled the *U*-boat commander who was so unsportsmanlike as to fire the fatal shot. Tho she is lost now beyond recovery, the unbelievable had been done, and there's some comfort in that.

Occasionally a vessel was raised after being torpedoed and then was sent to the bottom again, as was the case with the one of which the following account is given:

The first time she was torpedoed 100 miles off soundings and her merchant crew had struggled toward port only to lose the race when but a short distance from their goal. Altho settling in but comparatively shallow water, only the tops of her masts remained above the surface. Divers immediately descended to her, as she was loaded mostly with munitions, and set to work getting them out of her, a very dangerous task when a mishap might scatter salvage ships and everything all over the seascape. The risk became so great, and yet the cargo was so valuable a military unit, that some other form of salvage had to be devised. This was done by the marine engineers building a coffer dam more than 400 feet in length by 50 in width. It was a very tedious and exacting task for the divers to drill holes in the ship's hull and bolt this immense contrivance in place, while the seas surged above them and the sections of the dam were ticklish to handle. Yet it was done eventually, and the hole made by the torpedo having been covered by a patch and made as water-tight as possible, centrifugal pumps began removing the water from within the coffer-dam. Gradually the wreck rose a bit, and as it did so tugs hauled it shoreward till it grounded again, and top sections of the coffer-dam were sawed off in order to lessen the top weight so that as more water was pumped out the vessel would be able to rise still more and be hauled further inshore. And repeating this performance, demolishing the height of the dam as the ship came nearer and nearer the surface, eventually

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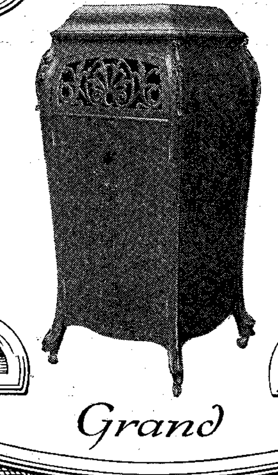

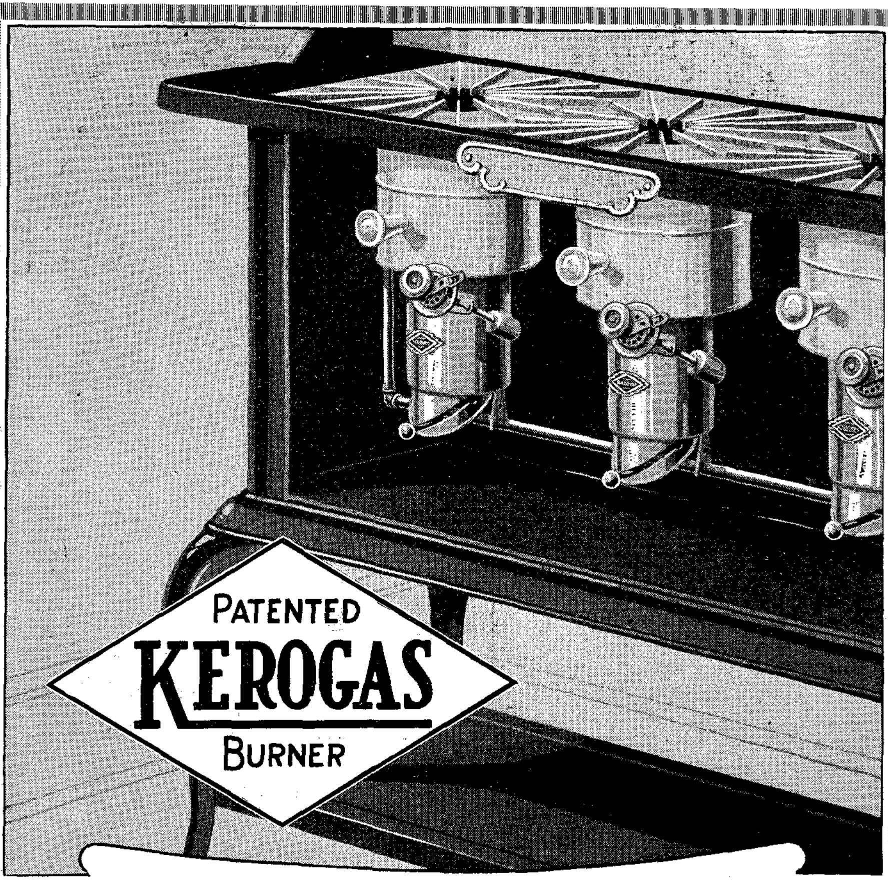

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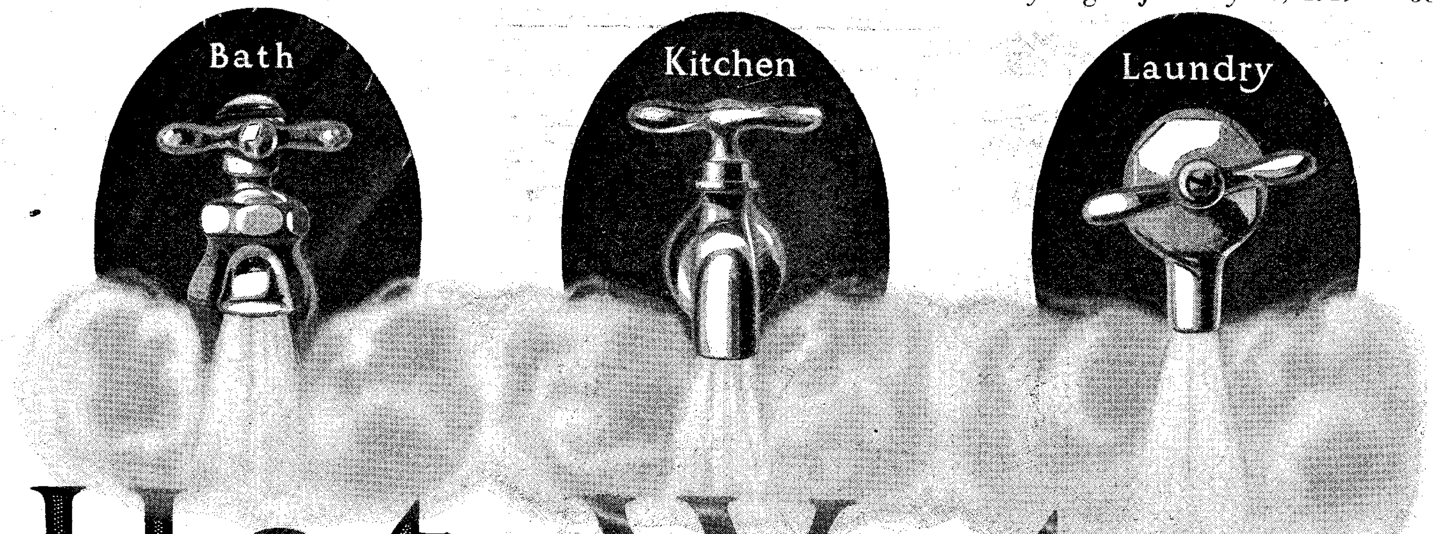
she was beached in a sheltered cove with her superstructure entirely out of water. There it was no difficult task for divers to remove the explosive cargo and make the hole in her side pretty nearly water-tight. This done, she was pumped out and floated. Aside from the patience, skill, and danger of the munitions exploding, the outstanding feature of the salvaging was that even in war-times, with *U*-boats hovering around and scarcity of labor, the task was accomplished in three months. Unfortunately, it can't be performed on this same ship again, as her second torpedoing sent her down 'way out at sea.

The difficulties encountered in salvaging ships have taken a heavy toll of life, especially by the emission of poisonous gases from rotting cargoes. The work of weeks has oftentimes been destroyed by one rough sea. Yet the salvagers have kept at it as determined as the soldier or the sailor to win this war, and they have gone so far as to raise a large collier sunk in twelve fathoms of water—a dead lift of 3,500 tons—and raising another vessel by means of comprest air from a depth of fifteen fathoms.

HE DID HIS BEST BUT FAILED TO GET RID OF THE DOG

THE Airedale was of bluest blood, with a pedigree three feet long, but for all that he was a nuisance, not to say a calamity. Pets often are. But always in the case of a dog or cat hanging about the premises, partaking of the family groceries, reposefully spending much time in various inconvenient places in the family domicile, and acting as a disturber of the family peace generally, some member of that family will have a particularly tender spot in his or her heart for said animal and will fight for it to the limit. It was so in this instance. The head of the house, whose name is Smith, tells, in *Outing* (New York), the story of his trials and tribulations incident to his wife's cherishing this Airedale, and incidentally enumerates a list of canine shortcomings and crimes that would seem fully to justify the development of the profound grouch with which his article would indicate that he is afflicted. He explains that they have owned eight dogs in their day, at different times, each dog apparently having been allotted his own day. Finally the time came that the last dog was gathered to his fathers, not without violence, it would appear from the account, it being stated that none of their canine pets had died piously in bed, a circumstance attributed to the advent of the automobile. Then after being briefly dogless it was suggested that the family ought to acquire another dog. The head of the family says he offered the customary mild and formal protest which was promptly overruled, and the Airedale made his appearance, which advent is thus described:

> There he stood, all legs and no body, a cadaverous, serpent-headed, green-eyed apparition, nonchalantly wagging his tail and growing every minute under the benign and approving glances of his mistress. I know those glances, or used to know them



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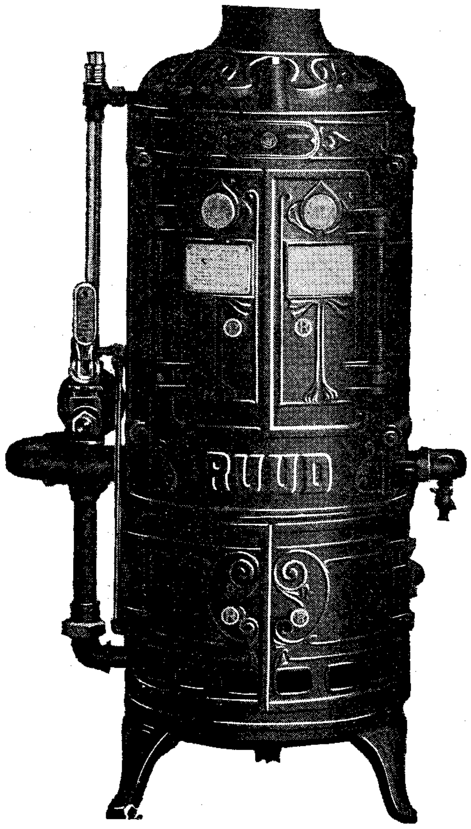

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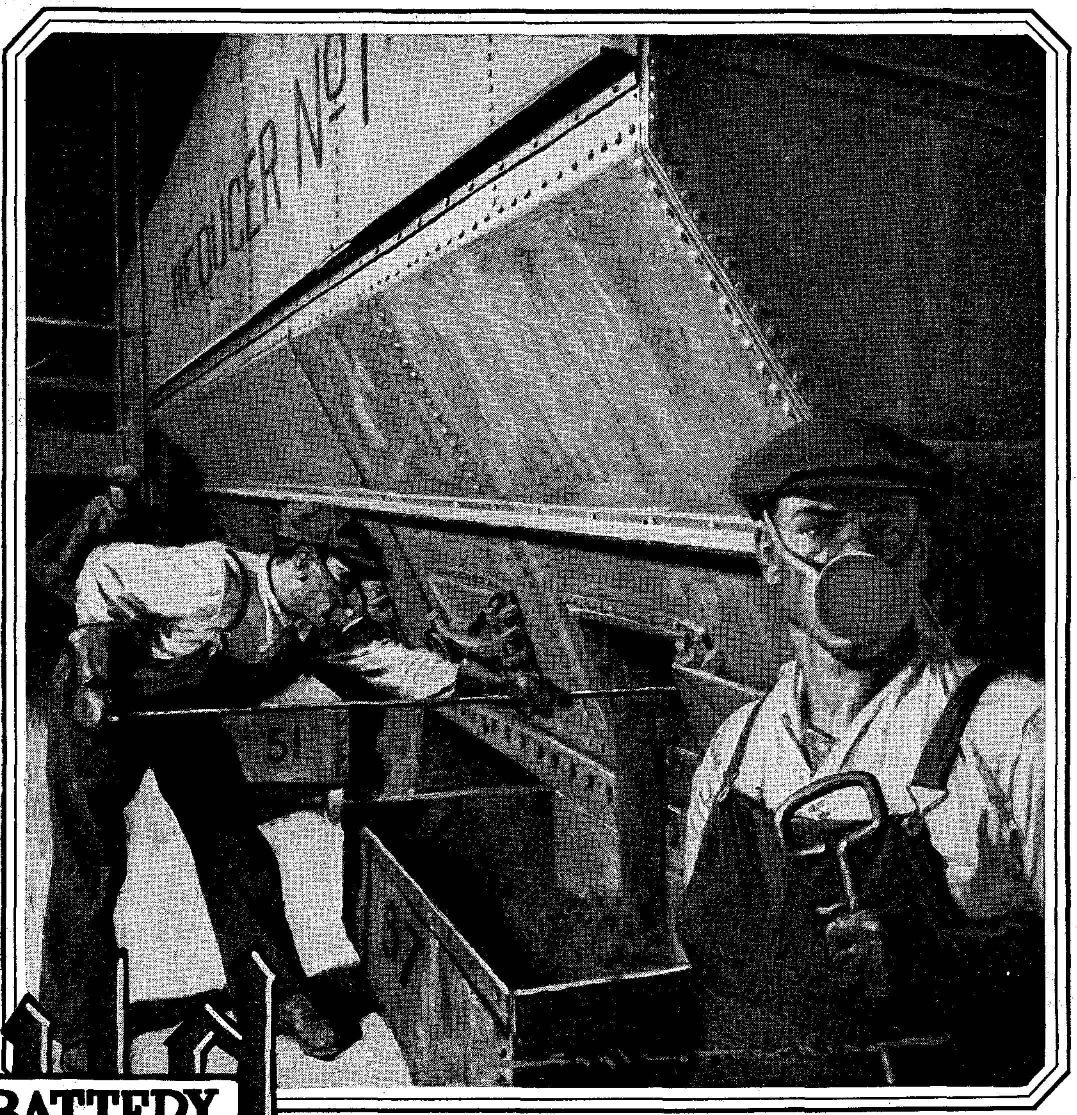

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before the Airedales commenced coming, and they would make a stone sprout.

When I timidly offered that the addition to our family suggested an ostrich, a copperhead, and a coon, I was invited to read over his pedigree and a general dissertation on the virtues and charms of the breed, allegations with which for ten years I had been profoundly familiar.

Assuring his mistress that I did not presume to speak as an Airedale expert and that I knew that the ultrarefinements of that fancy were constantly evolving, I left the home in full sympathy with the new arrival, curious to see what a few months' development might produce.

In due time we perceived that Colonel, for such he came to us, was lacking in those rugged and healthy qualities of body and mind—he had no soul. His mistress thereupon suggested that we communicate his condition to the gentleman who sold him to us, which I promptly did, receiving the very fair, tho disappointing proposal that if after toning him up a bit and giving him a trial we still were not pleased he would be glad to send us another in his stead.

Having learned that one who thwarts affection's course toward dogs does so at his peril, my being pleased with this vampire varied as the swelling of his mistress' heart. As the patient invariably appears at his best at the coming of the doctor, so whenever the return of the Airedale was suggested a transformation would occur. Fresh from his bath, with that healthy and purifying smell of tar soap, his scanty and ragged coat passing fairly good muster, I would find him harmlessly sleeping in the depressions of my Morris chair—an unblemished record for a week, barkless mornings, no attacks upon the milk man, no further murderings of cats and chickens—his favorite diet—and, withal, in much better condition from having, as I afterward learned, cultivated a taste for some neighborhood pigeons.

"How nicely Colonel is developing," my wife observed as she stroked that scraggly, clay-colored head of this bedeviled schemer cocking his rat eyes up at her. Opinions are hardly ever to be exprest nowadays and I held mine in abeyance. The gentleman from whom Colonel came was informed that we would hold on a bit. Fully understanding the legal aspects of keeping dogs in cities I wavered, trembling between the assumption of this risk and a Nevada divorce. I am a lover of the early morning. The cock's shrill clarion, the rosy-fingered daughter of the dawn, and the clear fresh ozone are all very appealing to me.

Preferring, however, to enjoy them in bed and when sound asleep, I can not recall a time since the chilly autumnal weather began that I have enjoyed the charms of early morning in my way because of the Colonel's making those hours hideous with his howls and barks. Picture it—I, a middle-aged jurist, yelling from my warm sheets at that miserable nuisance tied in our lower hall, it being far too cold to get up and beat him.

The family affection for dogs having increased to a point where it was not fully satisfied with the possession of only one animal of the species, another dog was presently added, a lady puppy, naturally of the usual purple. The new dog seemed to have a soothing influence on Colonel, for his activities after her advent appeared to be of a less riotous nature than theretofore. But peace was not for long. The two dogs have been in the habit of taking daily excursions away from home for some time. And then one day the blow fell:

One afternoon on my way from the office to the lake I stopt to visit with a farmer who lived in the general direction from our cottage that the pair generally took. Observing his large flock of chickens he casually informed me that but yesterday three had been massacred, and then followed that fatal identification of our murderer and his fair companion.

I am ashamed to say that I maintained a cowardly silence and slunk away to announce the fact quietly to my wife. She was absolutely sure there was some mistake as she continued feeding this black and rusty monster his warm, prepared meal; as for the other—she just couldn't do such a thing. A wise acquiescence on my part closed the incident.

The following Sunday proved my vindication and triumph. Leaving the cottage that rare August morning, my wife and I started forth for exercise and communion with nature's visible forms. As usual the dogs were with us. Innocently scampering along the roadsides, they would now and then break into the tall grass of adjacent fields, the Colonel occasionally leaping into view in one of those marvelous Airedale bounds, high up over the grass in search of his prey, yet always discreetly within the prescribed distance to which my presence seemed to confine him.

It was a perfect morning and our souls were filled with the beauties of the wooded paths, the birds, and the trees. We were calm and quiet and very happy. Our Sabbath morning walks are very sacred to us and on this morning we were at peace and all seemed to be well with the world.

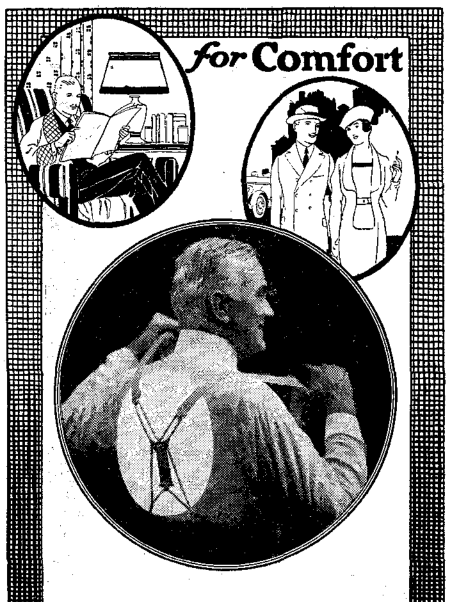
Suddenly my arm was gript and from the contemplation of the beauties of some wild roses my soul was harrowed by our villain's mistress, speechless, pointing to the scene before me in an adjacent pasture. Sounds which once saved the Eternal City came to my ears and a vision of outstretched necks and flapping wings came to my eyes. There they were, this canine pariah and his lady pupil, pleasantly engaged in exterminating a flock of geese.

Clambering over a high stone fence, I assisted my none too agile wife to get over also, and as a gander or two were valiantly protecting the flock we rushed to the rescue, gasping and panting as we ran and shouted.

In my frenzy, as I ran I had seized a club which would have felled a mammoth, and as I observed the dog-fancier of my family shaking her finger at the female of the species and gently tapping her with a delicate tendril which couldn't have injured a fly, I put all of my body and soul into one exterminating clout which, as the Colonel made an agile shift, landed on my shin. But still I held him, and before the punishment had fitted the crime there was one thoroughly beaten apache slinking off toward our cottage.

As soon as I was able we started for home, having once more condemned the Colonel to an immediate return to his former owner. At once drawing up an indictment which would have rivaled in counts the one against George III. in the Declaration of Independence, I signed it and, directing the envelop, emphatically placed it upon the mantelpiece to be mailed the following morning, the Colonel to go with the letter.

But the Colonel! The sick man of the



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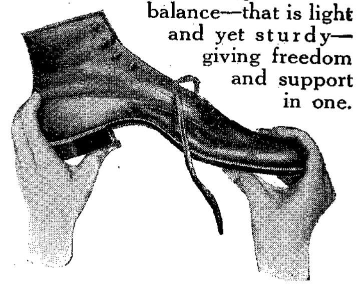

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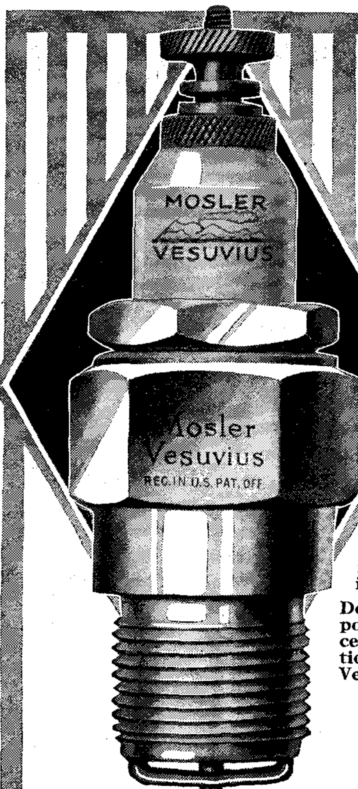

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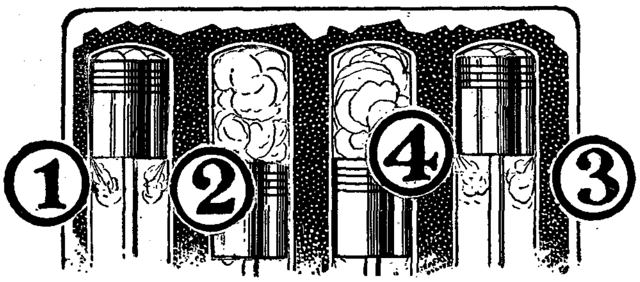

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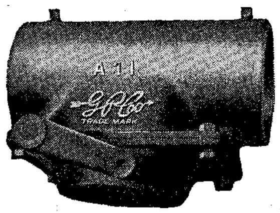

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"Tells the motor's secrets"

> Sublime Porte never displayed greater *savoir faire.* The diplomacy of Machiavelli and Metternich had the navïeté of a child compared with the art of this rascal. None of the family powers dare lay a finger on him. I was informed that he was terribly whipt—unmercifully beaten—that he never could be sent off in that condition —and he would die *en route*, and there on our divan lay that imp of Gehenna whining and trembling and looking so sad and pitiful, now shutting one eye, then the other one, and then opening and shutting both together.
>
> He reminded me of the wounded *Tupman* of the Pickwickian club. The first thing we knew we were soaking him in liniment and hot water, feeding him the delicacies of the season, and otherwise administering to his physical comforts. I had to admit that perhaps I had laid it on a little strong. My wife at once tore up the letter to his former owner and the next morning I went silently into town. I felt that I was beaten, but still there was hope that sheer manhood might at last prevail in the relief of my family from this pest.

Comparative calm now reigned for a few days and then the straw was added that broke the camel's back. The wretched Airedale's unrestrained lawlessness could no longer be borne and a last desperate attempt was made to get rid of the brute. The writer says he had gone out to the family cottage at the lake on a Saturday afternoon. He continues:

> Soon I saw my wife and children sitting on the porch and my little daughter playing with the lady Airedale. Not seeing the Colonel, I was afraid to inquire for him. At our evening meal I had become lulled into a sense of temporary security because of no bad reports. Then the telephone rang. I was certain of it. It had come. There was disaster in that ring, and as I tremblingly prest the receiver to my ear across the wire came a stentorian voice from a neighboring cottage.
>
> "Mr. Smith, your confounded dog has killed eight of my fancy pullets."
>
> Quietly announcing the fact to my wife, I lit a cigar and sought the solace of the farther end of the porch. My wife was supreme on this occasion. Judicially she reviewed the Colonel's past and admitted a foolish weakness for dogs, finally declaring that events had gone beyond further indulgence and that she herself would pack off the Colonel Monday morning. She penned a very polite and gracious letter and I retired happy in my belief that at last reason would prevail. The dead hens were sent us the next morning and a check was returned. Two of them were cooked and furnished us our Sunday dinner.
>
> That afternoon I sent the chauffeur into town on an errand and he took the Colonel with him. Toward evening as the sun was setting, while glowed the heavens with the last touch of day, I invited our pet's mistress to enjoy a quiet row upon the lake. Both of us were a little silent. I thought best to avoid any allusion to the Colonel's latest and, as I thought, final atrocity.
>
> At last—what prompted it I shall never, never know—I heard from the stern seat a subdued soliloquy—"I certainly do love dogs," which fell upon the somber quiet, broken only by the dipping of the oars. We had now reached a part of the lake perhaps seventy yards from the main turnpike leading to town. A motor was

heard, screened from our view by the high bushes along the shore. Then I heard it stop just opposite us.

There was a bark, a smashing through the bushes, a splash, and cutting through the water came that wretch crazy to get out to us. I raised an oar as tho to brain him, hesitated—and the pause was fatal. I helped him into the boat and was nearly drowned from his shakings. The next thing that I beheld was my wife enthralled by his valiant plunge, encircling him in her arms.

He is with us yet and lies at my feet scratching himself.

BOLSHEVIK FACTORY OPERATION AS SEEN BY A RUSSIAN BUSINESS MAN

PROMINENT among the horrors of peace is the case of the conventional Russian manufacturer forced to run his factory under Bolshevik control. As P. L. Guercken, formerly a prominent Russian business man, summed up the troublesome situation before a recent meeting of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce in New York City, "the workmen have all the rights, with no responsibilities. We have no rights whatever, except responsibility." Even responsibility is being taken away, it appears, as the Russian factories shut down for various reasons that are more or less rooted in *Soviet* control. It is Mr. Guercken's optimistic belief, however, that the Russian workmen are awakening to "the utter impracticability of their dream" of Communist control in production, and that they will soon welcome "in a new spirit the efforts and direction of brains and experience, and the domination of economic laws." He is quoted in the New York *Journal of Commerce* as to recent and present conditions in industrial Russia, to this effect:

> Generally speaking, on the eve of the first revolution in 1917, Russian industries were fairly well established and running at a maximum capacity. Wages were high and there were few, if any, labor troubles. Immediately after the revolution, workmen committees were organized in all factories, sending delegates to the so-called Council of Workmen Deputies, demanding 100 per cent. increase in wages and the elimination of control on the part of employers, work managers, superintendents, and foremen.
>
> The Workmen Committees were not in a position to enforce their own orders, as the workmen frequently dismissed the committees and organized new committees, and, during the period of the Provisional Government, Bolshevik propagandists were carrying on a systematic campaign to undermine the less radical Menshevik party. They based their plea for support on promises of the immediate cessation of the war, the immediate summoning of the Constituent Assembly, which was afterward dissolved by the Bolsheviki, the abolition of private ownership, the control of all industrial enterprises by the workmen themselves, and the socialization and nationalization of banks, industries and trades.
>
> Another interesting decree abolished the right of succession to property. This decree also applied to life-insurance policies. Private ownership of houses and estates was abolished, such houses and estates

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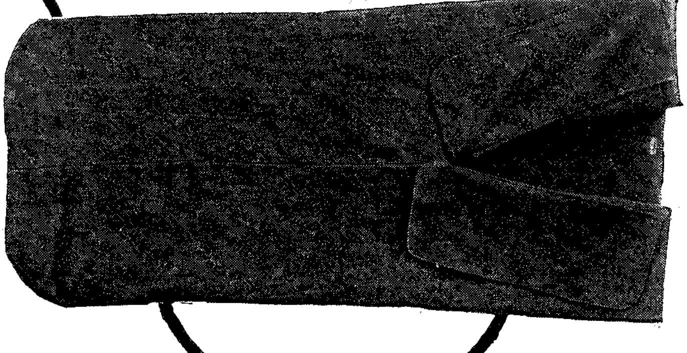


KENWOOD PRODUCTS
Outdoor Comfort

became municipal property without any indemnity to the owners or stockholders. All trading enterprises, domestic as well as foreign, with the exception of the co-operative societies, were decreed state monopolies. No private citizen or corporation was allowed any right to participate in trade transactions. To conduct all these monopolies, thousands of councils and committees were created with new officials at high salaries. Thus Russia was transformed into a socialistic and communistic state.

The company in which I am a director operates a large copper rolling-mill, also a cable- and wire-factory. By the autumn of 1918 these factories were run at no more than 10 per cent. of their normal capacity. Markets did not exist, and the Workmen Factory Committee, seeing that the factory would be forced to close, urged the Government to place orders to keep the factory running. The only suggestion which the Bolshevik Government in any way encouraged was the idea of securing orders from Germany.

The result of the Bolshevik decrees and their attempt to establish a complete communistic and socialistic organization can have only one end—the complete destruction of industry and transactions in Russia. These decrees, even before I left Russia, could not resist the natural laws of life and economics which they violated. That the inevitable result of the Bolshevik experiment in Russia will be the gradual modification and elimination of their decrees is indicated by my own experience.

Our mill was employing about eight thousand men and women, located one hundred miles from Moscow and about fifteen miles from a town. The mill had been in existence for fifty years—the staff of workmen being largely made up of peasants from surrounding villages with 15 per cent. of professional workers coming from industrial centers. Under the Bolshevik decree of workmen control of the factory, the following labor organizations were formed: Local *Soviet* or Workmen and Soldiers' Council, Professional Trade Union Factory Committee, Welfare Committee, Sanitary Committee, Union of Clerks and Foremen, Union of Engineers, Union of Workmen Employed More Than Fifteen Years, Food Supply Committees, and Staff of the Red Guard. None of the committees did any work but drew their full wages, thus creating heavy additional expenses. Frequently the entire day and evening were given up to committee meetings. There was no time left for the committee to carry on any business.

As the managers and owners of the plant we remained at the plant in a difficult position. The workmen had all the rights with no responsibility. They had the support of the physical force of the Government, the Bolshevik laws, and of all the state machinery; we had no rights whatever, except responsibility. Our arms were those of moral and intellectual force, experience, knowledge, and education. Step by step we began to teach the men the elementary laws of economics. Our aim was first to reduce the staff of workmen and then shut down the mill. We finally received the consent of the workmen to dismiss 75 per cent. of the staff and then shut down the mill entirely. It took four months to bring the workmen to this point. At the end of that time the workmen realized certain fundamental concepts:

1. That the mill could not be run unless there was a distribution of its products and an inflow of raw materials.

2. That a valueless paper currency could not be taken in exchange for valuable manufactured products.

3. That the workmen committees could not operate the plant.

After they had realized these facts, the majority of the workmen insisted upon closing the plant. At the present time 75 per cent. of all plants in Russia have shut down. The number of idle workmen is enormous.

The interesting fact of this experience of eight months in Bolshevik Russia is that the workmen are turning away from Bolshevism to milder forms of socialism, and even away from socialistic ideas entirely. The great difficulty in working with them was their ignorance. Many of the members of the committees with whom we gradually became good friends were good-natured and intelligent, but without experience and training. The direct representatives of the Bolshevik Government were either crooks, if clever, or very stupid.

The economic failure of Bolshevism lies in its inability to carry out its promises and the fact that it did no constructive work. The greater part of the working classes are opposed to the Bolsheviki. The Bolshevik faction even became suspicious of the workmen themselves and deprived all workmen of arms of any character.

My conclusion is that the workmen in Russia have realized at last that executive officers are not only men having the privilege of sitting in good offices and drawing salaries, but they are also men with managing ability, knowledge, and experience, and the ability to foresee the effect of economic laws. I believe that in the future some form of collaboration between labor and capital will be necessary and practicable.

MODERN ATHENIANS GOSSIP MUCH AS THEY DID IN THE TIME OF CHRIST

ONE of the keenest journalists that ever visited Athens wrote that "all the Athenians and strangers who were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." This journalist, Dr. Luke by name, was himself a Greek, and he recorded his impressions in the seventeenth chapter of the Book of Acts, where they may still be read. Supplementing this ancient comment is the remark made a few weeks ago by a diplomat in Athens. His view of the Greek habit of much talking, which amounts to the same view that was held by Dr. Luke, was exprest as follows:

> The trouble with these Greeks is their café habit. They spend too much time sitting in the cafés talking, talking, talking about all sorts of trivialities, mostly political. That breeds intrigue and schism. They are talkers and not doers, and so are never content with whatever order may be existent.

Thus the first century and the twentieth coincide in their judgment of the Athenians, comments Dr. William T. Ellis, writing from Athens to the New York *Herald*, and he continues:

An epidemic of taciturnity would be the greatest of boons to this volatile people. With every man doing a task and nobody talking about the other man's work, Greece would quickly restore the glory of the older days. Given a general visitation of silent loyalty, with the nation resolute and diligent behind its chosen course and leaders, it would quickly become the dominant force in the Near East.

In many respects Athens has a long lead upon all other cities in the Levant. It is clean, spacious, well built, and as European as Paris. The wide sidewalks and general appearance of whiteness and cleanliness impress a visitor most favorably. There is wide-spread use of marble, and many buildings indicate the city's devotion to the famous remains of classical architecture which are found here. In the squares and along the streets orange-trees are heavily laden with fruit, and beautiful pepper-trees impart a touch of vivid green.

Athenians are well-drest, smart-looking people. There seems a larger proportion of civilian men than in Rome or Paris. Of soldiers there are aplenty, some drest in the quaint costumes of long ago. Frequently one meets peasant men clad in the skirts and short jackets which the pictures have made familiar.

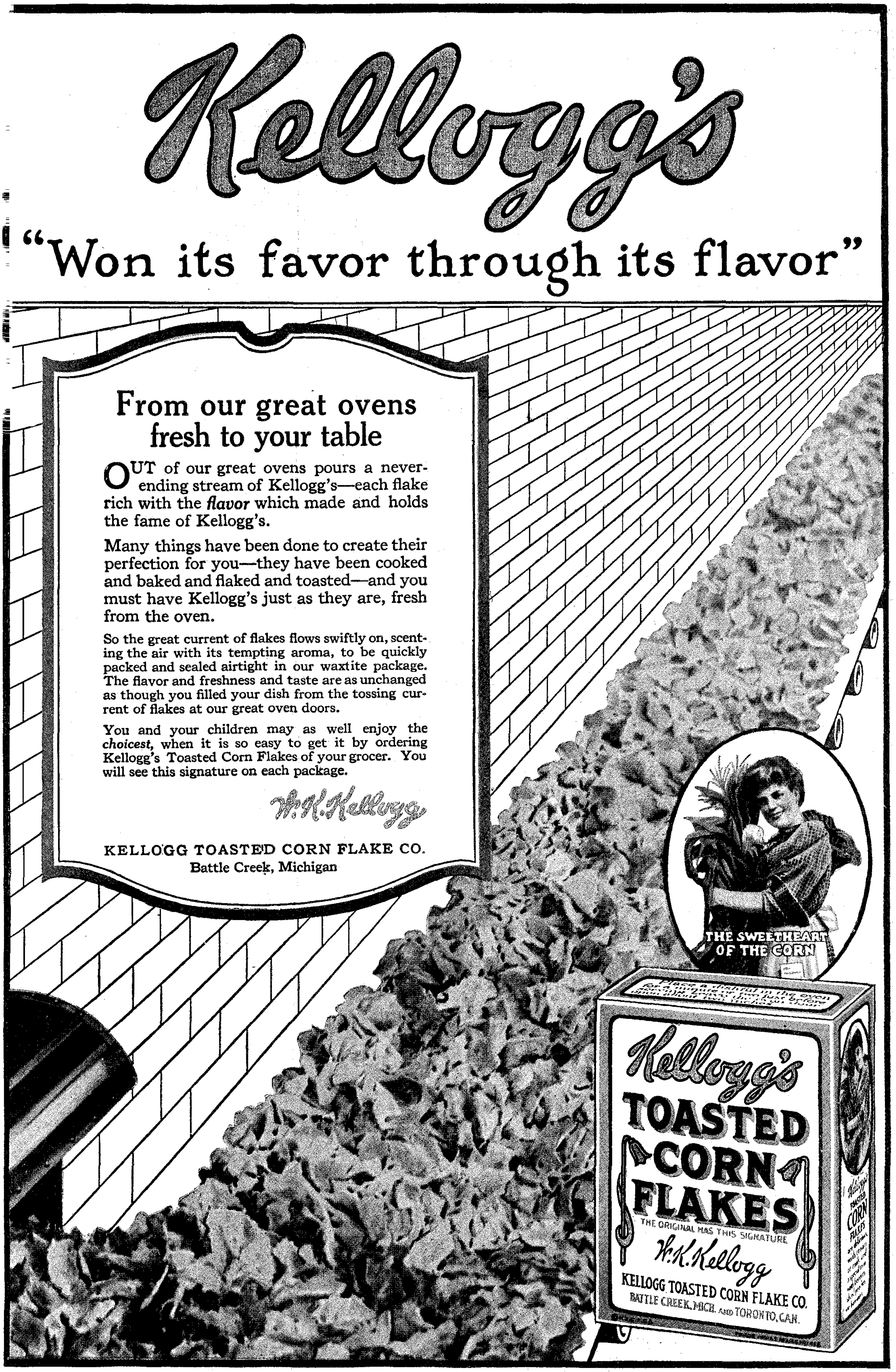
So absorbing is the vast human drama of the Near East now being played here that one has no time for the wonders of the Acropolis, with its peerless Parthenon—now surrounded by a hideous stone wall—the Temple of Theseus, the old theater, the Museum, Mars Hill, and the other reminders of schoolbook days. There is an American school of archeology here, and in the Red-Cross unit are men, like Colonel Capps, of Princeton, who are distinguished for their interest in Greek classics and archeology—"bugs on ruins," the young naval officers flippantly call them.

There is more to eat and wear in Athens than in any other European city I have visited since the war broke out. Imagine the luxury of white bread in unlimited quantities! There are no food-restrictions except that prices are still high. "Athens has plenty of everything," is the remark of foreigners resident here. Indeed, grain and other foodstuffs are rotting on the docks, owing to price manipulation. In addition to a full supply of staples, Athens has her own specialties, such as olives, honey, figs, oranges, fish, and certain milk-products, as well as tobacco.

What is universally known as "Turkish tobacco" comes, in its best quality, from Kavala, further east on the Ægean, now a district of Greece. It will interest American smokers to know that the stores of tobacco in Bulgaria and Greece were not disturbed during the war. Two representatives of an American firm were in Sofia throughout the war—really interned, they indignantly declare, by their own Consul.

Like Standard Oil and Singer Sewing-Machine representatives, these outposts of the smokers' interests are ubiquitous. When I entered the principal hotel in Athens I found C. C. Goodfellow, of New Rochelle, very much at home. A little more than a year before I had seen him in Petrograd. Our two previous meetings had been in a little village called Bap, near the Euphrates River, in Mesopotamia, and in Constantinople, which naturally evoked the hackneyed phrase, "The world is a small place, after all."

Away off in that corner of the world, notes Dr. Ellis, he found the soldier who fired America's first shot in the war—Major-General Burnham, of Pennsylvania, recently detailed to Athens to represent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From our great ovens fresh to your table

OUT of our great ovens pours a never-ending stream of Kellogg's—each flake rich with the *flavor* which made and holds the fame of Kellogg's.

Many things have been done to create their perfection for you—they have been cooked and baked and flaked and toasted—and you must have Kellogg's just as they are, fresh from the oven.

So the great current of flakes flows swiftly on, scenting the air with its tempting aroma, to be quickly packed and sealed airtight in our waxtite package. The flavor and freshness and taste are as unchanged as though you filled your dish from the tossing current of flakes at our great oven doors.

You and your children may as well enjoy the *choicest,* when it is so easy to get it by ordering Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes of your grocer. You will see this signature on each package.

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America on the Allied High Commission that is disbursing the money lent to Greece by the Allies. The writer digresses from Athenian matters to talk about this new candidate for the honor of having fired the first American gun after the American declaration of war:

> General Burnham came straight from the fighting in the Argonne here, and his heart is still with his division back in France. The popularity he has won in Athens seems to interest him far less than the unpopularity his division earned with the Germans.
>
> It was back in early 1915 that General Burnham was in military command in Porto Rico, when raiders were loose in the Caribbean. A German cargo steamship, which had put in at San Juan, was preparing to leave, apparently with supplies for the raiders. Under instructions from Washington the authorities ordered the vessel not to leave port and called upon the military for assistance. The Germans disdained orders and warnings and their ship started to steam out. General Burnham had stationed machine guns on the beach and had the old artillery in the fort, which had been unused for years, made ready for possible action.
>
> A rain of machine-gun bullets in front of the German ship failed to stop her. Then a cannon-ball was fired into the water a few yards ahead. The next shot was ordered to take the boat broadside, as the range was pointblank. But the German saw that the fort meant business, and so put back and was dismantled. That was the first shot fired by America in the war—and the incident interests General Burnham more than the battle of Salamis, which was fought a few miles from here.
>
> At present General Burnham is watchdog over American money and interests in connection with the commission. The French have control of the Greek Army and the British of the Greek Navy and air force, but America's stake is only financial, and that temporarily. Fifty thousand Greek troops have already been sent to Russia by the French, in connection with their own smaller force which has entered Odessa. In the harbor here are two war-ships which Greece bought from America—formerly the *Idaho* and the *Mississippi*—creating a furor in the Near East in the early days of the war.

Returning to the matter with which he began, the gossiping habit of the Greeks—which seems, by the way, to have affected Dr. Ellis's own journalistic style more or less—he chattily continues:

> So far as a superficial investigation reveals, Athens is more interested in the latest political and social gossip than in the big problems of the new era, thus vindicating the historic criticism with which this article began.
>
> Of paramount interest seems the question of King Alexander's marriage. He is in love with a young Greek woman of excellent family, but the Government will not let him marry her. The demand is for a foreign queen. Reasons of state are given for this. It is said the parents of the young lady in question are pro-German in sympathy; but this is indignantly denied by Americans who know the family. Also it is declared that the marriage would give one Greek family great influence in politics. Other observers say that the real reason is that the Athenian ladies refuse to accept as their leader and liege sovereign one whom they formerly outranked. Now, while this discussion rages, an English-speaking Greek officer brings me the latest tit-bit of gossip, which is that the loyal King-lover has transferred his interest and affections to an American Red-Cross girl. From young American naval officers who meet the King often and have taught him American dances, American humor, and American good times, I learn that while the King likes American girls he is still true to his old love.
>
> Of more real interest is the growth of the republican sentiment here. There is a "Royalist" party, favoring the return of King Constantine, but apparently it is actuated, like parties the world around, more by the zest for the spoils of office than by any more abstract consideration. Also it is anti-Venizelos, altho prudently cautious in its opposition. Venizelos, however, is as firmly in control as anybody ever was in Greece. This is now a one-man country, and Venizelos is the man. I wonder what the young King thinks as he goes about and sees ten portraits of his Prime Minister displayed to every one of himself. He knows, too, that Venizelos openly promised Parliament that if the present King is not a success no other would be put forward; a republic would be the next experiment.
>
> Behind and beneath all this external life and politics lies the grim and gory Balkan problem, which is working out in Greek villagers slaying and being slain, and in such vast human misery as the western world simply can not know.

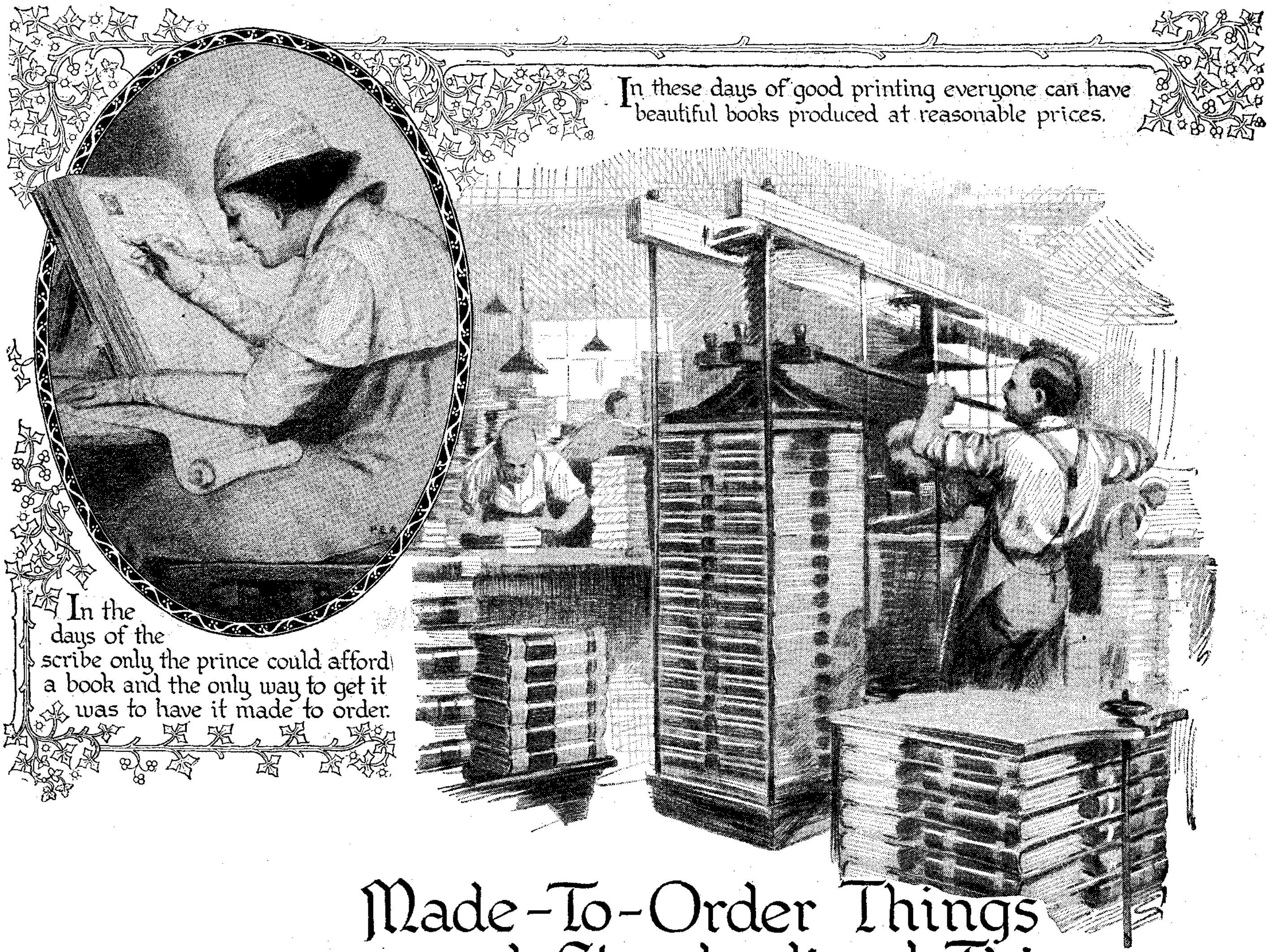
A NATIVE SON REPLIES TO CRITIC OF CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE

As is well known to the rest of these United States, nothing peeves a Californian so much as derogatory remarks about his beloved State. He is particularly incensed by intimations that there are any defects in California's climate. He knows it surpasses by several points that of the garden where the original parents of mankind blissfully basked until the celebrated apple episode, and it makes him mad when a man from Oshkosh or Oskaloosa suggests differently. It is said that a man who inadvertently refers to "the earthquake" in conversation with a San-Franciscan does so at his peril. They had a fire, but who said anything about an earthquake? Tremors of the earth in California are recorded as seismic manifestations, an expression beyond the average tourist, and hence put down as a pleasing adjunct to the already ravishing scenery. A rainy season California has, of course, but the rain is not wet, and it's a positive pleasure to be out in it. Fog there may be also, but look what effects it produces when taken in conjunction with the scenery! And so on, world without end. A good illustration of the truth of the foregoing observations is given in a recent issue of the Los Angeles *Times*. Somebody from Cleveland, Ohio, visiting Los Angeles a time ago had the hardihood to send a letter to a paper in his home town giving his impressions of the California town. And *The Times* comes back at him thusly:

> Copies are at hand of a Cleveland newspaper, yclept *The Plain Dealer*, in which appears a letter from Los Angeles recounting an interview anent our justly celebrated climate.
>
> The person to whom the interview is credited is named Quale, and you can take it from us he is a bird.
>
> The correspondent of the Cleveland paper calls Quale "doctor"; but whether he is a regular doctor or just a dentist does not appear. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that Quale came here to be among a half-million other tourists, and, instead of going down on his knees to thank the good Lord that he was able to escape from his home town and bask in our sunshine, he develops a grouch the size of a mountain and calls our climate every mean name he can lay his tongue to.
>
> Listen! This here Doc Quale gets up on his hind legs and shouts back home to his folk in Cleveland that the climate of Southern California is "rotten."
>
> Yassir, that's the very word he uses—"rotten."
>
> And "that ain't all, nuther." Doc Quale proceeds further to say that in Southern California "the fruits have no flavor, the flowers no fragrance, the men no collars, and the women no style."
>
> Moreover, he says that "Los Angeles is merely a provincial town, and from the looks of most of the people on the streets they have come out here from Iowa and the Middle West to die." He calls Los Angeles "the City of the Unburied Dead."
>
> And then, as a last expiring growl, he concludes by saying that "Los Angeles is a city of beautiful roads that take you nowhere, and of beautiful houses with nobody home."
>
> The Doc says other things, also, but the quotations here given will probably be sufficient to hold our readers for at least an hour or two.

Thus the *Times* writer pictures the utter depravity of a party who can write aught but what is good and beautiful about California. But, as might be expected of a person who lives and moves and has his being amid the loveliness and benign influences with which the Golden Gate State is crammed from Oregon to the Mexican border, the disposition of the *Times* man apparently is sweet and he doesn't hurl curses at the luckless Ohian and condemn him to a well-deserved perdition. He speaks more in sorrow than in anger, and his one hope seems to be that the wayward individual may be led to see the error of his way and reform. For he goes on:

> Now, folk, don't fly off in a passion and call this poor devil names. Instead, let us enfold him in our Christian charity. If the all-embracing sun of California could not warm him, why, then, we must warm him in our pity.
>
> The era of brotherly love is trying hard to spread over the whole world now. An effort is being made to reclaim all whose minds and hearts are diverted from truth and distorted with venomous thoughts. The slogan is to go out and get the lost sheep.
>
> So why make an exception of Doc Quale and let him perish in his own recalcitrancy?
>
> For he is assuredly the kind of man who will kick at heaven if he ever gets there. He will assay the gold in the sidewalks of the New Jerusalem and holler all over the



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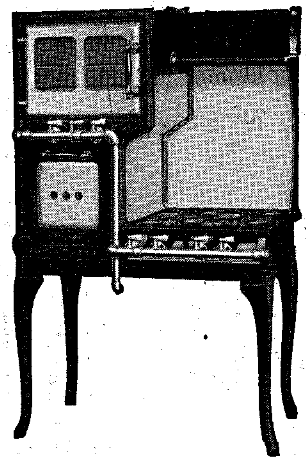

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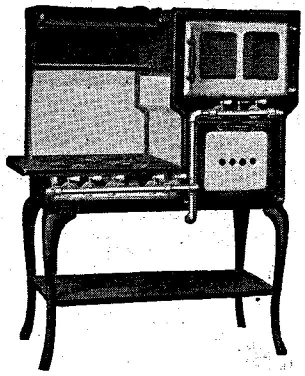
For apartments or homes with limited kitchen space. Occupies only 36½ inches. Series No. 16-336.

Detroit Jewel Special

A gas range incorporating the very latest ideas to insure labor saving and convenience. Ideal for the average family and reasonably priced. Over 60,000 sold in the past two years. Series No. 16-308.



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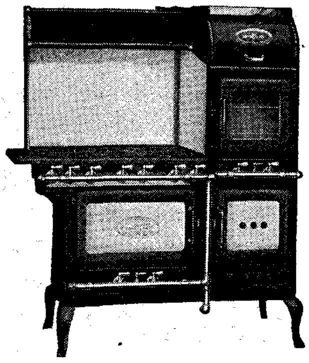

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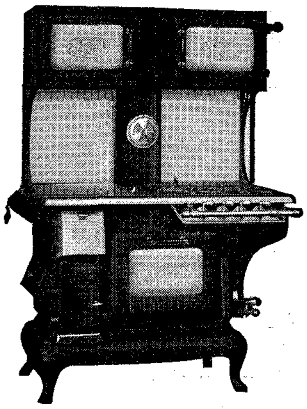
Designed for the largest homes, or where a more than ordinary baking and cooking service is required. Series No. 22-326.



Detroit Jewel "New Way" Combination Range

Two ranges built in one. Burns gas, coal, coke or wood. Equally efficient burning any of these fuels. Makes the kitchen cool in summer—warm in winter. Series No. 85-18, E. B. and W. C.

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Two generations of stove building and over 20 years of constant research, experimentation and experience in gas range construction have made it possible for the world's largest stove plant to develop an assortment of gas ranges which for economy, durability and adaptability to every kitchen need are unequalled.

Good Baking Their Crowning Achievement

Good baking is, without doubt, the most essential attribute of a satisfactory gas range. Because of a plan of patented oven construction and heat distribution, demonstrated by years of service to be of a high scientific standard and wonderfully efficient, Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges are unexcelled bakers. The proof of this claim is substantiated by thousands of satisfied users.

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In every detail Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges measure up to the ideal standard set by the housewife. The baked Ebonite finish to eliminate blacking; smoothness of parts for easy cleaning; white enamel equipment to give beauty and cleanliness; burners designed to save gas; all incorporated in a variety of styles and sizes planned to meet every home requirement, assures a satisfaction difficult, if at all possible, to find in any other line of gas ranges manufactured.

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Detroit Chicago

Nathan-Dohrmann Co., San Francisco, Calif. Parmelee-Dohrmann Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

Distributors for California, Nevada, and Arizona (35) place so that everybody can hear him. The green fields of Eden will look yellow to him. The harps will be out of tune, and he will declare that the sword of the great archangel Michael is made of tin and that Gabriel's trumpet is nothing but a common fish-horn.

It will only be that if Quale were to be sent down to Hades he would admit he had come to a place at last that beats Cleveland.

We ask you, brethren, is there anything to do for a man like this except to ask all the churches to pray for him?

A Californian would say that such a man must be deaf, dumb, and blind in the bargain; soul corroded with rust; his liver turned into a hickory-nut; his brain is afflicted with corns; his stomach is sour; and his heart pushed over to his right side.

No school of medicine has anything that can do Quale the least good. Even if he were to read all the back numbers of the "Care of the Body" department in *The Times* we doubt if it would help him.

Picture to yourself the warp there must be in the mind of a man who gets into an automobile on our unrivaled highways and says there is "nowhere to go."

He is taken to the summits of the San Bernardinos, on the rim of the world, and the glory of God is shown to him lying at his feet in the flower-flamed valleys below, endless miles of blossoms, the silver ribbons of shining streams, gardens of wonder and the sunset roofs of the happiest homes in all the world, and he says, "Rotten!"

He leaps to the sunny ridges of the Malibus and sees the white sweep of the sea, the crescent beauty of the Bay of Santa Monica, the gray gulls flying, the white sails of stately ships, and in his ears is the deathless music of the great ocean following him with its haunting voices, and he says, "Punk!"

He comes here out of the dreary cold of the East, away from its bitter winds and sunless gloom, his feet are set on flowered pathways, the mocking-bird and linnet sing to him their sweetest songs, his days are filled with the drowsy hum of bees, the nights weave their diadems of stars and set the splendor of low-hanging moons above him, and he says, "Beastly."

What Quale needs is prayers.

Let this that he says about the women of Los Angeles "having no style" pass. The sin will carry its own punishment. When he gets back to Cleveland and wonders what's the matter with the women there after he has filled his eyes with our women he will suffer enough, never fear.

And, also, when he gets back to that dreary, smoky, tawdry town, freezing to death there in winter and burning up in summer, he will see as in a vision the shining, crowded, roaring streets of Los Angeles busy and humming with trade and traffic, glamourous with beauty and laughing faces. And then all the wild horses that ever roamed the lonely and desolate prairies of Ohio would not be able to hold Quale from coming back.

We will lay a dollar against a Salvation Army doughnut that Quale will be found here, back again bag and baggage, having changed his mind and his disposition.

But it really hurts us in our hearts to have to talk like this about these poor ginks who come out to California on a trip and turn green with envy at everything they see. Lots of others of us were once like that.

Yet, if God gave all the rest of us the grace to reform and confess our sins, surely there is hope for Doc Quale. "While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

Let him go home again, thinking he will hear the bluebird sing when there will be no bluebird there for weeks to come; let him sneeze his blamed head off and cough himself sore; let him change his red-flannel underclothes and catch his death of cold; let him fight it out with his feet in hot mustard water and his aching head swathed in compresses.

And, next summer, let him curse the thermometer to his heart's content; let him be the prey of mosquitoes and the victim of pinching-bugs; let the thunder affright him and the lightning make him duck; let him take what's coming to him.

We should worry.

THESE COLORED FIGHTERS NEVER LOST THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR

WILLIAM D. HAYWARD, who led the old 15th New York colored regiment in numerous battles on the other side, is a plain civilian now, but his friends won't let him quit telling about those colored troops of his. He has made thirty formal speeches and innumerable informal talks since his returm from overseas, and still he is besieged with requests for more. This state of mind on the part of the public is understandable if he can continue to toss off little talks as full of human nature and humor as the one recently reported in the New York *Sun*. To quote the *Sun's* quotation of the ex-Colonel:

"The first thing I ever did in my life that anybody approved of was getting up that regiment," he said laughingly. "After I gathered my crowd of Harlem waiters, bellhops, indoor chauffeurs, and elevator boys I thought I'd never get them across. When the minute finally came for sailing I think every elevator on Riverside Drive stopt automatically.

"When our ship left in 1917 we sailed a little way, then broke down, came back, and tied up at Hoboken with our cargo of Thanksgiving turkeys and black troops. We got fixt up and started again. We didn't get quite as far as before when the ship caught fire. I sneaked back and reported the mishap to General Shanks at the port of embarkation. Our ship was overhauled and a third time we set out full of hope, but the machinery broke down again. When I reported to General Shanks this time, he said: 'Goodness gracious, Colonel, are you ever going to get those coons and turkeys to France?'

"When at last we reached the French front in the Argonne Forest I reported to the French officer in command that I had arrived with the 15th New York Infantry and would place myself and men at his disposal. 'It is impossible!' exclaimed the officer. 'There's no such American unit due here.' Finally he said in surprize, 'Are you the 369th Infantry Regiment of the United States?' and I replied, 'I are.'

"Then they took all our American ordnance away and gave us bolos, which are knives modeled after those used by the Cubans. I was glad afterward, altho I think my boys would have done better with razors. When we were leaving France I was told that the regiment would be presented with three thousand razors by the French. When we received the gift we found they were safety-razors. The regiment was insulted.

"From March, 1918, until the following

The Pro-phy-lac-tic really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
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MEDIUM
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A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
MADE IN U.S.A.
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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Cleans every part of every tooth every time it's used. And "A Clean Tooth Never Decays." Always sold in the Yellow Box.

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January we were with the Fourth French Army, under General Gouraud. On July 15 I wrote Governor Whitman that the German Army was licked. They were at maximum strength and we at minimum, but ten American divisions were arriving monthly.

"My boys had a sublime faith that they would win. The idea of defeat never entered their heads. No private or officer had any doubt about our ability to break through. One day I found a number of the men buying German money that had been taken from the dead. I asked why they wanted it, and they answered, 'We'll be needin' this here money soon.' In five months they were spending it in the Rhine towns and talking Harlem German with a Yiddish accent. They were the advance guard of the Allied armies. The French gave them the honor of first carrying the Stars and Stripes to the Rhine. And I was the first man to scoop water from the river. Can you beat that for Allied generosity?

"The boys all had a keen sense of humor. When we docked at Hoboken they were eager to get ashore. One of them said to me: 'Colonel, the Generals is goin' over the gangplank and the rats is goin' over the hawsers. We hope you'll tell us when it's time for the regiment to go ashore!'

"I remember one little negro on the other side who was carrying shells from an ammunition-dump to a train. He was so loaded down with 3-inch shells that he was sunk ankle-deep in the mud. He said to his officer, 'How you got my name on dat sheet?'

"'Your name is Simpson,' replied the officer.

"'Yas, sir, dass right; only I thought maybe you had "Sampson" by mistake.'"

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

AN open, and very exclamatory, "Letter from the Front" appears on the first page of the April 4 issue of *The Watch on the Rhine*, a paper published by the American occupying force in Germany. This letter is inspired, we are told, by "press reports that President Wilson will issue a call for 50,000 volunteers to take the places of the same number of men now on the Rhine who wish to return home." Whenever it falls under the eye of any young American to whom its siren blandishments appeal, it has found the right address. Here it is in all its seductiveness:

Come across, boys! Come across!

Now is your chance to replace your silver chevron with a gold stripe.

We of the Third Division who have served through the campaigns from the Marne to the Argonne and are now reveling on the Rhine will welcome you.

We would regret deeply leaving this land of *Boche* and snow.

Nevertheless, we do not wish to appear selfish.

We know there are thousands of young men in the States who are rearin' to come across.

We know, because we read the papers. We have read of men who wept salty tears when the armistice was signed, because they were deprived of doing their bit over here.

We are willing to give them a chance to win that gold stripe.

Of course, things are a bit slow now. No longer do the G. I. cans blooey around us. Heine no longer comes across in his bombing machine with the tail-gate wide open. Those little surprize attacks at dawn are no more. Going over the top to cash in in front of the *Boche* machine-gun nests is but a memory.

Besides, the chow has changed. Corn-willie and hardtack are passé. Goldfish is almost unknown.

But if you can carry on under these hardships and disadvantages why—

Come across, boys! Come across!

Still, Rhineland has its advantages.

Even after July 1 Germany has no prospect of going dry—not so long as the Rhine flows.

And you can smoke a cigaret here without hiding behind the barn as if you were committing a deadly sin.

Also, the underground system of fraternizing with the German mam'selles is well worked out.

Thanks to us.

When you come here you will find the system in perfect working order.

German *mädchens* dote on boys in O. D.

Also, on shockolade and soap. Bring liberal quantities with you.

And think of this!

One dollar good United States is worth five francs.

Five francs are worth ten marks.

So a buck private, instead of getting $33 per month, receives 330 marks.

Some money!

Three hundred and thirty marks will buy anything in Germany.

So come across, boys! Come across!

It's a great life if you don't weaken.

And win that gold chevron!

From the Dominican Republic arises a sound like homesickness, and a large general disgust with the variety of foreign travel now being enjoyed by the Marines down there. The Dominican Marines had a grievance to start with: they expected to be sent "Over There," and, instead, they landed in a near-by country where there was no particular glory, excitement, nor excuse for staying away from home. All of these arguments, and more, move the Rev. Robert H. Perry, a Baptist minister who enlisted in the Marines, and is now a private down there, to recommend that he be discharged at once from further service. He writes from San Pedro Macoris, under date of April 5:

Few words are ever spoken of the Marine in the tropics who enlisted for "Over There" and came "Down Here." Having read some of the many good columns in THE DIGEST, I can't help telling you how we feel about it down here.

We enlisted in the Corps to be discharged six months after all hostilities ceased. We came here last July and have gone through our intensive training here, and altho they hiked us and drilled us and sent us over the top till we nearly dropt, I always wrote home that night—"Having the best time of my life." Now it is all over, we are tired of this God-forsaken country. There's nothing here but ruin, wine, negroes, disease, and bad women. A four-year man stays here thirty months unless he does like one of the men in our company did a few days ago, commit suicide, and goes home in a "wooden kimona" or, in plain words, a "coffin." We dream of home, but the dreams fade into mirages upon waking the next morning.

The Marines' Magazine says, "No Marines being discharged now," and yet a single fellow in our company went back some days ago because he had a rich uncle and a political pull. There are men in our company whose families need them, and need them badly, having only the $15 per month as a support. I ask you: "Is that just? Is that the kind of democracy we enlisted to defend?"

And the men and women who have had charge of our papers in Washington that we might be here were discharged because Congress failed to pass funds for their salary. *That is certainly a compliment* to the soldier who enlisted to fight for his beloved land. It must have been an accident that La Follette kept the floor with his associates the last day of Congress that funds for the railroads, and Washington employees might not be passed. A few grafters—Germany's right-handed men—as a last blow to Old Glory have fought President Wilson all through and at last succeeded in causing the failure of important bills that mean much to our country's welfare, and the rest stood looking on, doing nothing. I ask you again, gentlemen, is this the democracy we enlisted to fight for?

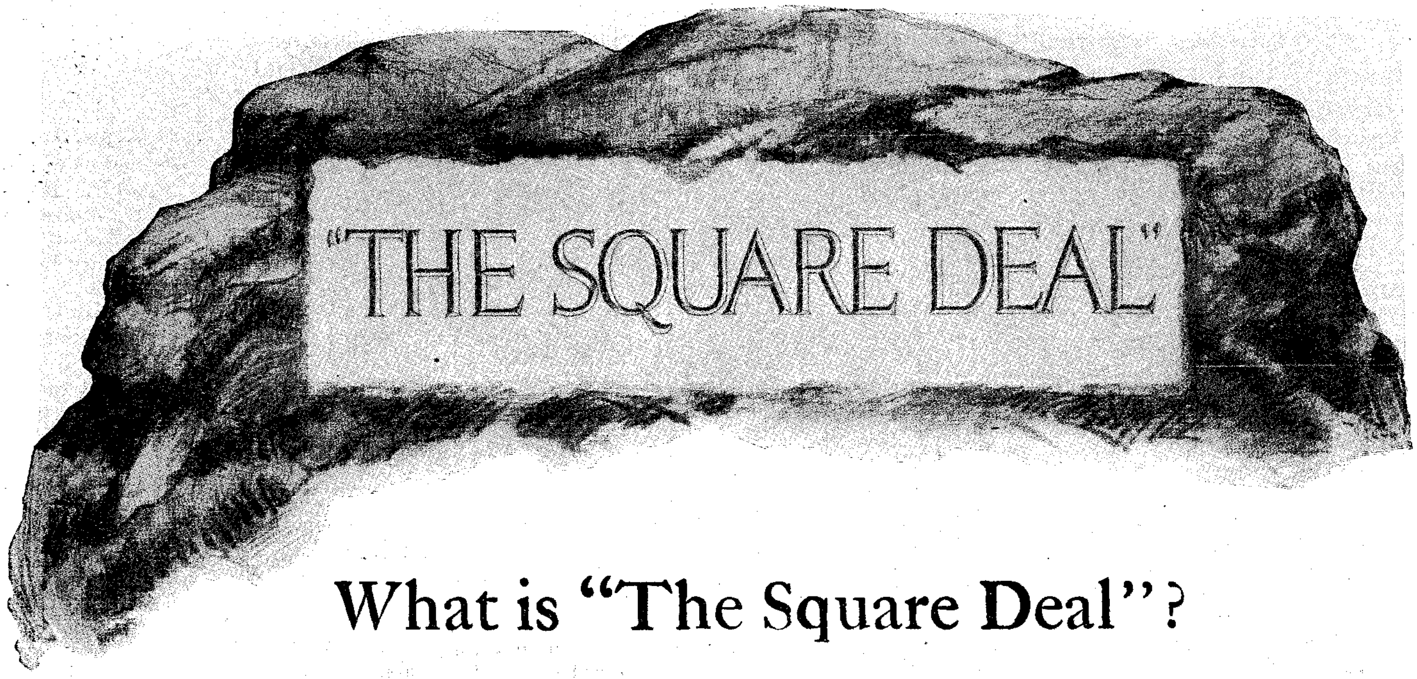
Before I enlisted in the Marine Corps, I was pastor of a Baptist Church in Texas. My congregation gave me permission to join for the period of the war. They are pleading with me to return now, for the church is in need of me. They are a "flock without a shepherd," and my heart is breaking to return, but my hands are tied. I received a recommendation from our commanding officer for early discharge, but don't think this means anything but six months more to stay here. I am a poor young man, making my own way in the world, and in another month I will not be able to hold my church, which can not wait longer. This means I can not continue my education in Baylor University, Waco, Texas. Is that justice?

I was ordained a year before the U. S. A. entered the war and was twenty years old when I enlisted, becoming twenty-one this month. I wanted to do my bit. I have my hands tied now. I appeal to the people of the "Best Nation" on earth, is that justice?

In Cuba the Marines get their mail every day except Tuesday. Here we get it once in two months, sometimes once a month, and an airplane could bring it in five hours from Key West, Florida, each day. We are only a day's ship travel from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. We are so near to civilization and yet so far away that we wonder if you have forgotten the homesick, disgusted Marines who haven't seen anything but Spanish-speaking negroes for a year out *in the hills* of an "Island God Forgot."

I appeal to my country through THE LITERARY DIGEST: "Send us home to our loved ones, to God's country. I appeal to Old Glory, send us home."

Some weeks ago Private Alvin B. Kemp, another Marine, who was sent to the Dominican Republic when he was expecting to go somewhere else, wrote his opinions of life down there, and his letter was published in THE DIGEST. He writes from San Pedro Macoris to explain that he was not "complaining," and adds



What is "The Square Deal"?

THE "Square Deal" is to give 100% and get 100%. This article shows the application of the "Square Deal" between those who invest money in industry and those who invest labor in industry. It is the function of management, representing both, to see that each gives 100% and each gets 100%.

THROUGH MANAGEMENT

CAPITAL SHOULD GIVE 100%

Recognition	Men are men—not machines. Recognition of this fact satisfies the worker's self-respect.
Representation	Each group of workers should have representation. The principle of democracy.
Wages	Just returns for work performed, based on the cost of right living, with a thorough knowledge of all conditions.
Opportunity	Full opportunity to learn, to grow, to become more valuable and have that greater value recognized.
Working and Living Conditions	A clean and orderly plant—good sanitary conditions—proper tools and equipment—safety devices—reasonable hours—vacations—hospital and medical attention at plant—restaurant and coöperative store—good housing and favorable community conditions—promotion of wholesome recreation, education and sports—encouragement of thrift.
Protection	Encouragement and assistance in insuring workers against losses caused by accident, sickness, old age and death.

LABOR SHOULD GIVE 100%

Enthusiasm	Machines have a limit. The self-respecting individual has enthusiasm. Enthusiasm knows no limit.
Responsibility	A responsible worker is actively interested in the quality of the product, the care of the property and the company's interests as a whole.
Energy	Man-power, honestly applied to production.
Initiative	Constructive thinking on the part of the individual, coupled with action, reduces costs and betters product.
Regularity	The most valuable worker is on the job every working day. Tardiness and irregular attendance interrupt production and increase costs.
Loyalty	Loyalty is the result of confidence. It causes a man to boost his company, the management, the product and his fellow workers.

For some years we have been making a studious effort to reach this 100% basis with our own people. Our experience has shown a responsive attitude on the part of the workers and leads to the conclusion that as we learn to give our part of the "Square Deal," they will give their part in like proportion.

Our confidence in this result is based upon the fact that all those interested—stockholders, workers and management—have experienced that contentment which comes from a harmonious relationship, and the increased profit which comes from energy properly directed.

This is the fifth of a series of articles in this publication. The next will appear on June 14. Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

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that, since his letter appeared, the Marines down there have been "discovered" by the Navy Welfare League, which ought to help some. To quote:

> Allow me to correct an impression which seems to prevail among several good people after reading my letter to you, and printed in the issue of February 22, that we Marines in Santo Domingo are "complaining" of our lot.
>
> My original idea in writing you was merely to make a comparison of the seeming misfortunes that the two separate units of soldiers were undergoing in opposite climates, the two extremes, hot and cold.
>
> Another reason was to acquaint the hundreds of mothers of Marines stationed here of the nature of the operations carried on here, because coming as we do from no one section or State we got no mention from home papers.
>
> Far be it from a good Marine to make complaint, and especially through newspapers, of what we consider our "bit." We are trained to be able to make anywhere our home, and you will always find it the most sanitary and healthful home imaginable, regardless of its location.
>
> At the same time, in behalf of my own company and all Marines down here, I must extend our thanks for all interest taken in us in any manner.
>
> Since my previous letter the Navy Welfare League has discovered us and is in a fair way to keep us entertained during our spare moments from chasing the elusive "Spick."
>
> Thanking you for your nice comment on my other hurriedly written letter and assuring you again that THE DIGEST is always "first to arrive" as we are "first to fight," I beg to remain. Yours very truly.
>
> PRIVATE ALVIN B. KEMP,
> 113th Co. Third Regt.
> U. S. M. C.
>
> Dominican Republic.

Sergt. Chas. D. Craig, of Headquarters Company, 324 F. A., now in Germany, sheds some strong light on the more or less vexed question as to how Americans and Germans are hitting it off in the territory held by our occupying forces. He writes:

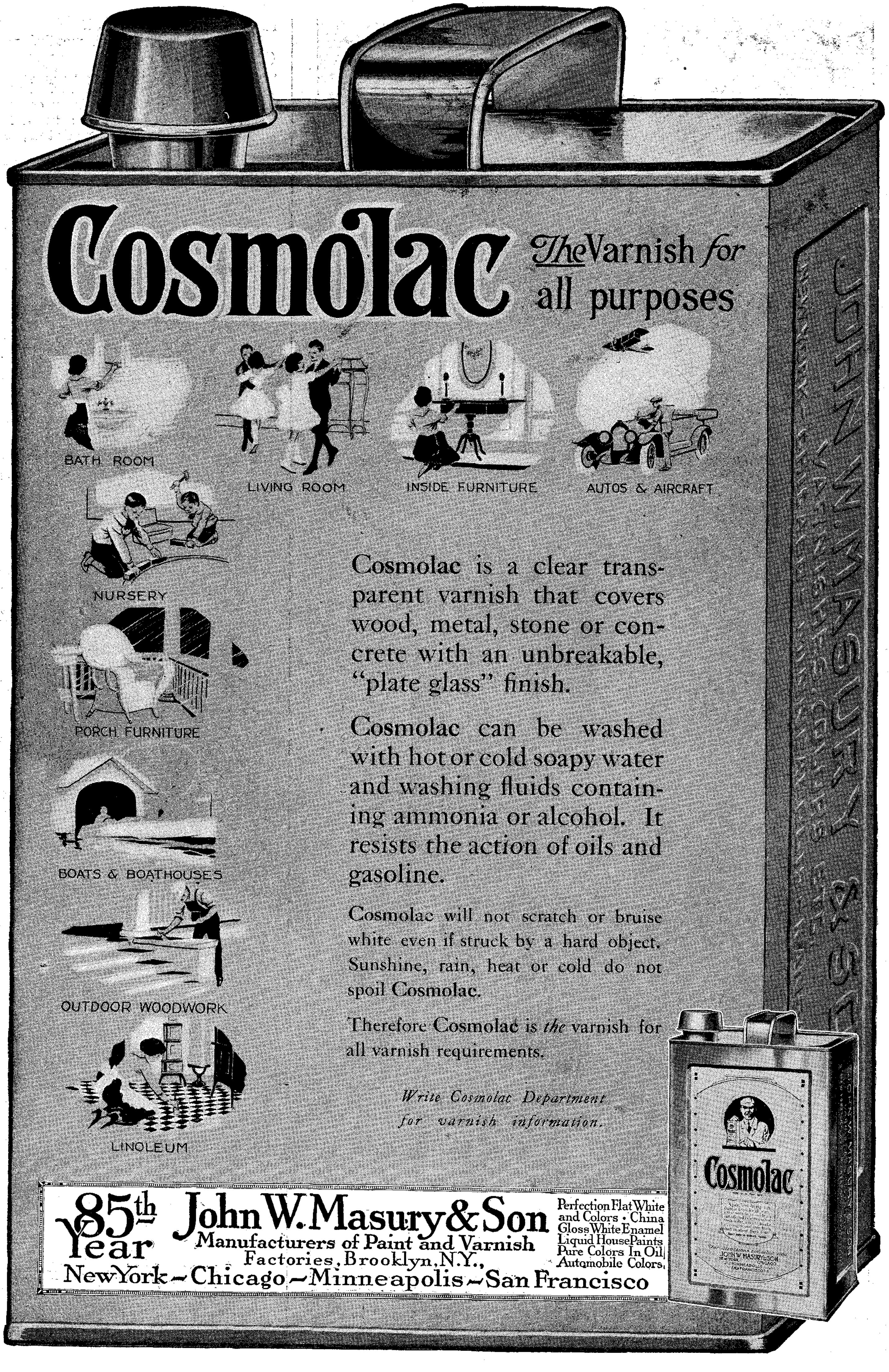
> These Dutch devils think they are clever beyond recognition. The minute we arrived here, all we talked to had one central message to deliver to us and it runs like this: "American Soldat gut Kamerad. British Soldat gut, American besser. French Soldat nicht gut," etc. Do you get the big idea? They wanted us to believe that they didn't have anything against us—that they were sorry, in fact, we were in it, and the British, nothing in particular against them either, but the French they hate and would endeavor to make it clear that it was all their fault that the war began. You understand all this is only more German propaganda endeavoring to gain our good will and set us against dear old France. Oh, nothing is too good for us, or was; it didn't last long, because we were soon refused permission to accept their eats, gift or otherwise, and were warned not to associate with them, that is, seek their company. It is true, we did accept their hospitality at first and ate off of them at every opportunity, but, man, we arrived in Germany hungry for something other than army rations, and home-cooked food sure was good for a change—however, you can bet your last cent that the average American listened attentively to what they had to say, all going in one ear and out the other, anxiously awaiting the minute he could get his stomach full and get out. He always left with a satisfied feeling in regard to his appetite, but a new distaste for the people who in their blindness misjudged his ability to sum up very accurately the situation for himself. How much better it would have been just to have treated us to ordinary hospitality without the so evident explanation in each case regarding their hastily acquired love for us. It is impossible to say even then that we would have fallen for them, but this much is sure, they'll have to go some to make us forget the dirty, sneaking, cowardly methods they used all through the war. No use talking. I'm off of them for life, and it will have to be proved to me pretty thoroughly that the new Germany, arising out of the old defunct autocracy, isn't just as much to be despised, isn't just as cunning and conniving, with the same selfish motives for the future, as was that of the late military government, presided over by one Wilhelm Hohenzollern.
>
> The peace terms can not be too drastic. It is absolutely necessary to put the new government under the Allied heel and keep it there. It isn't possible for this race of people to lose, in one generation, what has been instilled into it the past centuries. History tells us very clearly of their greed to conquer new lands, rule new nations with the iron hand—"everything for Germany"—since their early beginning, and there is no reason to believe other than they will proceed as before at the very earliest opportunity, providing they aren't severely dealt with at the coming peace agreement—tied down sufficiently at least for a period long enough to bring on another generation not educated into the belief that they are destined to rule the world.

There is a glimpse of France as it appears to an American in this letter from Sergt. Saul A. Harris, now stationed at Tours, near Paris, to Mr. Samuel Solins, of Welch, W. Va.:

> I have been up to Paris since writing you and am scheduled to go there again next month, and if all of France were like Paris, don't think you'd hear all the kicks you've written about. You must realize that the average American who is over here expects these people to become adapted to his own mode of living, not thinking that he is in a land with customs and ideas, etc., that run along lines that are generally so different from ours. For instance, the average Frenchman doesn't seem to possess the progressive business spirit that is found so frequently with us. Altho he is frugal, he doesn't generally rush to keep abreast of conditions. An example that is glaring is the sewerage conditions that one finds in most of the cities and towns outside of Paris. It's awfully hard to gage the natural characteristics of these people, because one must take into consideration that they have gone through about five years of real warfare, right at their very doors and have lost their very best blood besides. When the first Americans reached here they spoiled things for the rest of us, because you recall the old sailor story and the reference as to how they spend their money when on a "toot." Well that's what they did whenever they "got off," with the result that most of the residents who had only been eking out a miserable existence got the impression that we are all millionaires. Whenever there is an opportunity to put in a claim for one reason or other, they take advantage of the opportunity no matter how trifling the amount involved, upon the theory that the Americans have proved themselves so generous in the past, etc., as they oftimes put it. However, I'll get in "Dutch" if I criticize, so I better swing off into another topic. Most of the really interesting things I will tell you when I get back and have my "discharge," and won't have the worry of a possible court martial if I digress from the accepted Army principles.
>
> Went to Blois last Sunday and saw a marvelously historic château, which took about five centuries to put in its present condition (it is not complete as yet, because of the French Revolution), representing five distinctive periods of architecture (I'm quoting from memory in this description, so don't take it all too literally). Don't think it's so beautiful, but it housed Anne of Brittany, Catherine Medici, Louis XV., etc., with all the alluring mystery and charm that we read of in so many of the famous novels. Can you imagine being in the very room where Catherine (the "wamp") mixed her poisons for the lovers she tired of, and to have revealed to us a secret panel wherein she kept the different poisons, also the room which has the trap-door running about ninety feet downward to the Loire River (a corking good method of ridding the world of one's enemies), *à la "spurlos versenkt."*

Sergt. Irving A. Featherman is in United States General Hospital No. 11, at Cape May, New Jersey, recovering from a fracture of the jaw received on November 1 on the Verdun front. He looks forward to the time of his discharge, and asks some questions as to the future of himself and of men like him:

> Is sixty dollars enough money to start life all over again with?
>
> When a wounded soldier is discharged from the hospital, he gets sixty dollars, with which he is to start life all over again, and yet no one seems to care a thing about it.
>
> Our leading magazines and daily newspapers fill up their front columns with the League of Nations and leave the soldier that fought and bled for this country unprotected.
>
> Are we that got the War Cross over there to be double-crossed over here? You did away with the pension so as to do away with charity and formed a compensation law, but I think it was done only to cheat the soldier. For a wounded soldier got more under the old "pension law" then he gets now.
>
> A disabled soldier with both legs and arms, but still disabled, such as a broken jaw or wounds in any part of the body, gets five or ten dollars a month disability. Are we as good as before we got wounded?
>
> A Canadian soldier when discharged gets seven months' pay at seventy dollars a month, and what do we get?
>
> Why must we American soldiers pay our railroad transportation when we go on a furlough to see our mothers while other soldiers of all other countries ride free? Who asked you to take us away from our beloved ones, anyway?
>
> Are we American soldiers who fought for democracy and not for spoils of this war to be left to the crooked politicians to deal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Cosmolac can be washed with hot or cold soapy water and washing fluids containing ammonia or alcohol. It resists the action of oils and gasoline.

Cosmolac will not scratch or bruise white even if struck by a hard object. Sunshine, rain, heat or cold do not spoil Cosmolac.

Therefore Cosmolac is *the* varnish for all varnish requirements.

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Perfection Flat White and Colors • China Gloss White Enamel
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with? Aren't you press men going to help us soldiers get a square deal?

Do you think that six months' pay ($180) is too much money for a wounded or any discharged soldier? What is the democracy that we fought for? Forty cents a pound for meat, ninety cents a dozen for eggs, sixteen cents a bottle for milk, or forty dollars a suit for clothes, and no jobs. Is that it?

Why didn't you explain to us what democracy meant before, and we would not feel so disappointed.

In the early days of America's participation in the war, M. Kovacevich, of Portland, Oregon, wrote a letter to *The Oregon Journal*, setting forth solid reasons why one Slavic-American was glad to fight for his native land. The writer is back in Portland now, and he has written another letter to *The Journal*, telling why, as it seemed to him, "our truest and best fighters" fought. His second letter is as full of picturesque and vivid phrases, and broken English, as was the first, The trend of his ideas may be judged from his picture of the Russian wild bear, loose from its "devil's chain," and running so fast that, if only it strikes the right road, it soon may be one hundred years ahead of America instead of three hundred years behind. It is the "right road" that he is interested in, the road that leads, not to Bolshevism, but to a place where "everybody works," and nobody "eats" anybody else. He writes under date of April 10:

> For the eight months of my service in the Army, my very interest was to learn from the soul of our truest and best fighters the principle for which they are stand, and what do they think that American people owes them. And I hope these few lines will find little space in the columns of your respectable *Journal*, who always believing in real democracy: "Give us promised!" That is what true fighter asking from you people of America. But what is that? Do you think that is $300 bonus, or a piece land, or a good job? I say no, but they want you to carry out your promise and listen to their heart. You will hear the cry: Give us what we was fought for! And that is a real democracy, equality and justice. We must get that and you must believe that we are entitled to, and yet you must know that we are don't asking any material sacrifice of you. But you must sacrifice your selfishness, and give us part of your individual rights, for justice sake and the happiness of all. We want see everybody to provide all he needs, and then why should you ask more? We want to see America always one step head of any other country toward modern civilization, as we was for last 132 years. Now is the time for another step forwards, and we want to see us act like civilized people. And we want see this accomplished, because we was called to fight for it. And we want to accomplish this, for the sake of our graves in France, and for the sake of their mothers' tears and their children's. And there is time calling us to do so. We must see where even Russian wild bear got loose from devil's chain and running with full speed, and if he only strikes right road he will be soon one hundred years head of us, instead three hundred back of us, and we don't believe that any real American would like to see us

Why the Sergeant stopped Him!

(*A true story*)

THREE years ago, when Conaphores were just coming into use in a western city, a traffic sergeant stopped a car equipped with Noviol Conaphores.

"You're all right," the policeman told the surprised driver. "I just stopped you because I wanted to tell you what I think of your lights. *They're great!* I've been a traffic cop ever since automobiles were invented, and I just wanted to say that they're the first safe headlights I've ever seen. The moment I saw those yellowish beams, I got your signal. Those lights are sure signals of safety and courtesy."

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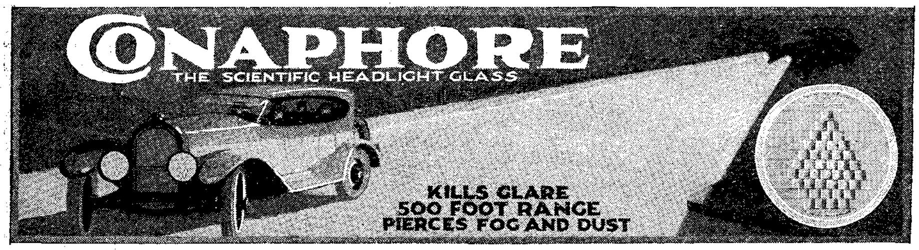

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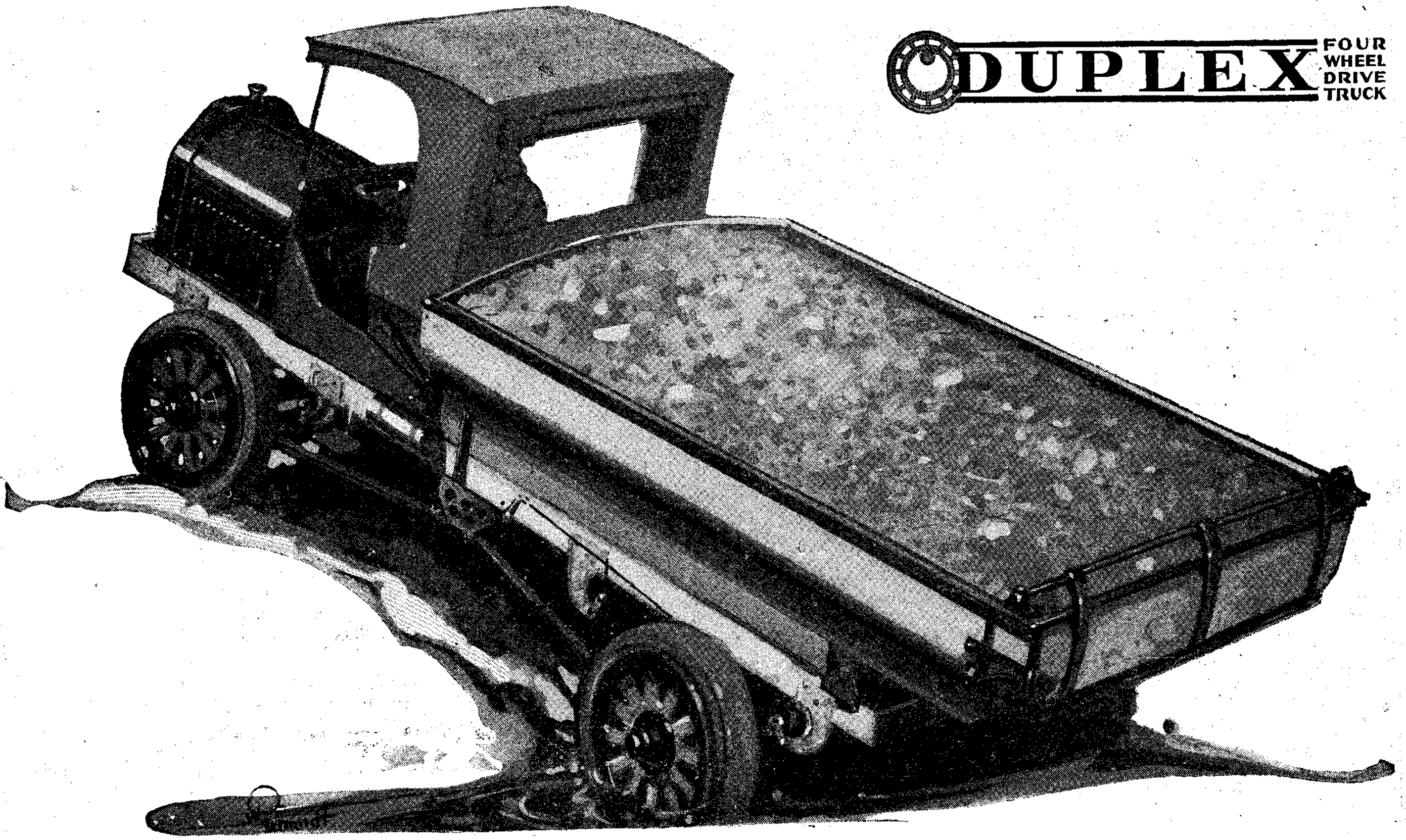

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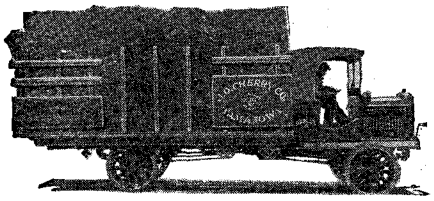
We are hauling lumber at $1.35 per thousand, with a 3½-ton Duplex 4-Wheel Drive Truck, on our 12½ mile haul at Hazelhurst, Miss. With a semi-trailer, we can cut our cost to $1 or less per thousand. For this same haul with mules, it costs from $3.25 to $3.50. With the truck we save $2.25 to $2.50 per thousand.—Julius A. Carroll Lumber Company, Brookhaven, Miss.



We cannot make merely fanciful claims for Duplex 4-wheel drive trucks. Our every assertion of superiority must be backed by unquestionable proof.

When we tell you, therefore, that Duplex ton-miles *do* average from 20 to 60 per cent less, we are simply reiterating the statements of Duplex users.

The Duplex has repeatedly won out in direct competition with horses, mules, and other trucks, solely because of its extraordinary savings.

If you regard your haulage problem not as a question of vehicles, but as a matter of dollars and cents and performance, the Duplex makes most positive claims.

Whatever it hauls and wherever it goes, the Duplex goes *more* cheaply—and gets through.

Four driving wheels, instead of two, use *all* the power. No gasoline is wasted in idly spinning wheels.

Power actually multiplied four times by Duplex construction means continuous haulage where teams would stall.

As long as one wheel of the Duplex has solid traction, it will pull its capacity load.

But principally, this four-fold Duplex pulling power means astonishing savings in operating costs.

Power to all four wheels equalizes driving strains, and reduces breakages and overhauling to almost nothing. Extra-wide or dual tread tires are not needed on the rear wheels, cutting tire costs an average of 30 per cent.

The grand total of all these savings—figured in ton-mile costs—averages 20 to 60 per cent.

These savings are the same in the city or in the country—on paved streets or almost impassable roads.

Our figures are from companies which value a truck by its ton-mile economy. They are based on Duplex costs in comparison with other trucks and with horses and mules.

The proved economies of eleven years entitle the Duplex to the personal study of every man with a haulage problem.

We ask you to learn for yourself how the Duplex 3½-ton truck can save 20 to 60 per cent of your ton-mile costs.

DUPLEX TRUCK COMPANY
LANSING, MICHIGAN

DUPLEX TRUCKS
Cost Less Per Ton-mile

GOODRICH DE LUXE
H. Dewitt Welsh

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TRADE MARK
The City of
GOODRICH
Akron, Ohio

They Link Land and Water Transportation

INLAND or seaboard, you can tie yourself to water shipping with Goodrich De Luxe Truck Tires. For long haul trucking is the new transportation that binds land and water transportation. The link is just as long as the mileage cost of your long haul is short.

The lower economy of De Luxe Truck Tires lengthens the long haul of your truck.

They outwear, we have reason to know, other truck tires. Their rubber compound, we are certain, is the toughest, strongest among truck tires.

Specially surface toughened, they wear slowly and evenly. The Velvet Cushion, your own eyes tell you, is thicker than other tires. It lays more rubber on the road; more buffer between road and load.

De Luxe Tires lessen the vibration of your truck. They reduce operating cost in less oil, gasoline, and wear and tear on the truck.

And Goodrich Distributor Stations, putting on De Luxe tires in the quick, skillful Goodrich way, keep your truck on the job.

Go to the nearest Goodrich Distributor station, and get De Luxe Tires on your truck. You find them in all trucking centers.

Goodrich makes the world-famous Silvertown Cord Tires, a pneumatic for trucks.

GOODRICH

DE LUXE TRUCK TIRES

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

marching backwards, except slackers of the right cause and justice, and the men who would sell his own children blood for money. And we want to prove to the world that you people of America said it, and said it truth, that we was in war only for real democracy, justice, and freedom, for which we are all glad to give our lives and all.

Yes, but only for these principle, and not for money, neither land nor job. We all know that we must work for our own living. Yes, and we want to see every able body in our country to produce his own living and his part for those who are not of productive capacity. And let us send those slackers, who will refuse to work the necessary time, over to Russia, and let Bolsheviki feed them. Do we know that we must live like one family if we are all believing in Uncle Sam?

We don't want revolution in this country, but we want evolution at any price. We know that our victory over the German Army means nothing to us, because we can see to-day that our greatest enemy is only selfishness, which lies in human heart, but not physical strength of German army; and as this is very truth, the Paris Peace Conference proving us for all. And before we can find some remedy to fight this poison out of human heart, we are not victorious. Now are we all ready to fight our own enemy first? If we are not, then what can we say to the world? But if we are ready to do so, we must each individually start our brains to work, and that is right ways only. Our greatest obstacle it is not because we have no enough brains, but because we don't want to think, and there is no time to waste. We must evolutionize our present system. Let us be only one class people, while we are all Americans, and liberty and justice lover. Because that will only save us from the hell.

We must accept very new system of education, which will teach our children to be a constructive element, as we are all created by nature, and God, each to live of its own product, through laboring, but not to eat each other, as the present education teaching us. Do we know yet that who don't producing his own living he eating some one else living? Why? The fathers and mothers which are teaching their sons to know how to live without its own production, they're greatest lawbreakers and traitors to the justice and civilization. The person who are not willing to make is own bread, for the sake of its own stomach, they must know that there is no place on the earth for them, and they're must move out then.

We want Uncle Sam to pick out those slackers and send them where they're belong. And yet we want our Uncle Sam to stop traitorous press, which calling those men Bolsheviki and I. W. W. who is willing always to give their lives and souls for establishment of real democracy and justice on the earth. And we want Uncle Sam to tell us who is the real sons of our free land, America—those are who trying to establish poverty and imperialism in this country, or the farmer? And yet we want to know who is the lawbreaker—the men who are striving to see our constitution, our laws and our government in progress toward principle of the justice, or the men who denying these principles?

Wake up, Uncle Sam! There is devil playing is game, in the heart of some of your family members, which trying to make hell out of your free home.

M. Kovacevich.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS FURNISHED THIS NIMROD NUMEROUS THRILLS

Hunters of big game in Africa usually name the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo as the animals most likely to remind a hunter that human life is short and full of troubles. The hippopotamus is seldom included among the dangerous beasts. John Alfred Jardan, writing in *The Wide-World Magazine* (New York) relates some adventures with the ponderous "river horse," however, which would seem to indicate that on occasion this animal is capable of enough ferocity to make its pursuit satisfyingly exciting to even the most hardy Nimrod that ever penetrated the jungles of the Dark Continent. His first encounter with the hippopotamus, he says, took place on the Victoria Nyanza, where he had gone to shoot crocodiles. He was in a canoe with a number of natives. Suddenly a big bull hippo rose out of the water about eighty yards away. The natives, thinking of the supply of meat represented by the five-ton beast, urged the crocodile-hunter to shoot the hippo. The animal had sunk soon after it was sighted, but presently reappeared some twenty yards nearer. The hunter aimed for the brain and fired, whereupon the excitement began:

I had shot a good many of these beasts before and had thought it very tame sport. I quickly altered my opinion, however. No sooner did the hippo feel the bullet than it reared up out of the water as if to catch sight of its enemy. Seeing the canoe, he started coming toward us at a terrifying speed, opening and shutting his huge mouth as if he had already one of us between those formidable teeth and tusks.

The boys never waited for another shot; they started paddling for dear life. I ordered them to stop so that I could shoot again, but they only followed out this command when the hippo had sunk under water once more. I sat ready for it to come up, knowing they can only stay submerged for about three minutes, unless killed, when they sink, only to reappear some hours later. Up came the wounded animal about fifty yards away with a mighty bellow and head and shoulders well exposed. I fired, but one of the boys moving threw me out in my aim, and I only inflicted another wound.

Once more the infuriated animal charged toward us, and again my canoe men bent their backs to the paddle until we were within twenty yards of the shore. The hippo sank, and when he emerged again only the tip of his nose was to be seen. Before I could fire at this mark he disappeared. I sat patiently in the canoe hoping to get another shot, when all of a sudden I was pitched headlong into the water.

On coming up to the surface, I found myself among the boys, who were striking out for the shore, in which action I promptly followed suit. I had not taken many strokes when I suddenly remembered that the waters were infested with crocodiles, and the thought that I might be pulled under by one of these reptiles had the effect of temporarily depriving my limbs of their movement, and I nearly sank. I

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LIQUID COMPOUND

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ALL The Leaks
Anywhere in the cooling system, Radiator Neverleak will mend even cracked water jackets. You simply pour it into the radiator water and while in solution it finds its way into every leaky crevice. No need to draw off the water or dismantle the radiator.

RADIATOR NEVERLEAK
saves you the time lost through the laying up of your car for repairs. It saves you a ten to twenty-five dollar repair bill and makes a perfectly tight solid repair, often better than soldering, by simply pouring a can of it into your radiator.

Radiator Neverleak is absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money will be promptly refunded. It is made and guaranteed by specialists in Neverleak products with twenty years experience.

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398 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles
All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston."

Men Who Don't Laugh

Many a sad face is due to unfitness. And the chief need may be bran.

Bran is Nature's laxative. Millions of smiles have been bred by it, millions of days made sunnier.

Folks who omit bran do themselves injustice. Hidden in Pettijohn's the dish is delicious. The after-effects are delightful. Try it a week and see.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent of bran.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour, 25 per cent bran. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. (3057)

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THE significance and importance of the steam-pipe in a steam power plant is appreciated and accepted immediately by everyone. The even greater importance of insulated wire in the electrical system is so much less obvious that it is not so readily recognized.

Insulated wire provides the outlets for the energy developed in the central station. It is a power carrier, a power distributor which adds to your plant all the advantages of an individual power generating system, with unlimited capacity and 24-hour operation —*all* the advantages, *less* the overhead, the wastage and responsibility of steam power plant maintenance.

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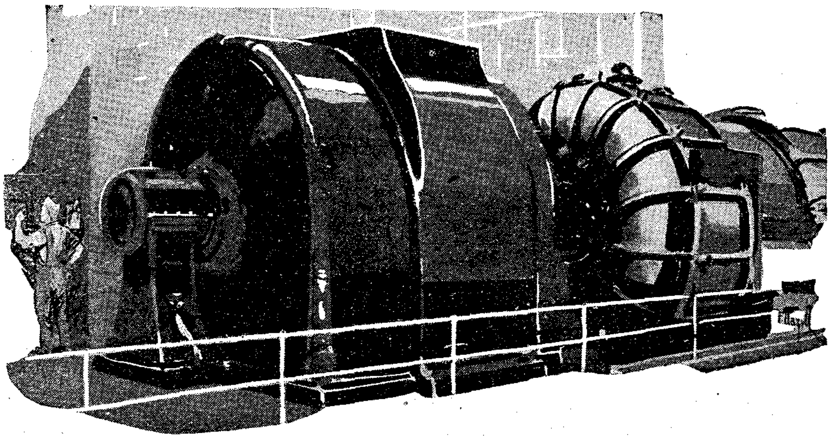

was quickly brought to my senses by hearing a commotion behind me, and on turning saw the hippo with part of the canoe in his mouth. The sight spurred me on, and soon I was swimming as fast as I could for the shore, and a few minutes later was pulled out by my waiting men. We sat and watched the hippo tear the canoe to pieces in his savage rage.

I could do nothing. My rifle had gone to the bottom when I tumbled overboard. The boys told me that the animal had come up under the canoe at the far end and tilted it up, throwing us all out. My back had been toward the beast, and I had gone into the water first. I felt very angry at the mishap. It meant a loss to me of about £50, for, in addition to the rifle, there were field-glasses, compass, luncheon-basket, and the price of the canoe. The natives came out of the transaction much better, for the beast was found dead next morning, with the result that for days they lived on hippo steak.

The writer's next adventure with a hippo was even more exciting, for the animal came right up to his camp at night. It was in East Africa where he had been trading cattle for sheep with one of the native tribes and had collected a large number of animals which he kept in a camp on the banks of the Engaberry River. Game was plentiful in the neighborhood, and one morning when he was out to obtain meat for the camp the donkey on which he was riding became frightened by a lioness bounding across the path and threw him, dislocating his shoulder. He was taken back to camp, and, as he continues:

That night I found sleep impossible through the pain, so got a Wanderobo warrior to sit by my bed and tell me tales of his tribe. I had the fly of my tent wide open so that I could see the huge camp-fire burning in front of the kraals to keep away intruders. The camp had settled down to sleep, when the Wanderobo and I heard a crashing of the scrub in a patch of forest about twenty yards away. From the sounds we thought it was a rhinoceros. The warrior got his bow and poisoned arrow ready in case the animal wanted to investigate the camp.

Then a huge body loomed out of the darkness into the light of the fire, in front of which it stood, and, opening its tremendous mouth, we saw at once it was a hippo. The Wanderobo quickly strung an arrow. I could not use my rifle because of my damaged shoulder, but got my revolver out. I do not think the animal meant any harm. It had been attracted to the fire by curiosity. But the warrior, seeing such prime meat and such a tempting mark for his arrow, released the shaft, and the blade sank deep into the shoulder of the hippo.

No sooner did the beast feel the iron barb of the arrow than it made one frantic rush right through the fire, scorching itself badly. This only increased its rage. Turning slightly to one side, it dashed through the sheep and cattle kraal, trampling under its heavy feet some thirty of the affrighted sheep. Passing out of the kraal the hippo found itself among the porters' tents, and treading on the ropes brought them down on top of the scared inmates. Luckily no one was injured, but before the men could recover from the sudden surprize the hippo was gone.

The scene that followed baffles description. Live stock were stampeding in all

Barrett Specification Roofs

Barrett Specification Roof on Round House of Southern Railway System at Finley Yard, Birmingham, Ala.

Meeting the severe conditions of railroad service—

THE giant round-house pictured above with stalls for twenty-five locomotives, and all the other buildings of the Southern Railway System shown on this page, are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

The construction officials of the Southern Railway System used Barrett Specification Roofs because they knew they would stand up well under the severe conditions of railroad service.

Neither the intense heat directly under a round-house roof, nor showers of red-hot sparks, nor the hot sulphurous gases from the locomotive smoke-stacks have any terrors for a Barrett Specification Roof.

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Years of service on all types of flat-roofed buildings, under every condition imaginable, have proved conclusively that a Barrett-Specification Roof is *the best roof to be had regardless of price;* and, what is more to the point, that *it costs less per year of service* than any other type of permanent roofing.

Barrett Specification Roofs require no maintenance; take the base rate of insurance and are absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

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This guaranty is in the form of a 20-year Surety Bond issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore and is furnished without charge.

We offer this bond on all Barrett Specification Roofs of 50 squares and over in all towns of 25,000 population and more *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.* Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916 shall be strictly followed.

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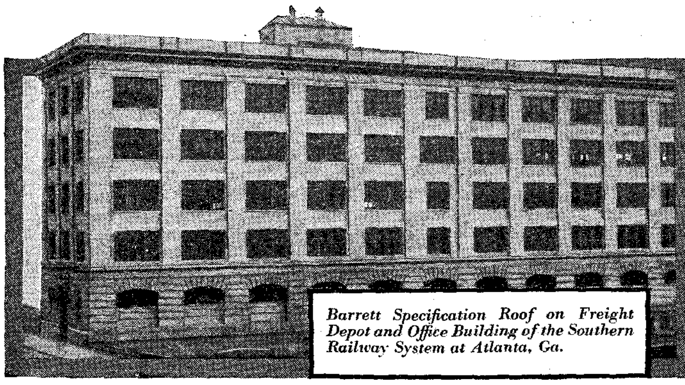
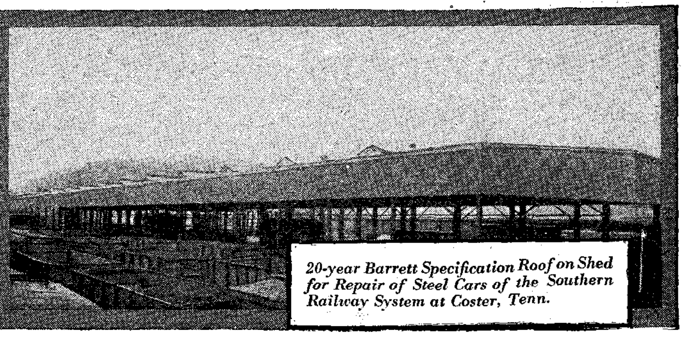
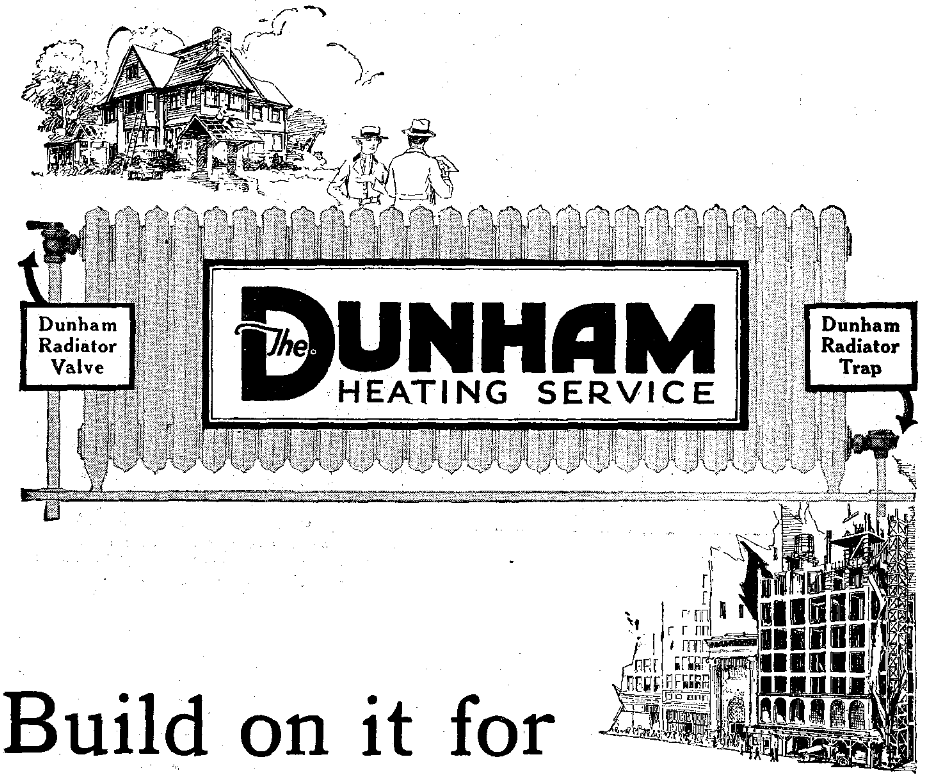


Barrett Specification Roof on Freight Depot and Office Building of the Southern Railway System at Atlanta, Ga.



20-year Barrett Specification Roof on Shed for Repair of Steel Cars of the Southern Railway System at Coster, Tenn.



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Build now—and build so that you get more hours of heating comfort per ton of coal. Owners of homes, office buildings and factories everywhere, know that this can be accomplished by building on Dunham Heating Service.

Noise in a steam heating system indicates inefficiency. So do leaky valves and partly-hot radiators. No matter how good the boiler and radiators may be, they cannot do good work unless the steam circulates properly through the entire system.

With full understanding of these facts, Dunham Heating Service will give you a steam heating system that will deliver the heat when you want it and as much of it as you want. It makes the radiators heat up quickly by automatically removing the cause of poor circulation and heat-waste—the water and air that collect in the system. Noise is eliminated. The valve through which the steam enters the radiator is packless, therefore cannot leak; and is placed at the top of the radiator.

Heating comfort is always worth what it costs. That is why thousands of fine homes, country estates, industrial plants, office and government buildings have Dunham Heating Service and the exclusive heat-saving devices which make it possible.

The complete Dunham story is of a vital importance to everyone intending to build or remodel. Write for it today.

Steam heating contractors in towns of less than 100,000 population will find it profitable to cooperate with us in our Service Station Plan. Our products are of only one quality—the highest; and we have been making them for 15 years.

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Noisy, half-hot radiators waste heat. They should be DUNHAMIZED

directions, while the boys were yelling and falling over one another. When at last I could make myself heard above the tumult I ordered every one to get firebrands and round up the scattered animals before they had gone too far. They soon rounded up some sheep; but the donkeys and cattle had strayed too far, and it was clear nothing more could be done till morning.

As soon as it was light I inspected the damaged sheep. Ten had been killed outright, while another sixteen had to be slaughtered as being past help. Four others were also slightly injured. On making a rough count I also found there were still about twenty missing.

During the night we distinctly heard leopards coughing, and I felt certain I could count on more sheep being lost. Such unfortunately proved to be the case, and next morning the Wanderobo found the dead bodies of twenty-seven sheep, all killed by leopards. Many had simply been struck down by these brutes for the sake of killing. We located the leopards asleep under some bushes a little distance beyond the camp, and they were quickly dispatched with poisoned arrows.

The hippo was found dead about six hundred yards from the camp. It was an exceedingly fine bull, but I would readily have parted with it for a quarter of my loss. When I totaled up that night I found I had lost three milch cows worth £10 apiece, over sixty sheep valued at £20, while the hippo was not worth a £10 note. The boys, however, enjoyed the loss, as they were enabled to have their full ration of meat for days. I dare say it all happened for the best, because I was unable to use my shoulder for nearly a month, and that would have meant killing a number of sheep to supply the camp with meat.

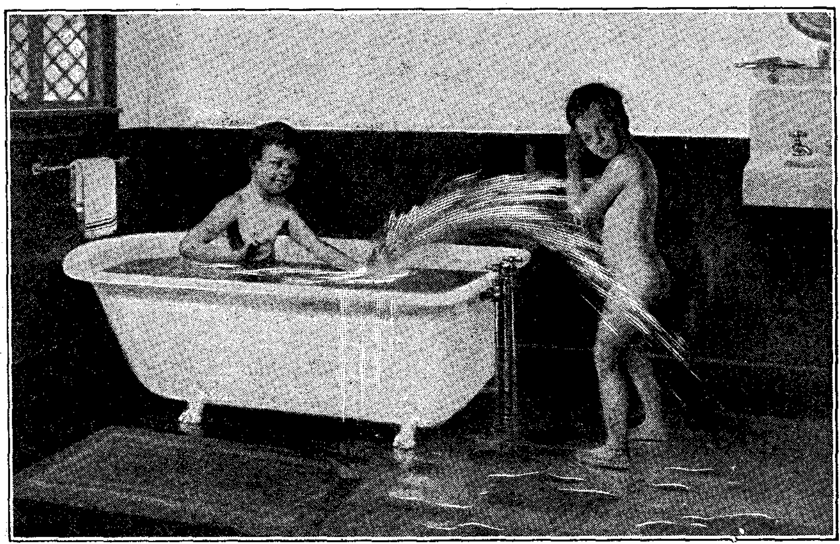
The next time this hunter encountered a hippo he nearly lost his life. It was in the Kongo region of West Africa, where, he says, the animals were so plentiful that he has counted five and six hundred in a day while traveling on a steamer. While camped on the Ingia River he noticed a huge bull hippo that came every morning to sleep on a sand-bank about eight hundred yards away. One morning the hunter determined to have a shot at Mr. Hippo. Embarking in a canoe with a number of his native boys, they paddled to the sand-bank where the animal was sleeping, and landed about thirty yards from it. The rustling of the grass as they made their way through it roused the hippo and brought it to its feet. Then one of the natives, mistaking a rock for a crocodile, let out a shout, and, says the writer:

This was quite sufficient to confirm the suspicions of the now thoroughly alert beast that there was something amiss, and he started off down toward the water. I quickly got in a shot, which brought the animal up short. He then swung around and faced us. Just as I pulled the trigger for a second shot the hippo charged toward us. The bullet checked the straight course of the now enraged brute, or it would have trampled over me. Unfortunately, however, one of the gun-bearers, who stood in the hippo's path, lost his nerve, and, instead of jumping to one side, fell down in

> front of it. The animal seemed to open his mouth and grip the boy. I managed to land home a couple of shots just as the brute plunged into the water, taking the boy with him.
>
> We rushed to the spot, but there was no sign of either boy or hippo, except the redness of the water from the blood of the wounded animal. Presently he rose near the bank, but without the boy. I got a bullet home, when he sank again.
>
> I thought it was good-by to my gun-bearer, and returned sorrowfully back to camp. Imagine my surprize when the first individual I stumbled up against was the missing boy, beaming with life and grinning at my look of stupefaction! It appears that the hippo had grabbed him by his coat. It being an old garment it gave way just as the animal reached the water, into which the boy fell. A strong current quickly carried him down-stream out of harm's way, and, regaining the bank, he made his way back to camp. I was so delighted with his escape that I gave him the best coat I had in my scanty wardrobe, which, in his estimation, more than made up for the scare he had had. We secured the body of the hippo late in the afternoon, and it proved a monster, weighing over five tons. The tusks were of good thickness and nearly thirty inches in length. The flesh was very acceptable to the villagers, and they held dances all through the night in commemoration of the killing of the river monster.

This episode was sufficient to establish the writer's reputation among the natives as a mighty slayer of hippos, and they begged him to go out on a hunt for them, as they greatly prized the flesh of these animals. They also said the hippos had trampled down their crops. The hunter finally agreed and they started out on the Kasai River. They presently ran into a herd of about seventy hippos. There was neither much glory nor any appreciable excitement in shooting a couple of these unsuspecting beasts, and having done so, and thinking that enough for one day, they started back for camp. That is when they ran into their adventure:

> On our way back we noticed a man and boy fishing near a small island. While my boys rested I inquired of the man if he had any fish for sale. He replied that he would bring his catch to my tent for me to select what I required, so we started again. We had only gone a few yards when we heard a pitiful yelling. Looking back, we saw the man and boy trying to beat off a hippo which had upset the canoe and was attacking them as they were seated on the wreck. We turned and paddled to their assistance, but before we could do anything the man was seized by the leg and pulled into the water. I was afraid of shooting the man, if he still remained alive, so ordered the boys to drive the canoe straight toward the beast, which was still showing above water. When we got closer I could see no sign of the man, and therefore fired at the aggressor. The bullet only wounded the animal, and he made a rush toward us, well out of the water. I stopt the rush with two well-placed shots, and the hippo disappeared.
>
> We then went over and rescued the



Varnish your bathroom with Valspar—the *water-proof* varnish

SPLASHES won't spot it; puddles of hot, soapy water won't turn it white; even scalding steam won't injure Valsparred woodwork.

For Valspar is positively water-proof!

But don't stop at the bathroom—use Valspar *everywhere* around the house. *Wherever* you have woodwork you need Valspar to protect and preserve it. You can easily apply it yourself.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
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Use Valspar—

—on floors and woodwork.

—on front hall and stairs where wet shoes and dripping umbrellas quickly ruin ordinary varnish.

—on the front door and on all window sills for protection against rain or snow.

—on linoleum, congoleum and oilcloths. It's wonderful how Valspar will brighten and add to the life of such floor-coverings.

—on your furniture, especially the dining-room table and sideboard; for spilled liquids or hot dishes will not mar a Valsparred surface in the slightest.

And beware of this. Don't let yourself be talked into buying a *cheaper* varnish, for Valspar is worth double the price of an ordinary varnish, though it costs very little more.

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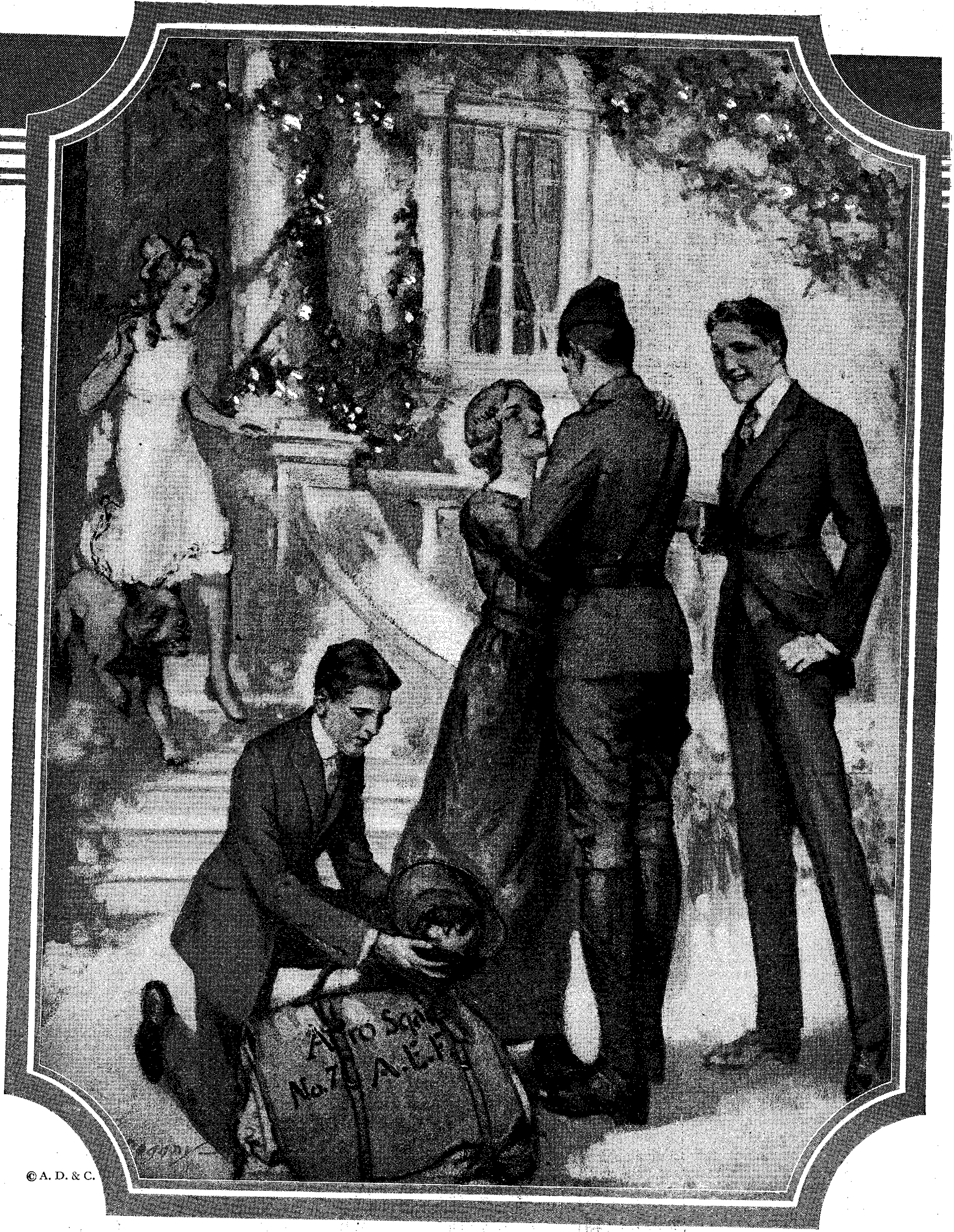

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This sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It's the right store to go to for the smart things in men's wear.

Society Brand
CLOTHES

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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AFTER the home-coming the first consideration is to get back into civilian clothes and to work. An exceptional suit is wanted, for in civilian life the "dough-boy" wants to be as well dressed as the General, and he has the opportunity.

To produce exceptional clothes requires exceptional methods. Small details are big things in making Society Brand Clothes. The trimmings, linings, buttons, are matched or contrasted with the woolens. In the general construction each garment is tailored separately according to exacting specifications, wherein even the threads for the various operations indicate the standard of excellence.

Every tailor is trained to observe the niceties of workmanship that give a suit character and make the stylish lines as lasting as the all-wool fabric.

The label identifies every Society Brand garment.
It is the maker's guarantee of unqualified satisfaction.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers
In Canada, SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, Limited
CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

boy, who was still yelling for help. While searching for the boy's father the lad told me that the hippo had a baby on the island. They had discovered it while ashore cutting some sticks, but had not killed it because they had not brought their spears, but his father intended securing it next day if still on the island. They had not seen the mother until she had attacked the canoe. Finding no trace of the man, we continued our journey. The other canoes arrived later with the three dead hippos.

So the natives had enough meat to last them a long time. I heard that it was quite a common occurrence for a canoe to be attacked without any reason by a cow with a baby, or a quarrelsome lone bull, and that the fishermen generally gave them a wide berth. Even if they only upset the canoe there was always a danger of the occupants being seized by crocodiles.

STILL WITHHOLDING SOLDIERS' PAY AND ALLOTMENTS

IT was popularly supposed that the distressing delays in paying wounded soldiers and in sending allotments to soldiers' families were ended months ago, when the matter was aired in the public prints, but reports of fresh instances seem again to raise a question whether this painful and widely condemned abuse has really been remedied. The failure of the Government to live up to an ordinary standard of business honesty in paying the men whose broken bodies told how well they had kept their part of the bargain roused bitter comment when the wounded began to come home, and it was thought that this abuse had been rooted out. We were, therefore, surprized to receive the following letter from an ex-corporal who fought in France:

161 Circular Street,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
April 15, 1919.

To Editor THE LITERARY DIGEST,
New York.

DEAR SIR: This is the first time I have ever dared air a grievance before the public, but unless some of us fellows talk a little bit there will be no hopes of a better America or any improvement along governmental lines. It's all about allotments. My little old pay of corporal has been subtracted from each month to the extent of twenty dollars, all this enlightened Government would let its soldiers take out when we began. Fifteen dollars for wife and five dollars for mother and father or other persons. In my case the fifteen dollars was to be increased to thirty and a check each month for thirty dollars was to be sent to my wife. Then ten dollars for mother and ten dollars for father plus my five dollars would make a neat sum of twenty-five dollars per month to go to my family. The Government was doing its part, I was doing my part. We were partners. I should worry about being drafted—a soldier in a good cause, getting stronger physically, seeing the world among all sorts of men.

I went across; six months went by; one or two letters came through. I come back to find that no allotments have been paid to my aged parents since last September. My little wife passed away a few days before my transport came in. No allotments had been paid her since the same time. Repeatedly had my parents and wife written the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance. My father and mother are educated people—dad, a retired Baptist clergyman. He knows what to do. But there is no reply from the government officials, only silence, and no action.

The person who owns this house has leased to another, as our rent is behind. The head of the Red Cross here, a Mr. Schwarte, is agent for the property. He simply says there is nothing I can do "to hurry them." The New York City branch of the War-Risk Bureau says, "all you can do is to keep writing." My discharge from service was issued to me on March 12. I am now free. I'd like to tell you how I and many others feel about many things. We are advised to keep our insurance, of which I carry ten thousand. Say, it looks as if one were taking a too great gamble of ever realizing anything with such a mix up as I have seen. Perhaps were I dead some heir might in the days of long, long hence catch a wee small bit of susteannce from same.

I want to impress you with the truth that many disgruntled soldiers are coming back home. They will not be "kidded" any more. In fact, sometimes I wonder at the real condition of this country. The dough-boy despises war and armies, because he sees how little there is in it for him or his family. He thinks in terms of experience now.

Yours truly,
PAUL H. WATSON,
Ex-Corporal Co. "D," 348th N. Y., A. E. F.

Here is another case, the case of a man who fought with the Marines near Château-Thierry, won the *Croix de Guerre* for heroism, and paid for it with wounds that left him a physical wreck. He was discovered penniless in a New York City lodging-house, with his wound not yet healed—and all the while our Government owed him $247 for back pay and allowances. By peddling, which was a sort of work that his weakened bodily state permitted him to do, he was trying to make enough to live on until certain officials could be persuaded to forward his back pay. The New York *Tribune* describes this second flagrant instance in which the Government has not kept faith with a man who risked his life for it:

Donald M. Douglas was a trumpeter in the 6th Marines. It was he who on that memorable and never-to-be-forgotten first day of June, 1918, sounded the trumpet which sent the Marines into battle at Château-Thierry. His bugle was "never to call retreat." The Marines, with Douglas and other trumpeters in the lead, met the German horde head-on, and, as history has recorded, saved the day and the war for the Allies. To-day Douglas is in this city, and, altho he won the *Croix de Guerre*, he paid for it. He is a physical wreck and penniless.

His case, probably one of the most pathetic on the records of the War Department, was brought to light through the police and Red Cross in investigating a note sent by a woman living at 271 Central Park West. The letter told of his plight and his dire need. He has been canvassing apartments along Central Park West during the last two weeks, selling coupons for a down-town photograph-gallery.

His story aroused the sympathy of one woman, who, after purchasing a coupon from him for $3.50, decided to write to the Red Cross. The Red Cross, fearing that the man might be an impostor, because there had been reports of a number of uniformed men abusing their service, communicated with the military authorities. They, in turn, got in touch with Detectives Brady and Daily, of the West Forty-seventh Street station.

The detectives visited the house where Douglas was staying, at 419 West Forty-fifth Street. They found him physically incapacitated, with a fissure in his right thigh from a shrapnel wound large enough to place one's hand in. From Douglas and from marine recruiting offices, at 24 East Twenty-third Street, they learned that he was penniless and a wreck, trying to eke out a living at catch jobs while awaiting his discharge and $247 the Government owes him for back pay and allowances.

Douglas told Lieutenant Miller at the marine recruiting office that he had been soliciting orders along Central Park West, "trying to earn a living legitimately while awaiting my discharge from the Marines."

According to the lieutenant, Douglas's story reveals how he enlisted in the Marine Corps, on April 4, 1916, and went over in September, 1917; how he was wounded at Château-Thierry when caught in a barrage; how he had gone through the worst kind of hardships during the first thirteen days of that memorable month of June; how he had shifted from one hospital to another and had finally landed in Philadelphia from Brest on December 30 last. The story enlisted the sympathy of the officers at the recruiting-station and they promised to do all they could to expedite his discharge and to help obtain his money for him.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE HALF-MILLION WAR CATS?

FIVE hundred thousand cats helped in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy. They were used by the British to detect gas in the trenches. The Americans used canary-birds and white mice for that purpose, which circumstance, of course, made it inconvenient to have cats around. The English felines were gathered from the highways and byways of London, says a writer in the New York *Evening Journal*, following an advertisement which appeared in the London papers asking for "common cats—any number," to be delivered to "Charles Harris's bird-store, Bethnal Green Road." Just as the requests from General Pershing for nut-shells, fruit-pits, and "cootie shirts," brought an overwhelming response from the sturdy patriots "keeping the home fires burning" in this country, so in London a small army answered the ad., and the yield of cats was tremendous. We read:

Of course, the common people who read the "ad" may have thought it strange for a bird-store to be advertising for cats in any number; but whatever their private opinions, the cats were forthcoming. Mr. Harris, of Bethnal Green Road, rapidly began acquiring a collection of homeless tabbies and tommies, such as old London perhaps never had seen gathered in one place before. Anything that wore fur and a rebellious expression of countenance was acceptable to Mr. Harris.

For he was let into part of the secret,

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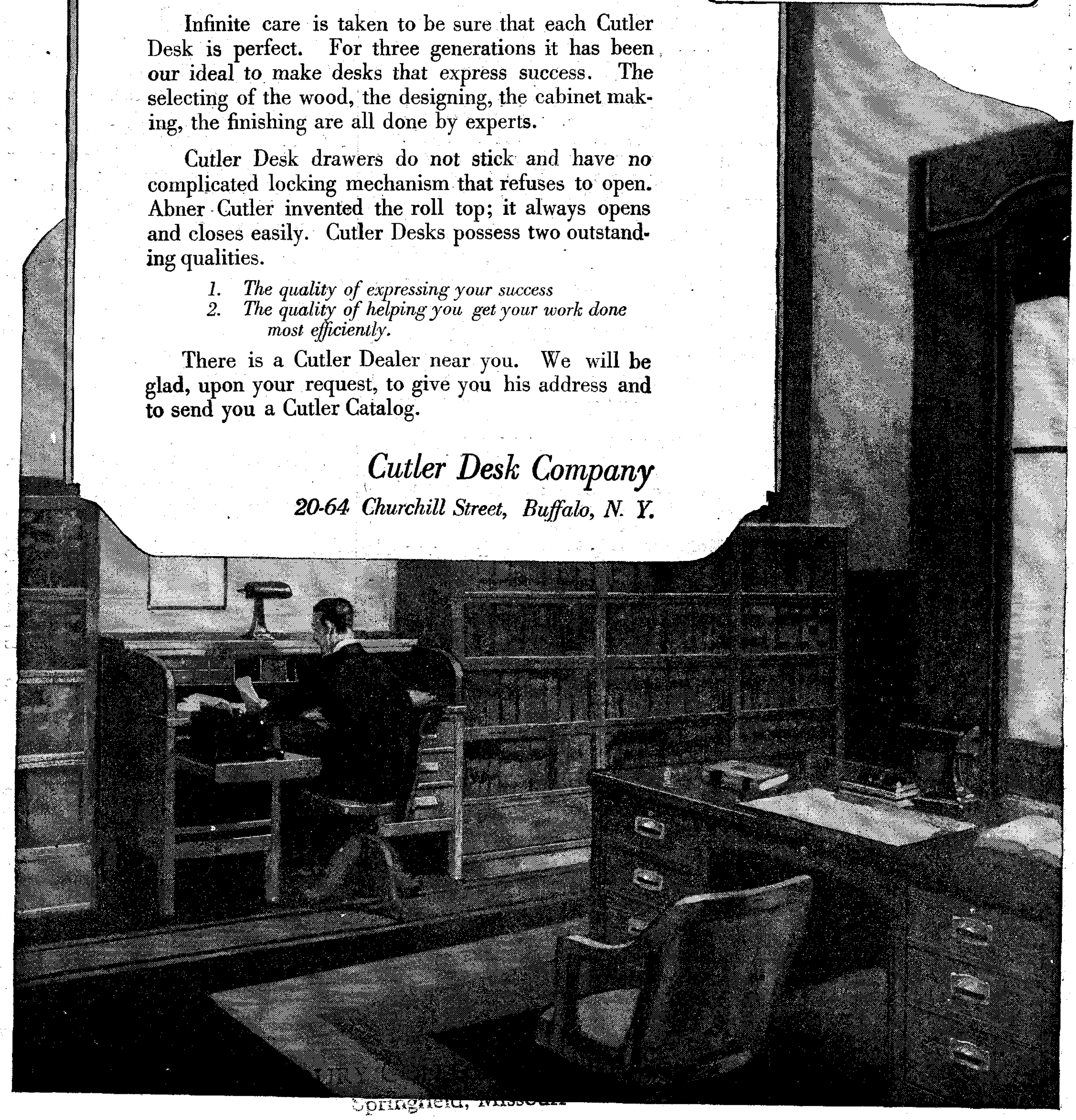


you know. He had an army contract for cats. Just plain cats! Even the long-suffering Mr. Harris, the bird man of Bethnal Green Road, did not know what the cats were wanted for. No Englishman, much less a bird man of Bethnal Green, stops to inquire the reason why when Government speaks. His only to do or die.

Perhaps Mr. Harris almost died before his contract for 500,000 cats was duly completed. Had he done so the sympathies of his neighbors would have been his unqualifiedly. As it was, every day or so a large army-truck drew up before Mr. Harris's place of business and sundry very lively bags of merchandise were transferred from his store to the interior of the truck, with many muffled protests from the bags, it should be recorded in the interests of sober history.

Well, the cats went from Bethnal Green Road direct to the British lines on the Western Front, via Boulogne and Amiens. There they were distributed up and down the British lines.

As a by-product of their military service, the lady and gentleman volunteers in fur kept down the rat population remarkably.

But what has become of these 500,000 —and their inevitable sons and daughters of veterans—since the armistice? Alas! the War Office is silent on that score. Is it possible that a Franco-British cat *entente* already has been concluded, with privileges of French citizenship for the offspring of trench heroes—and heroines?

BOURRU, SOLDIER OF FRANCE, IN MOMENTS OF VICTORY AND DEFEAT

FOR three years, before the final triumphant advance of American forces, German and Frenchman fought around the little town of Vauquois, on the southern fringe of the Argonne. Bourru, a typical *poilu* of France, was among the French forces that finally captured the town and hill, and held it until the Americans were ready to use it as one of their "jumping-off" places. Those were terrible years before the Americans came, as we have heard often enough, and as we discover again in the tale of "Bourru, Soldier of France" (Dutton), a French book honored by the French Academy, and lately translated into English. In Chapter V we find Bourru in a moment of victory, such a victory as may fill the soul of a worn-out little *poilu* with almost as much misery as had come after the many previous defeats. To quote Jean des Vignes Rouges, who tells Bourru's story:

We have taken Vauquois—and now we must hold it! This afternoon, on reaching the heights, our soldiers danced with joy on the hilltop, disregarding shells and bullets; by the way they raised their arms and brandished their rifles you would have thought the hill too low a pedestal for their glory. Higher! Still higher! Up! The top of the ruins! There let us leap and dance. Ah! if one could only soar into the heavens, above the peaks of the Argonne, like angels on golden wings! What joy!

But it is no such flight of glory that awaits them. Stern necessity is going to impose its law upon them. They must burrow down into the conquered soil, bury themselves in it in order to cling to it.

Little by little Bourru grows conscious of the rude task. Around two o'clock in the morning he says to himself: "If I don't want to stop a bullet like a fool as soon as the day comes, I'd better dig a trench."

And, indeed, it is the moment for this. The counter-attack against the church is over, and all is quiet. The night is not too dark. Bourru ought to make a burrow for himself in the spot to which chance has brought him.

But he is so tired! An overpowering numbness pins him to the ground; the falling snow envelops him little by little in a white coverlet which he has not even the heart to shake off. Some hours ago, the excitement of feeling that he was the guardian of these ruins and of his dead comrades sustained him; but now he can do no more than cast a glance from time to time in the direction of the enemy, over the stones that are protecting him. His mind is drifting inertly. The scenes of the day just past flit before it, as at the cinema, tho he is not directing the succession of them. The same pictures pass and repass inexorably—crumbling walls, stiff corpses, smoke-clouds from bursting shells. He hears the shells exploding, the balls whistling, the men yelling. Stupefied and sick at heart, Bourru looks on and listens. . . . He is so weak . . . for some fourteen hours he has eaten nothing, and his last sleep was so long ago!

From time to time, nevertheless, he makes an exertion. "I'm here to stay, all the same, and the *Boches* shall not pass!"

They have no wish to try it, moreover. Twenty yards away, on the descending slope, they can be heard stirring about. Bourru has a good command of their position and every so often he fires a shot through the dark to let them know that "there is company present."

But these fits of energy do not last long. It is very cold, and Bourru has no feeling left in his legs. That is rather pleasanter, if anything; the numbness lays hold on his spirits. And his thoughts run: "Suppose I took one little nap? . . . No, no, I'd better scoop out a hole for myself. . . . But, pshaw! the *Boches* won't start anything now. . . . Yes, but . . . Oh, well, I'll turn in for just one minute . . ." Hello, there's a fog coming on. It invades the very soul of the man; it envelops all things and holds them motionless and soundless in its blanket. Bourru dreams of the delights of warm comfort and savory food . . . but in its turn there comes gliding into his weary brain a frightful nightmare. Suddenly he awakes, and finds himself stammering: "Hold on, there! I'm choking! Help! I'm coming . . . . . ."

"By Jove, I went to sleep!" says Bourru, as he looks round. The snow makes the night livid, and a bitter taste persists in our soldier's mouth. His tongue feels heavy.

"I've got to begin digging a trench," he thinks.

But where are the fellows to help him? In vain he tries to remember when he lost sight of them. Perhaps they are dead, like those lying near by, who look as if they are sleeping, but will never wake again.

Bourru feels terribly alone. "And the *Boches* are going to counter-attack to-morrow, that's certain. . . . Well, I must get to work, then, and dig a hole for myself! . . . No, I'll rest just one little minute more. Maybe some one will come to order me down from here. And, anyway, what's the use of fighting any more? I'm never again going to see my little house sleeping by the side of the vineyard, under the shade of the big walnuts, where mother is waiting for me! Oh, misery!" Bourru wants to cry like a baby.

Heap no scorn on him. Possibly you are one of those that admire only the "superman," whose determination never flinches. That is your privilege, only—well, go a little easy, and don't force my Bourru to feel too keenly that he is nothing but an ordinary mortal, because, you know, it is just ordinary mortals like him that take Vauquois!

But I know you understand him, this plain soldier and brother of us all, and it may even be that you sympathize with his fear—for it is an honest, terrible fear that suddenly seizes him as a volley of bullets goes whistling over his head. You can hear them, eh?—those ill-mannered bullets that as they pass seem to spit out a message of hate at you—

"Ah, how I should like to pink you in a soft place!" But our man is flat on the ground. In their spite the bullets spatter against the rocks with a sound of a furiously cracked whip. Under such displays of ill-will bent on your destruction you first throw yourself down and make yourself as small as you can; but by and by exasperations gets the better of you. "No, you *don't catch* me!" you say.

And that is why Bourru finally comes out of his torpor. Seizing the pick and shovel attached to his belt, tho still keeping his prone position, be begins to scrape the soil. . . . A stone turns up—good! that will serve to reenforce the little pile now sheltering him.

But the *Boches* in front have already heard him working; at each noise he makes the bullets redouble their rage.

Suddenly Bourru hears somebody crawling near him. . . . By Jove, it's Lachard! . . . The two waste no time deciding on a method of collaboration. One of them keeps his gun to his shoulder, pointed at the enemy; the moment he sees a shadow move he fires—often, indeed, he lets fly a bullet without seeing anything. Meanwhile the other digs furiously. But what hard ground! If on the surface there is mud mixed with snow, just beneath is nothing but stones firmly ensconed. One tears them out, somehow, and piles them up before him. But it is too dark to balance them, and once in a while they fall back again.

To do this work lying down is not easy. You can not raise your arm in the air to give force to your pick; so you must bear down hard on it from your prone position; still it won't penetrate. The spade is no better—you shove it under a little heap of mud you want to throw out; and the mud is so liquid that it spreads about and runs off; you have only a few ounces left to throw. In your rage you take to scooping it up with your hands. That is better—but you must hurry up!

Every fifteen minutes the men relieve each other, one watching, the other working. It is queer, but for all that he is a Parisian with soft, white hands, Lachard can scoop up stones and mud as if he had done nothing else all his life.

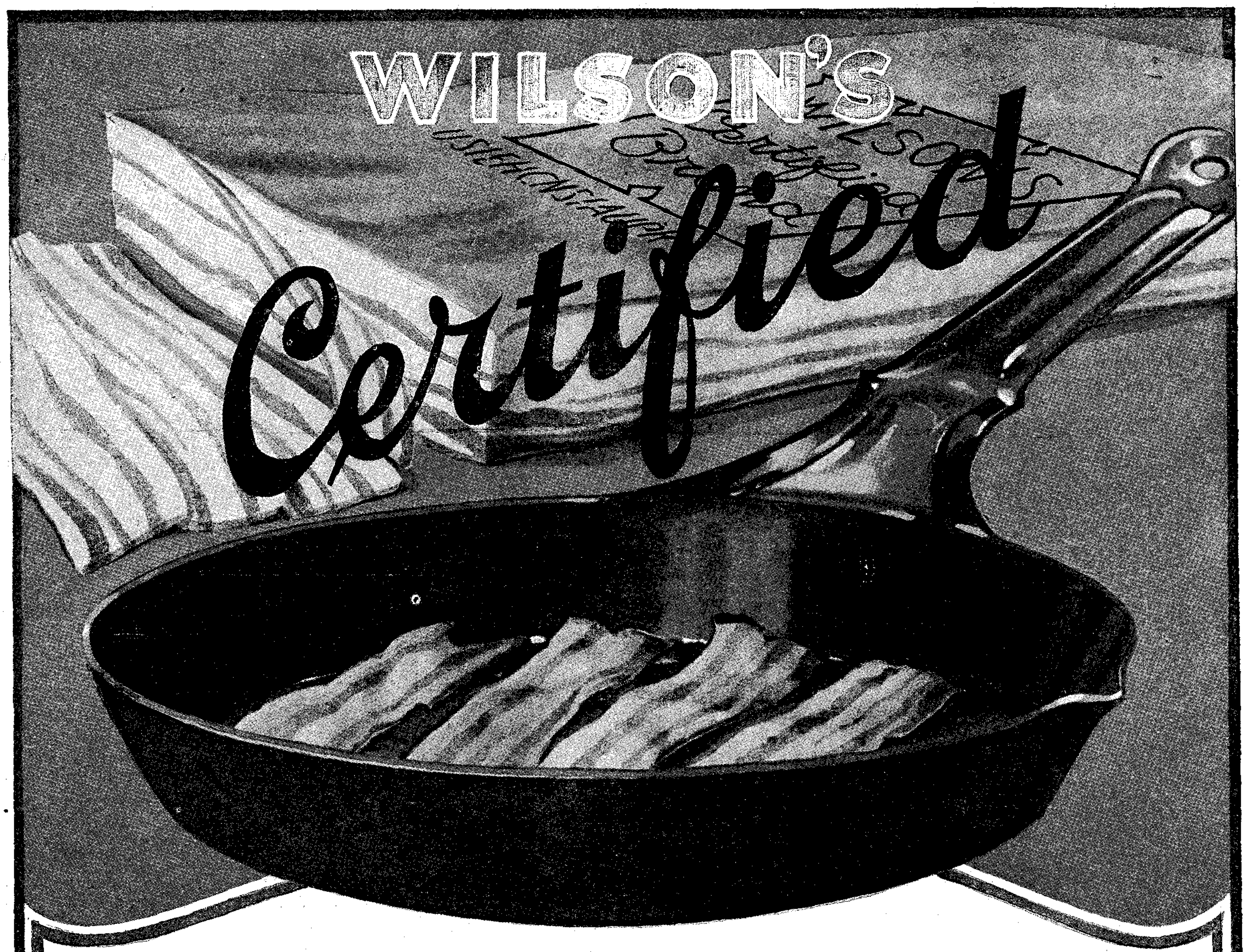
The main thing is to hurry up and get a hole dug, here and not elsewhere; for it is easy, now that the dawn is beginning to break, to see that a little later on the spot where the two men are working will be a magnificent trench-site, from which they will be able to survey the whole north-eastern slope of the hill. So one must hurry.

"But the other fellows, where are they?" asks Bourru.

"They're coming," answers Lachard.

And, in fact, other shadowy forms crawl into line with our two soldiers and begin in their turn to scratch the surface of the ground.

When the full light of day bathed the peaks of the Argonne, there were no



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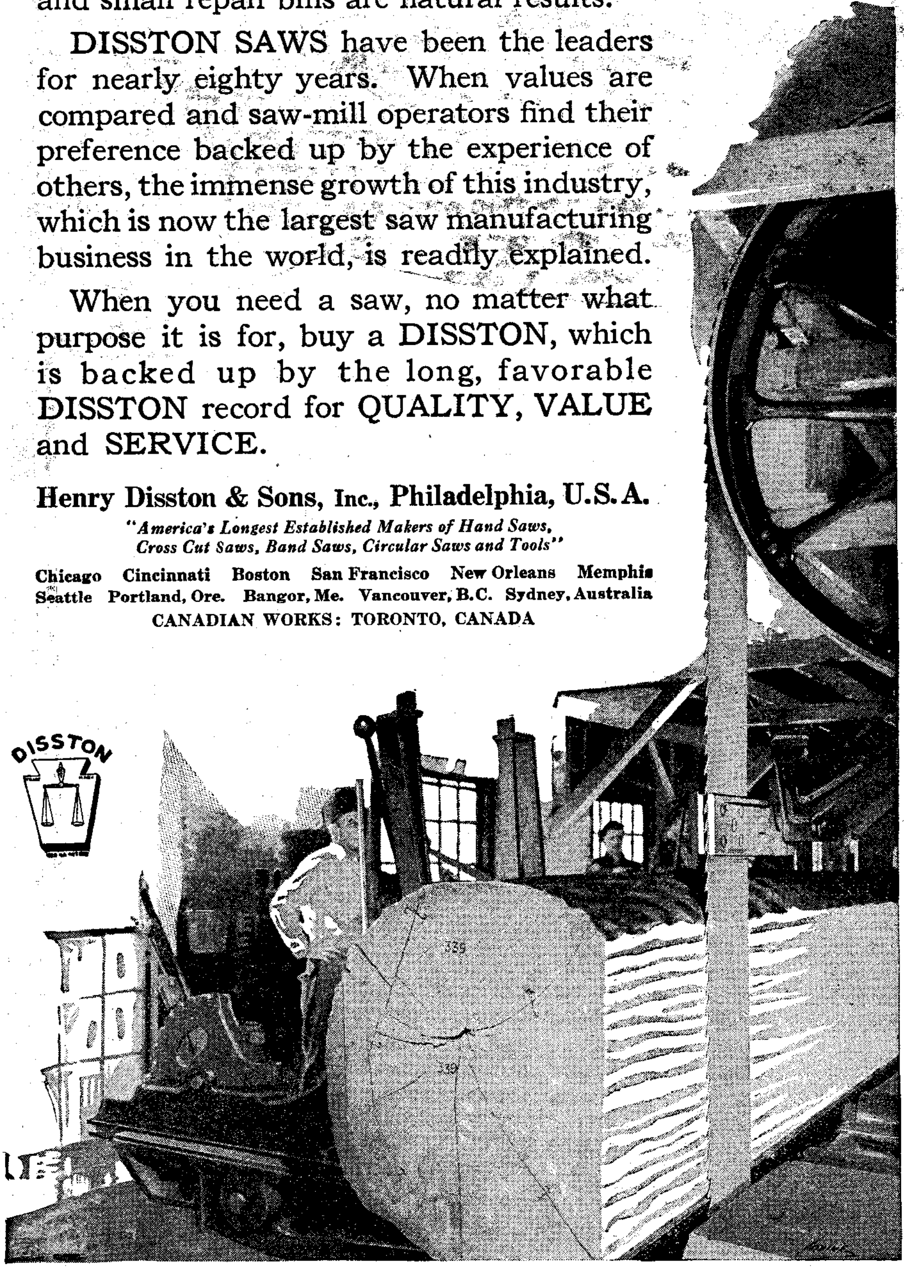

DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS, Standard for Nearly Eighty Years—and Growing Faster Every Year

soldiers to be seen above ground. Like so many invisible creatures of the soil, the men had sunk into the surface of the hill. From now on their silhouettes would never stand out to view from the country round. . . . Death, suddenly overcome with shame, had taken to concealment underground in order to continue his work.

The writer of Bourru's story has explained in an introductory chapter that he wishes to do more than record the activity of a typical French soldier, that he hopes, in a way, to get under Bourru's skin, and show the soul of the man as it rose up to meet the war—or was crusht by the weight of the war's misery. In the chapter which follows that just quoted, called "A Night Attack," the *poilu* hero is shown involved in one of those little tragedies of the conflict that happened half by accident, half because it is hard to change human nature. The French chronicler of the adventures of Bourru continues:

> On the whole, that was easy enough, the taking of Vauquois—so, I fancy, you are thinking after what you have read, and I readily admit that Bourru did get to the top of the hill without great damage. But I must tell you that I feel some remorse, and that I have a sad sense of the artificial character of my poor story. How many emotions must remain untold—emotions which, nevertheless, run the gamut from sublime ecstasy to mad terror. You know well enough, of course, that the whole soul of man, in all its glory and all its baseness, exhibits itself in a bloody night-attack. But will any one ever dare show you the entire picture? Your worship of our heroes is so tender that from time to time the writer feels a veil of idealism irresistibly thrown over the visions that crowd each other in his mind.
>
> Still, you must not suppose that the Germans let us take Vauquois at our ease. There was one corner of the village where a troop of them, more spirited than the others, held their position. The French ranks had swarmed over the hill, seemingly without regular order, tho, of course, the watchful eyes of their officers directed them and throughout the night the staff knew that the site of the half-demolished village church was an important center of resistance which attacks from mere detachments could not reduce. A well-planned and determined action would be necessary there.
>
> Toward evening, therefore, two companies receive an order to go up and shatter this little isle of resistance.
>
> It is already night when the men push into the wrecked connecting trenches. They have to step over innumerable obstacles, luckily covered by the snow. It is the first time these soldiers have crossed this ground.
>
> "Which way is the enemy?" asks one.
>
> "What are we going to do?" others inquire anxiously.
>
> When they arrive at a certain point, orders go round in muffled tones. They are going to storm the church-site at the point of the bayonet. But where is it, this church? Staring all about them in the dark, they can see nothing but remnants of shattered walls full of holes. A sergeant has his troops face precisely the wrong direction.
>
> "Look out, you're turning your back to the objective," comes an officer's reprimand.
>
> "You think so, lieutenant?"
>
> The captain comes up. "No, no, not

that way! You are not to attack on the right, but on the left, along by the wall."

All eyes are wide open, and everybody is bracing himself on the stony ground. There is muttered conversation.

"Keep quiet!"

"Now, you start from here . . . come on, first platoon, take position in one line."

"No, no—the major told me to place my men in groups of four here."

Luckily the *Boches* have not been roused; there is only the crack of a rifle here and there.

"Are you ready, sergeant? We'll attack in half an hour when everybody is in position."

"Yes, but my watch has stopt."

"Well, whatever you do, don't go striking a match to see what time it is—we must surprize those fellows. The other company will attack over there on the right; we'll go for them on the left."

For two hours the men have been champing the bit in this confusion. You can picture the scene, I suppose? You can see the dark forms in the shadows, hiding behind fragments of wall. This is no game of moving men about on paper or planting flags on a map; this is a game where you may find yourself grabbing the arm of some tired, excited, half-crazed man and telling him: "No, no, old fellow, that's not the place to aim! You were firing on our own men; aim over here!" The officers have to be everywhere at once; the captains run from one platoon to another, and platoon-leaders and squad-leaders multiply warnings and commands. They go from man to man, speaking in whisper. . . . . . .

Ah! It was pleasanter in the old days when the officer, perched proudly on his horse, turned to his troops in line of battle, facing the sun, and cried: "Gentlemen, secure your hats, for we are going to have the honor of charging!" Here there is nothing but darkness, mud, and ruins of houses, out of which men must be brought to plunge forward, all together, at one given moment—and who will not succeed in their enterprise unless there is perfect coordination in their efforts.

At last the section of troops seem placed correctly, the men all in straight lines—near to their yet uncollected wounded comrades of the afternoon, who are still groaning. Some one is saying to them: "Keep quiet, will you? You'll have them spotting us—and it does no good to complain."

Eleven o'clock! In fifteen minues we are off. But a new order is going the rounds—that attack is put off till midnight. The men lie down in their tracks.

"Anyway, I'm going to swallow everything in my sack," declares one man; "then if I'm killed, the *Boches* will get no grub off me!"

For the moment all is quiet on the top of the hill. The night seems preparing for the spectacle that is about to be presented.

Five minutes to twelve . . . . . .

"Fix bayonets," command the sergeants.

A man who has lain wounded since yesterday afternoon, and who has been complaining, stops his groans to draw his bayonet and pushes it toward a comrade ready to start:

"Here, old chap, take my bayonet; I had sworn to plant it in a *Boche*—put it on the end of your gun and square my account.

The start must be made in complete silence. But suddenly, at the moment when the men are getting to their feet, a bugle rings out, sounding the charge—What a break! Imagine a bugler in his bugling zeal giving the alarm to the *Boches!*

She's a Good Car, but-

THAT word "but" takes all the pleasure out of owning a car. She performs but has lost her looks. Unless you are proud of it, a car is merely a Taxi.

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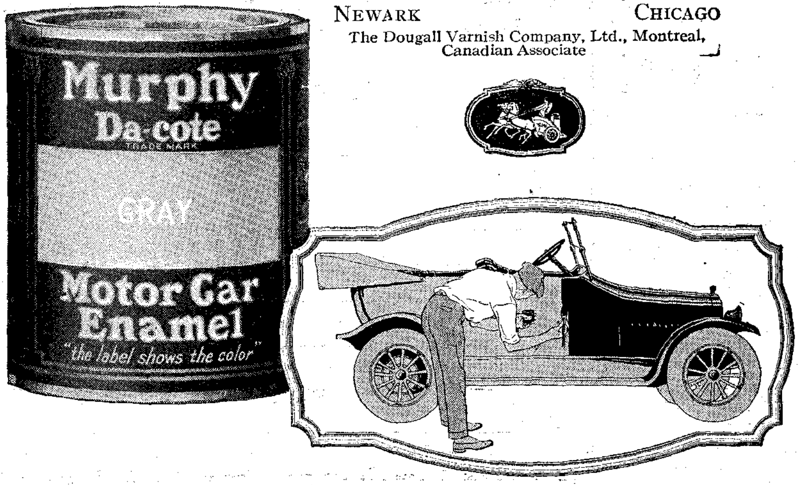

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Go and talk about it with the men who have lived through that night on the hill; when they think of that untimely bugler their faces still screw up with scorn. For you may be assured the *Boches* immediately knew what threatened them and set their machine guns spitting.

No one ever learned the name of that bugler. I suppose it was some simpleton full of legends of the brave days of old, of pictures of Epinal and popular songs, who thought to achieve glory at one bound by giving voice to his trumpet at this historic moment. I imagine, too, that in the sequel he must have learned his mistake, and that, since no one knows him, he must have written his name among the "missing" whom the upheaved sides of that hill still enclose.

The attack was launched, nevertheless, for it was too late to stop it. It was brief. From every side bullets sped in showers. Nothing could be seen but shadows that moved for an instant against the sky and then sank to earth. The two companies eddied like leaves caught in a tornado, platoons hurled themselves on each other in their confusion; men fled straight toward the enemy, thinking they were retreating; officers yelled orders that could not be heard; and soldiers vainly died whom wives and mothers were to weep for.

Half an hour later it was all over; on each side the combatants were regaining their positions. It was probably deemed unnecessary to attack again, for everywhere else on the hill-top we held the important points.

And on the pages of the history of the Great War this infinitesimal incident will receive not even the tribute of a line. . . . An insignificant episode, the historian of the future will say, as he passes to another document.

OUR DELEGATES IN PARIS SPECIALIZE IN PROFOUND SILENCE

SECRET diplomacy, mysterious politics, bewildering intrigue, and dark and devious ways in governmental affairs have always been looked upon as blooms growing more luxuriantly in the soil of Europe than anywhere else on earth. In the United States, on the other hand, we have these many years been jollying ourselves into the belief that our eminent statesmen and able officials did everything in an open and forthwith manner, straight from the shoulder, and in plain view of the entire populace. When President Wilson announced, therefore, that he would stand for nothing in the nature of pussyfooting at the Peace Conference, but that only "open covenants openly arrived at" would appeal to him, everybody approved, feeling that this was entirely in line with the time-honored American custom. But hardly had the wheels begun to revolve in Paris before loud lament was heard from the correspondents gathered there, to the effect that of all secretive creatures on this planet the American delegation had everything, including the well-known oyster, faded to a pale pink, and that compared with these non-committal gentlemen the Sphinx was positively garrulous. All the other members of the Peace Council, it is said, are willing to talk, more or less, and at times make definite statements. But not the Americans. They go gum-shoeing around looking profound and mysterious, in the manner of men burdened with dark, dread secrets, making no sound beyond now and then a cautious cough or discreet sneeze when they think nobody is listening. One of the newspaper men in an account in the Brooklyn *Eagle* sheds some light on the situation thus:

> No member of the American mission is willing to be quoted on important decisions. The British members, on the other hand, speak right out, with quotation marks allowed whenever they have a definite statement to make. The French representatives tell what they want to happen rather than what has happened, but, at any rate, they say it and permit it to go out as coming from them.
>
> So far as revealing sources is concerned whatever we get from the American Mission must appear as tho it had been taken right out of the air.
>
> The correspondents have amusing evening conferences with Colonel House. Colonel House is non-committal. They also have morning conferences with White, Lansing, and Bliss. They, too, are non-committal. They would not commit themselves to anything. The result is many conferences—no committals.
>
> Colonel House meets the correspondents at six each evening. The correspondents just sit around. Colonel House sits and puts his fingers together. Correspondents question the Colonel.
>
> "What about the *George Washington?*"
>
> The Colonel answers cautiously, "Don't know anything about the *George Washington.*"
>
> CORRESPONDENTS: "Is the problem settled?"
>
> COLONEL HOUSE: "There are very few things which have not been thrashed out, but agreement is near."
>
> CORRESPONDENTS: "Can you tell the nature of the agreement?"
>
> Colonel House fits all his fingers together neatly and answers that he isn't quite certain whether —— will get it or ——— will get it.
>
> "Can you set a date for the signing of the treaty?"
>
> "Not any more," replies the Colonel. "I have set too many dates."
>
> "What was done at to-day's meeting?"
>
> The Colonel looks sad, but patient, "Boys I would like to tell you, but they are so confoundedly particular I can't."
>
> "Did they prepare a plan to meet the Bolshevik situation?"
>
> "No, they are letting that take care of itself."
>
> "What about Danzig?"
>
> "Danzig? Oh, yes; they discust Danzig —yes, they did discuss Danzig but—they are undecided."
>
> At this point a head was stuck through the door, and a voice was heard to say:
>
> "Come on now; that financial bunch is waiting."
>
> Exit Colonel House, saying: "Boys, whatever you write probably will be wrong by to-morrow."
>
> But if the talks with the Colonel are barren of results, those with Secretary Lansing are more so. The Secretary, when interviewed, stands in the center of his room at the Crillon and his questioners

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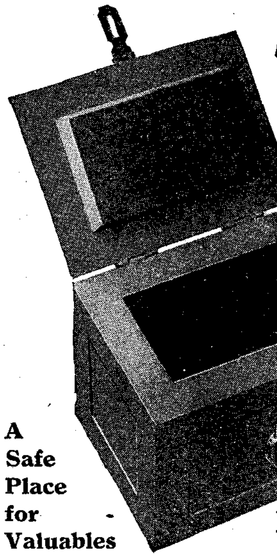

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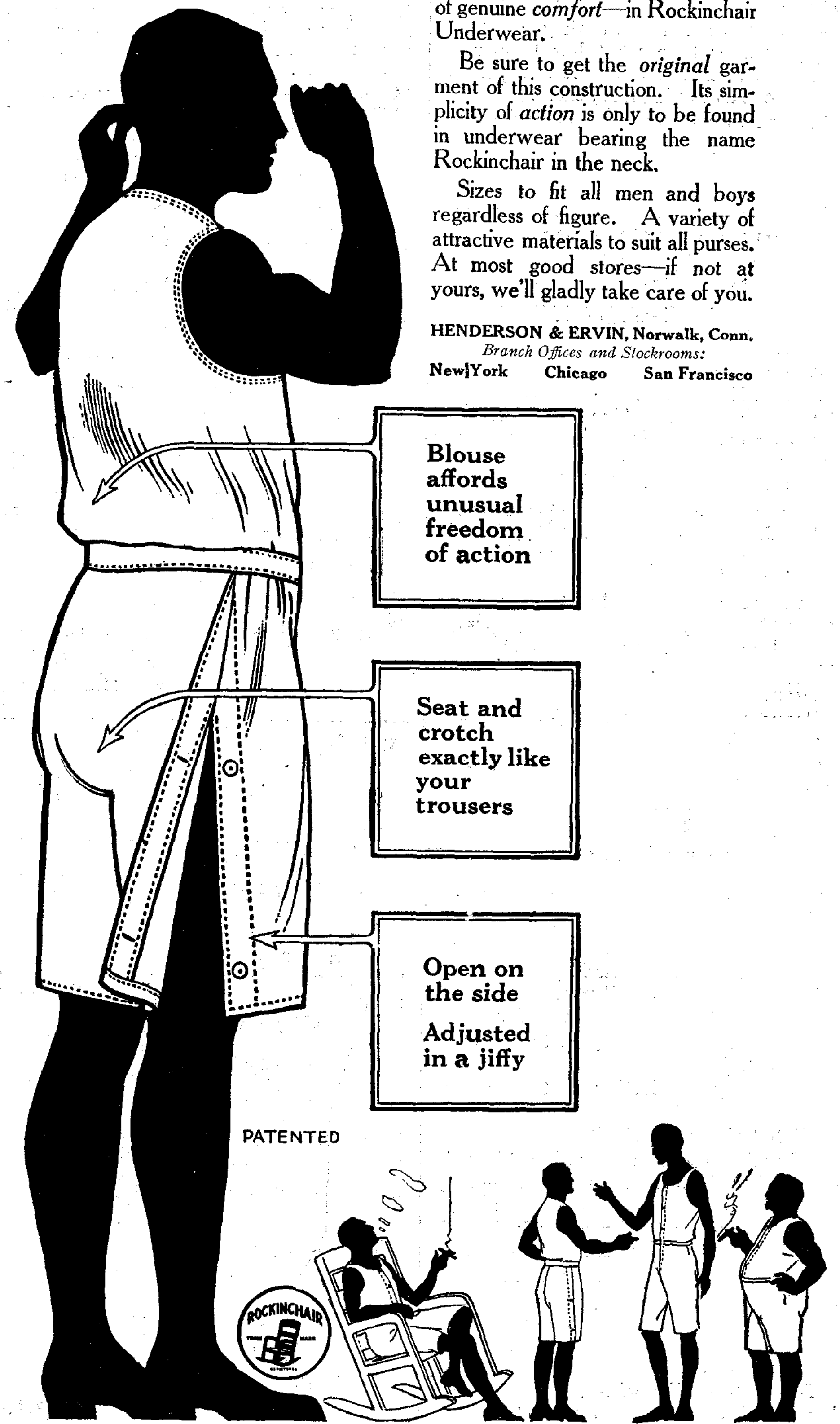
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form an irregular crescent about him. Secretary Lansing begins:

"Gentlemen, I have nothing to volunteer."

Then follows the rain of questions:

"What is the cause of the deadlock in the Conference?"

"What deadlock? I haven't heard of one."

"Why has Northcliffe switched from the President?"

"You must ask Northcliffe."

"What will be the result if the British people follow Northcliffe's lead?"

"They will be kept pretty busy turning corners."

"What if Germany refuses to sign the peace treaty?"

"Better not cross that bridge until we come to it."

"Has the time limit set by Lenine for the Allies to answer expired?"

"I know of nothing to reply to—never heard of any time limit."

"Won't feeding the Russians involve recognition of the Bolsheviki?"

"I understand the feeding will be done through the neutrals."

"Why do we refuse to recognize the Bolsheviki?"

"We don't; we just have not recognized them."

"What is the plan if the President goes back?"

"There is no plan; the coming of the transport *Washington* has nothing to do with the President's movements at present."

Occasionally, it must be admitted, the Secretary gives out some real news, but the reverse is more often the case.

As the correspondents file out one sees a French poodle and remarks:

"That dog looks as if it had been clipt."

"Well, it seems so, as far as I can see from this side," replies another. "I won't commit myself on that, however."

The reporters never get anything in the way of news from Henry White, altho he is always pleasant to them. He meets the newspaper men at the Crillon in the forenoon, and his greeting never lacks cordiality. He sits on the arm of a chair, to ease his rheumatic knee. The following are a few typical questions and Mr. White's answers thereto:

"Did you see in the *Temps* the statement that Poland won't get the Terchin coal-fields?"

"No; I did not get as far as that. Possibly I fell asleep; the fact is, in reading the *Temps*, I seldom get to the bottom of a column."

"How will the left bank of the Rhine be administered?"

"I don't know just that detail, and you know how I abhor details."

"How will France and England divide the indemnity?"

"Oh, that's a financial question. If there is one thing that I am not, it's a financier."

"Has the Danzig settlement been reached?"

"No; not yet, but it is getting on pretty well."

"Mr. White, what about the deadlock?"

"What deadlock? I have never heard of any."

"What are the Balkans asking for?"

"Everything—they always ask everything. I don't know the details—I abhor details—but they want everything."

The correspondents file out and one is heard to remark *sotto voce*, "And the old man says never a word."

TROTZKY, THE FIRE-EATER, AND LENINE, THE ICY INTELLECTUAL FORCE OF BOLSHEVISM

"LENINE and Trotzky" is perhaps the most advertised "firm name" in the world to-day, so much so that it is almost impossible to think of one man without thinking of the other. Associated as they are in the public mind, however, they are as unlike as ice and fire, and the fact that they have been able for so long to work together is one of the many strange features of the strange condition that prevails in Russia to-day. Lenine is cold, calculating, absolutely devoid of the quality commonly called "temperament." The other Bolshevik leaders, we are told, look up to him as if he had something a little superhuman in his make-up. "Lenine," they say, "is of the gods." Trotzky, on the other hand, is so human that he is frequently considered something of a joke, even by his own partizans. He has ability, altho probably not enough to justify the prattle of an enthusiastic American who called him "the greatest Jew since Christ," but he is violent, somewhat vain, and "even his own friends have taunted him with Napoleonic designs." Says a writer in the London *Times:*

> He has the temperament of the artist and delights in theatrical heroics. While Lenine sneers at public honor, presumably on the grounds that there is no honor among thieves, and therefore none among capitalists, Trotzky makes great play with the word. He was defending Russia's "honor" at Brest. It pleased him to bandy paradoxes with the German generals, and his sense of flattery was tickled when a well-known American declared in admiration that "if the German General Staff bought Trotzky they bought a lemon." After Brest, however, the lemon was indeed sour. Trotzky's dignity had suffered an affront, and he returned to Petrograd full of wrath with Germany and breathing threats of revenge. At that moment he would willingly have died fighting if all Russia had been present to see him do it.

When the Bolshevik Government left Petrograd in order to ratify the peace at the Moscow congress one important official did not join the party. As we read:

> Trotzky remained behind to sulk in his den at Smolny. A few days later, however, his equanimity was restored by the offer of the Commissariat for War—an office in which his boundless energy and organizing talents have been of the greatest service to the Bolsheviki. Impetuous and hot-headed, he is apt, like the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," to solve every crisis with a wild shriek of "Off with his head!" On more than one occasion it has needed all Lenine's tact and discretion to rescue the Bolshevik bark from the rocks onto which Trotzky's fiery energy had driven it.
>
> Among his colleagues Trotzky does not enjoy the same respect or admiration as Lenine, and in this connection too much importance should not be attached to the frequent rumors of quarrels between the two men. They are probably untrue. Bolshevik commissaries will always smile whenever one mentions the possibility of a Lenine-Trotzky split. Trotzky, after all,

The annoying "pull" of shaving —how to correct it

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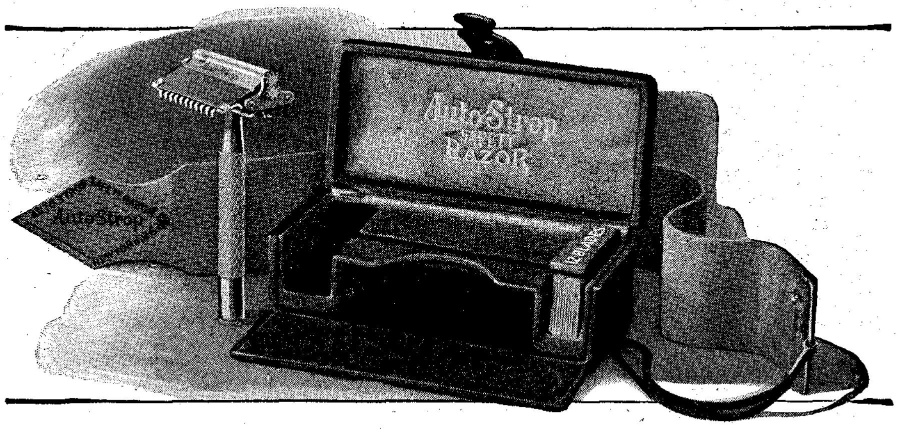

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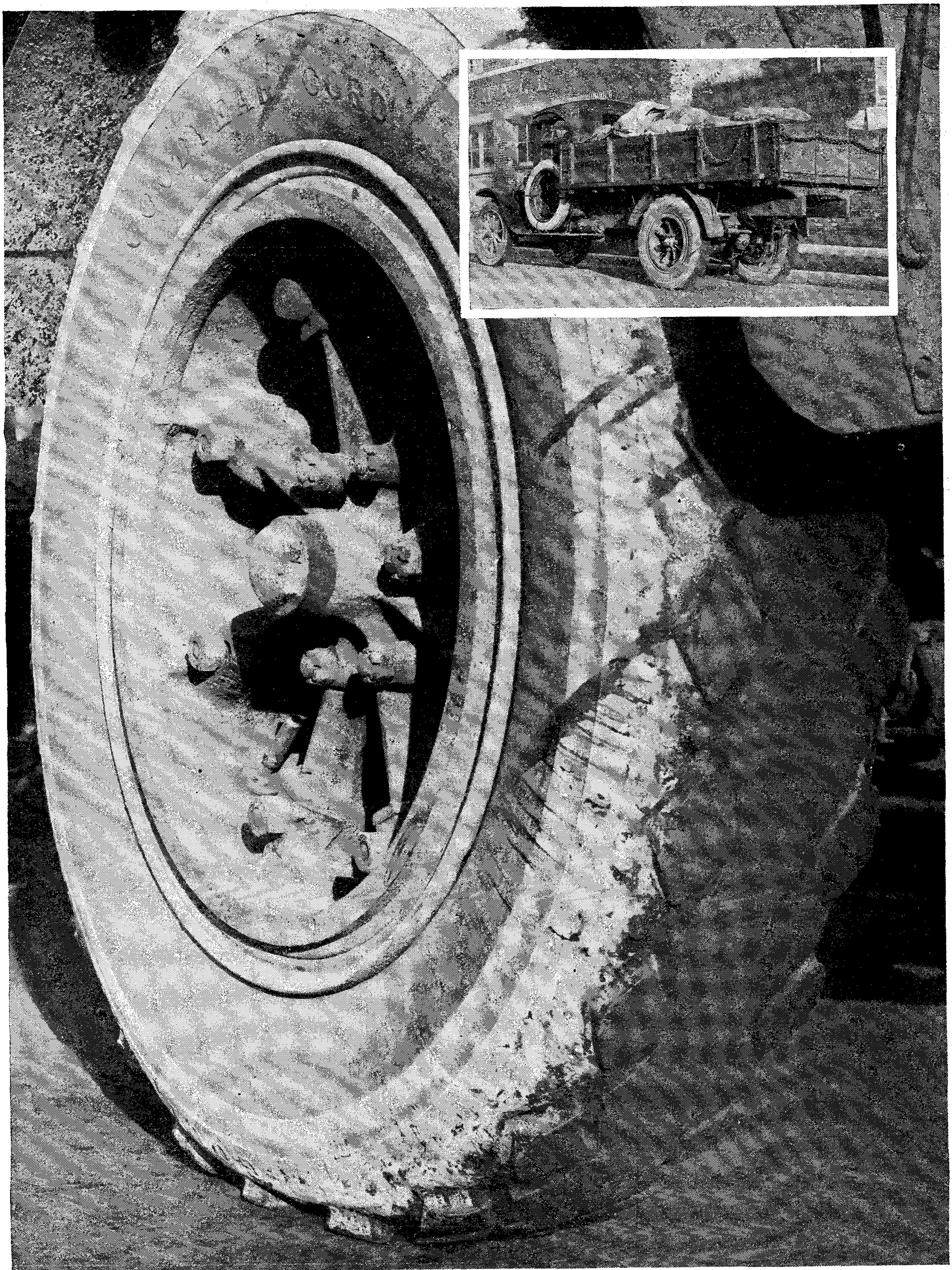

Un-retouched photograph of one of the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires in service on motor trucks owned by the Commissary Department of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Annapolis Makes Big Savings

THE Commissary Department of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis has effected a very complete improvement of their hauling system by changing over from solid tires to Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires. They have made big savings in time, gasoline and truck overhauling. The tires which have delivered in excess of 10,000 miles to date, still look fit for much more hard service.

Before anybody or anything is admitted to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, there is an entrance examination to be passed.

This is never an easy examination, whether it concerns prospective students or equipment, and passing it is rightly regarded as a positive demonstration of merit.

After being subjected to such an examination, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have been adopted by Naval Academy officials.

Until April 1st, 1918, those in charge of the Commissary Department used solid tires entirely.

But, after that, the Goodyear Cords were given their tryout on two trucks and they immediately effected several important economies.

The big, rugged, easy-rolling pneumatics enabled these units to make the 28-mile round trip to Baltimore two and three times daily, whereas previously the same trucks, on solid tires, covered only one trip per day.

With this decided improvement came a sizable reduction in gasoline consumption, which dropped from the former rate of a gallon for every 8 miles on solid tires, to a gallon for every 14 miles on the Goodyear Cords.

Then, throughout the remainder of the year, the busy highway transports remained in excellent mechanical condition, requiring no special attention.

Being well-cushioned by the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, they maintained month after month a schedule of one hour and fifteen minutes from Annapolis to a Baltimore destination with full safety to trucks, cargoes of food supplies and road beds.

And the traction of the pneumatics proved a valuable aid when the trucks were called upon to pull through the soft roads around the U. S. Naval Academy Farm and Dairy.

In checking up the performance of these Goodyear Cords, we also find that despite traveling daily in the wholesale and freight districts of Baltimore, they have delivered more than 10,000 miles and appear well able to run much farther.

Certainly plain fact-and-figure records like this, presenting broad improvements and sweeping economies in hauling, indicate why many truck owners are changing over their tire equipment to Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires.

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CORD TIRES

> is only one of themselves. Lenine is of the gods.
>
> This does not mean that Trotzky is to be considered as an insignificant factor in the Bolshevik movement. Originally useful as a journalist and a pamphleteer, he has become to-day the Bolshevik man of action, the Bolshevik imperialist. The Red Army, such as it is, is largely his creation.

Trotzky, the orator, is "a powerful demagog, hissing out his words with a degree of hate that is not without effect," says the *Times* writer, and continues:

> He is apt, however, to lose his temper in the face of opposition and to take refuge in mere abuse. Rumor has many unkind things to say about his private life and his commercial honesty. They may be untrue, but they give an illustration of the different estimate of the characters of Lenine and Trotzky which exists in the mind of the Russian people. Always neatly drest and with carefully manicured nails, he is the best-drest of all the Bolshevik commissaries. Vain and easily susceptible to flattery, he is by no means averse to publicity, and is, or at any rate was, far more accessible to foreign journalists than his more famous colleague. To-day he has imitated Kerensky's fashion of appearing at Red Army concerts or parades in a semiuniform of khaki, and even his own friends have taunted him with Napoleonic designs.
>
> When the world is going well with him he can be very affable, and, indeed, is not without a certain charm of manner. In this way he has been able at times to make a favorable first impression upon foreigners, one American, in a fit of exuberation, once describing him as "the greatest Jew since Christ." These impressions, however, do not stand the test of time. Behind those fierce black eyes lurks ever the demon of suspicion and distrust. It is this ever-present fear of treachery which inspires the terrible, pitiless cruelty of which he has been guilty. It was probably after much hesitation and with some misgivings that Trotzky finally threw in his lot with the Bolsheviki. To-day, however, he knows that he has crossed a Rubicon to which there is no returning. More conscious of, less indifferent, too, than Lenine to the fate that awaits him in the event of failure, he is prepared to sell his life dearly and to shrink before nothing in his attempt to carry Bolshevism by fair means or foul into the four corners of Europe.

The chief champion of Bolshevism is Nikolai Lenine, a leader as unemotional as Trotzky is passionate. "Who is this man Lenine?" asked the world when he first emerged in the limelight. And that question is still being propounded, for it appears that beyond the fact that Lenine is a married man, a Russian noble by birth, and has been a Socialist leader for several years, nobody has so far been able to find out much about him personally. The Bolshevik leader is said to be not particularly anxious to enlighten anybody about himself. The reason for this, it is further stated, is that he is a man with so big a vision that personalities, including his own, mean nothing to him. The scope of his dreams embraces plans for a dictatorship of all the class-conscious workers in the whole world. A few of the facts included in the meager stock of information available regarding the life of Lenine are thus set out in a brief sketch in the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> A dramatist introducing Lenine in a play might begin: "Enter, a man short of stature, rather plump, with a short, thick neck, very broad shoulders, bald head, high intellectual forehead, red face, nose slightly turned up, brownish mustache with a short stubby beard, a man that looks much more like your corner grocer or your plumber than a superman. You would never look at him twice were it not for an incisively scrutinizing pair of eyes that seem to look completely through you."
>
> That is Lenine, undoubtedly the greatest intellectual force the Russian revolution has yet brought to light, the man who so thoroughly outwitted the Germans at the Brest-Litovsk treaty that he later was a means of causing a revolution in their ranks almost as thorough in its scope as that mutiny of his own people when they threw down their guns and, quitting the war, returned home. General Ludendorff and, later, the Kaiser himself is said to have attributed his defeat to a refusal of his army to remain loyal and to fight with the old allegiance, a refusal due in part to the lies of the German Government, its treatment of the people, but also in part to the infectious doctrines spread into its ranks by the Russian Bolsheviki.
>
> Whence came Lenine to his influence, what is the course of his training and development that brought him to this position?
>
> Born at Simbirsk on April 10, 1870, Vladimir Ilitch Ulianoff, alias "Lenine," "Ilitch," "Ilin," "Tylin," is a hereditary noble, and the son of a State Councilor. His mother had a small estate in the Kazan Government, and after her husband's death was in receipt of a state pension. Lenine's two sisters and his brother Dmitri were at one time all under police supervision, while his brother Alexander was executed in 1887 for complicity in a terrorist plot against the life of Alexander III. Brought up in the Orthodox faith, Lenine is one of the few genuine Russians to be found among the Bolshevik leaders. After completing his course at the Simbirsk Gymnasium, in 1887 he entered the Kazan University, only to be expelled and banished from Kazan a few months later for participating in an antigovernment students' riot.
>
> In 1891, however, he attended the University of Petrograd, where he studied law and economics. In 1895 he made his first journey abroad, to Germany, returning in the same year to Petrograd, where he was again arrested on account of his Socialist activities. On this occasion he was exiled for three years to the village of Sushengoe, in eastern Siberia, being forbidden on the expiration of his sentence to reside in any of the big cities, factory centers, or university towns of Russia. After his release in 1900 he again went abroad. From this period begins his real career as a Socialist leader, and the next seventeen years are a long cycle of Socialist Congresses abroad, culminating in the Zimmerwald Conferences of 1915 and his dramatic return to Russia in the notorious "sealed" wagon. During this period he visited many countries, including England, and made the acquaintance of all the revolutionary elements in Europe. His favorite residence, however, was at Poronin, in Galicia, from which point of vantage he was able to maintain a close contact with the revolutionary movement in Russia.

HOW WIRELESS CUT THE RED TAPE OF THE ARMISTICE PROCEEDINGS

When the Huns last fall somewhat feverishly indicated the desirability of a cessation of hostilities it was the judicious use of wireless by Uncle Sam, in direct communication with the enemy on his own stamping-grounds which hastened the armistice preliminaries and brought the fighting to an end November **11.** It wasn't exactly according to Hoyle, that communication. In fact, communicating in such a forthwith and extemporaneous manner in that sort of situation "isn't done" in well-regulated diplomatic circles, or it hadn't been until your Uncle Samuel did it. The story of how it was done is told in the New York *Evening Post*, by Ernest F. W. Alexanderson, wireless inventor, in connection with an announcement of a wireless mechanism of his invention whereby the Allies were enabled to neutralize or block interfering German wireless waves which formerly had interrupted radio messages between the Allied governments. The account follows:

> It was twelve o'clock noon—Mr. Alexanderson believes the date was October 20, last—when every Government wireless operator on duty in the Allied countries was startled out of his wits by a signal-call from the United States naval radio-station at New Brunswick, N. J. The operators of the wireless stations of the Central Powers could not have been more surprised.
>
> "POZ——POZ——POZ——de NFF" buzzed the wireless. The Allied radio operators saw immediately visions of brazen treachery or equally brazen German spy operations in the United States. They saw visions of an American war-scandal, such as the world had never known, courts martial and firing squads and possible revolution in America.
>
> For POZ is the radio call for the German Government wireless station of Nauen, a suburb of Berlin, and NFF is the radio address of the United States naval sending station at New Brunswick, and the two had not been on speaking terms for a long time.
>
> There must have been a real Prussian at the Nauen switchboard, for within two or three minutes, he responded patronizingly: "Your signals are fine, old man."
>
> Whereupon the "old man" in New Brunswick proceeded to dispatch through ether a message which was not so fine as it was clear. No code was used. The message was in plain English. It was the first of President Wilson's statements to the German people carrying the suggestion that the Allies would conduct no negotiations for an armistice and peace with the German Government as then constituted. In other words, Kaiser Wilhelm would have to step down and out.
>
> Thereafter Washington was in constant communication with Berlin, Mr. Alexanderson declared. Wireless was making history at a faster pace than all the engines of destruction that all the battle-fronts had ever been able to set up. Innumerable electric impulses flashing back and forth across the Atlantic were settling the war. Wireless was saving thousands of lives, perhaps millions. The negotiations between Washington and Berlin continued till the day the armistice was signed.

Getting Soldiers back into overalls

As the generous and energetic co-operation of America's industries helped her to share in allied victory, so should those same industries now face a second patriotic duty.

When victory came, the INDIAN organization saw that second duty; helping America's fighters reap the benefits of their wartime training.

Almost simultaneously with the signing of the armistice, the INDIAN Soldiers' Service Department began its successful work of bringing together employers in the industry and those efficient and reliable motorcycle men now returning from service.

America's industries helped to mobilize America's forces—they may now be depended on to lighten the Government's task of demobilization.

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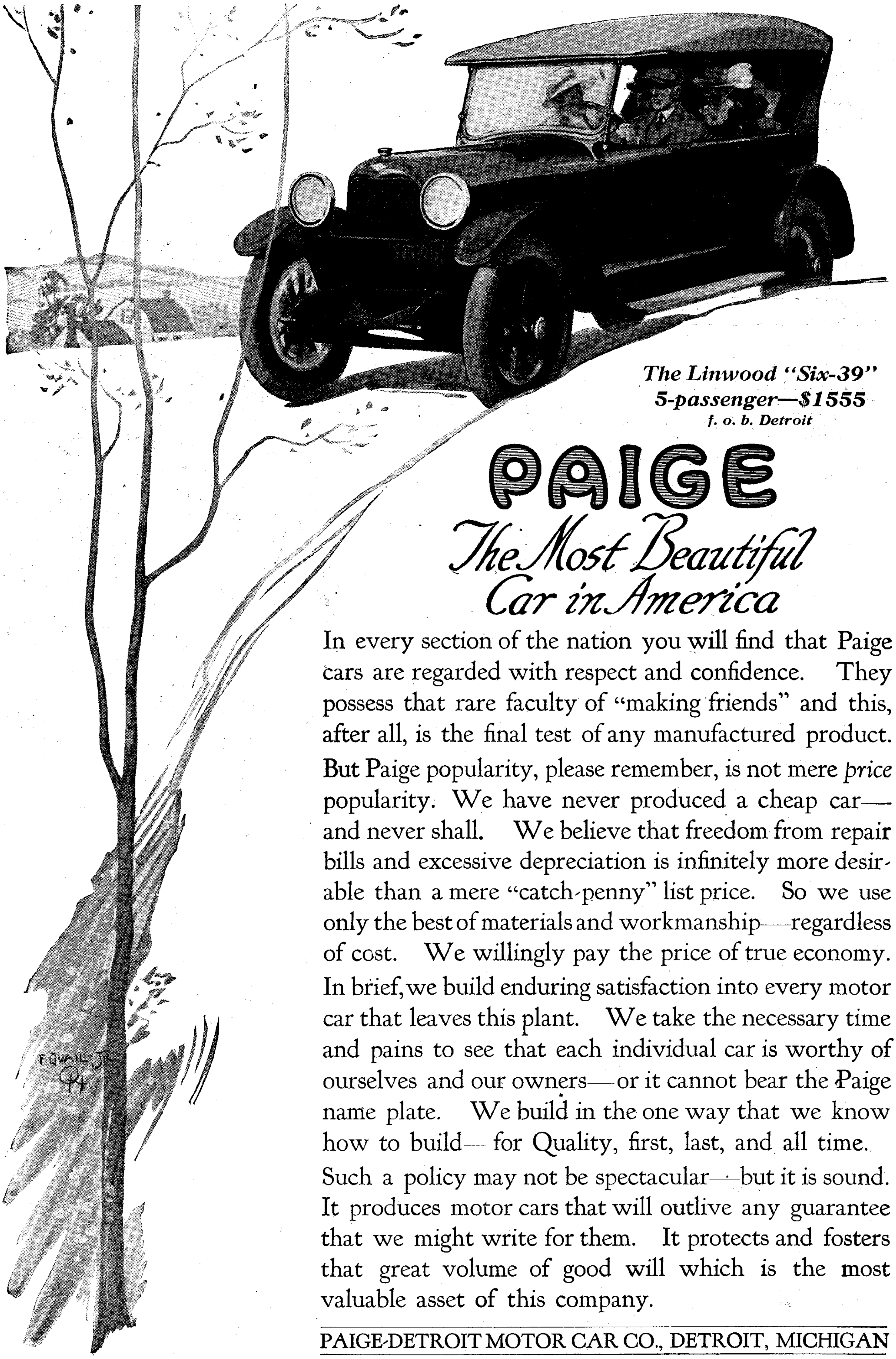

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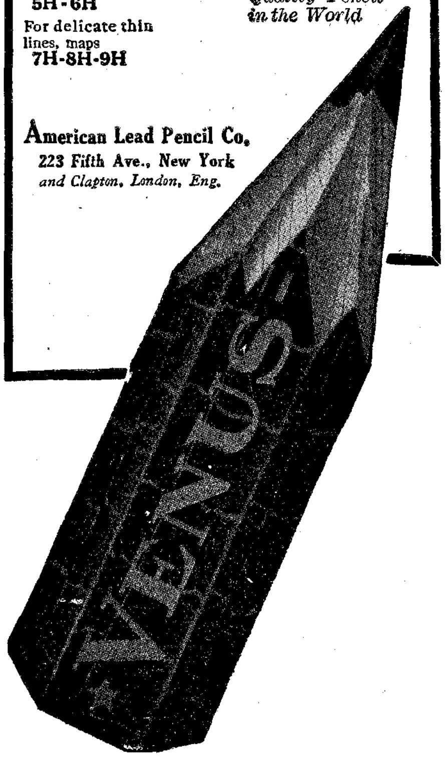
HOW DETROIT AUTO MAN MASTERED SECRET OF FRENCH GUNS

THE guns that won most fame in the Great War were without a doubt the French 75's and 155's, three- and six-inch, respectively. The "mystery gun" that threw shells seventy-two miles into Paris was the wonder of the world for a day, but, after all, it was not an effective weapon. The fame of the 75's and 155's, however, rests on their all-around utility as weapons for annoying the enemy. The French hold that these guns saved Paris from the invader. And, quite appropriately, their manufacture is as difficult as their fire is effective. Nobody but the French had mastered their secret until an automobile-manufacturer in Detroit did so. The Huns had tried it, but were not clever enough. A writer in *McClure's Magazine* (New York) tells the story of how the problems connected with the manufacture of these guns were solved by the Americans. He says:

> The most wonderful recoil mechanism in the world, as all agree, is the French recuperator on the famous 75's and 155's, a miracle of ingenuity and workmanship; so perfect in its functioning that these guns, once sighted, can be fired over and over again without readjustment. This recuperator is simply a long steel cylinder containing a cushion of air and a cushion of oil against which the recoiling gun comes to rest but so cunningly is the mechanism devised and so intricate are its parts that, try as they may and have for years, no other people on earth have been able to imitate the French original, not even with that original before them.
>
> The incredible accuracy in the fitting of parts achieved here by the French is shown by this fact that, in spite of the constant and terrific recoil pressure of a plunging piston against the air-cushion, this recuperator steel chamber will hold air for two years!
>
> How did the French accomplish this miracle of air-tight fitting and adjustment? That is what von Hindenburg, gnashing his teeth in baffled fury, wanted to know. That is what America had to find out when it undertook to manufacture these 75's and 155's in quantity, with recuperators to go with them. It was a matter of life and death importance to the Allies, early in 1918, that America proceed to do this thing, this apparently impossible thing.
>
> Even the French experts, who were only too eager to give us all the assistance in their power and to reveal their innermost artillery secrets, said it was impossible for America to produce these delicately constructed recuperators by machine methods. The thing simply could not be done. The steel chamber would leak, and various other unfortunate things would happen, and the whole effort would certainly fail. America was a great, hustling, slap-dash country, excelled at turning out standardized products such as shoes and ships and automobiles, but it was folly to think of standardizing this complicated recoil mechanism. As well might Americans try to standardize a great telescope. There was no such thing as quantity production for recuperators, which could be made only by specially trained machinists working with special tools, and that meant slow shop-production, virtually hand-production.
>
> "We will send our artillery experts and our most skilful machinists over to America," suggested the French Army heads, "and they will start schools to educate your American gunmakers and machinists in this business so that ultimately they will be able to make these recuperators as well as we can."
>
> Ultimately! The American experts did not care very much for that word. It meant a delay of at least nine months before we could even begin slow production, and things were going badly in France. The Germans were smashing forward. The Allies needed field-artillery, a whole lot of it, right away, The fate of Europe and civilization was hanging in the balance. The war might be lost while France was painstakingly organizing schools to teach America how to make guns. America must make these recuperators and turn them out in quantity, by machine methods, whether the thing was possible or not.
>
> Accordingly, the situation was laid before American manufacturers; but most of them shied at this recuperator proposition. They had heard so much about the difficulties involved that they were afraid; they did not wish to undertake something that was doomed to failure. It was a matter of common knowledge that no artillery-officer in the French Army could adjust this recuperator mechanism; if anything went wrong with it, the whole gun had to be sent to the Puteaux Arsenal for repairs. The thing was too complicated; there were too many small and intricately fitted parts of silver, rubber, copper, leather, forming all manner of washers, and packing devices, including a particular kind of grease kept under heavy pressure by powerful steel springs—all this to prevent the tiniest leakage of air. No, it was too much of a gamble, said these manufacturers.
>
> Not so one of our great automobile-makers who has an immense plant in Detroit. In this emergency he came forward with the real American spirit and declared that he would undertake to manufacture these recuperators in quantity—he would put this thing through on a machine basis or sacrifice his reputation. The army people said "Fine!" and he went to work while the French experts held up their hands, insisting that this was a wicked waste of money and precious time, and that the whole thing would have to be done over again.
>
> But this Detroit man calmly proceeded to saw wood, and presently, on the site of vacant fields, he had eleven acres of factories humming with the activities of his new job, and several thousand men and women hustling on the details. He wasn't afraid of recuperators! He proposed to manufacture in quantity recuperators that would recuperate every bit as well as any recuperators that had ever recuperated in France. Let doubters and objectors watch him!

The Detroit man discovered that he had obligated himself to carry out a moderately sizable order, however, and his troubles were many. These and his final triumph are thus set out:

> There were endless difficulties with steel forgings from which the recuperators were made. These must be tough enough to be strong enough, yet not too hard; they must be soft enough to be machine-able, yet not too soft; and the steel had to be treated by wearisome heat processes, baked so long, boiled in oil so long—everything just so, lest it lose the exact ductility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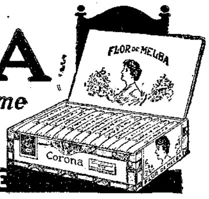
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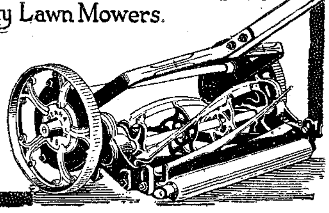
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that was necessary, or fail in some other respects.

And then the metric system! Every gun-measurement, drawing, specification, model, artillery secret, and method of factory procedure was presented to the Americans in meters, liters, kilograms; whereas the Detroit plant was equipped with drills, lathes, reamers, taps, dies, screws, nuts, bolts that would only function accurately in accordance with our English system of measurements, and there is no way of changing so many centimeters into so many inches without leaving an endless fraction dangling over, and loose fractions make against microscopic accuracy.

Nevertheless, the Detroit manufacturer drove ahead, overcoming each new difficulty with a new exhibition of American resourcefulness. They told him these guns were sometimes fired so fast on the battlefield that the barrels became red-hot, altho the thermometer might be far below freezing, and that he could never hope to make this delicate recuperator mechanism resist such extremes of heat and cold. He replied that the French had done it, so why shouldn't we do it? And if no one had been able to imitate the French in twenty years (which was true), then it was high time America did the thing.

And so on!

Then came August, 1918, and at last the new product was ready for the testing.

And in the first test it fell down!

"We told you so!" said the French experts.

But the automobile man replied: "Wait, I'll show you yet. We've made some little mistake—that's nothing—we'll find it and fix it. This thing has got to come out right."

There was the indomitable American spirit that broke Germany's heart—this thing had got to come out right!

And Detroit went ahead! She had to do in a few months what it had taken France twenty years to do; but she went ahead.

A few weeks later—they were anxious weeks—another test was made. Everything had been gone over carefully and a softer metal substituted in certain parts of the recuperator. The Frenchmen, still skeptical, were on hand to observe results. Perhaps some German spy hovered about at this historic moment. The question was, had America at last learned the secret of French supremacy in field-artillery? A secret guarded from all the world for a generation, like some holy mystery? Was it possible that America had penetrated the mysteries of the *soixante-quinze?*

Yes, it was possible. It was true. This second test was in every way successful. The machine-made recuperator worked perfectly, held air perfectly. Even the Frenchmen were convinced, and admitted that, in some respects, the Detroit produce surpassed the original. The impossible had been accomplished!

In October, 1918, America began quantity production of these victory field-guns, recuperators and all, that Germany could not make, that no nation in the world except France had ever been able to make —began this quantity production not only in Detroit, but in the Rock Island Arsenal and in the immense plant of a world-famous sewing-machine company, not their old plant at Bridgeport, Connecticut, but a brand-new plant specially erected for this purpose a short distance out of New York City. And the final result was that, throughout 1919, America would have turned out more of these three-inch and six-inch guns than France and England combined, and at a great saving.

AFRICAN SNAKE-DEITIES THAT STILL RECEIVE HUMAN SACRIFICE

THE network of waterways forming the lower reaches of the Niger delta is tenanted by a system of spirits, according to native ideas, as varied and complicated as the maze of creeks and bayous that form their dwelling-place. In times not long past, these spirits, which were supposed to materialize in the form of huge serpents, received human sacrifices from the natives. The white man's word has gone forth that children shall not be tied to trees and left for wandering beast or crocodile to devour in order to assure a good catch of fish, and the natives are loud in their protestations that such sacrifices are things of the past; but two travelers, signing themselves D. and P. Amaury Talbot, mention a case in which the best of circumstantial evidence points to a continuation of the custom. Their account of these serpent-deities appears in a recent number of the London *Times*, from which we quote:

> Such genii are known among Calabari, an important coastal tribe, by the generic name of Owu Amapu, of which one of the chief divisions is that of the sacred serpents, Adumu, by whom the greater number of waterways hereabouts are thought to have been created.
>
> An hour before sunset one Sunday afternoon we reached a little beach on the Adum'-Ama Bokko, below the shrine of the serpent Juju. There we were welcomed by the head priest, an old man with gentle manners and friendly air, who led us straight to the hut of the fetish. On the way he told us that we were the first white people to land upon this sacred ground. Roughly translated, the priest's account ran as follows:
>
> "Adum'-Ama is the home of the great Juju Adumu. He is a very powerful Owu. Often he shows himself in the shape of a great snake, but when he goes fishing in his canoe at night takes the form of a man. At such times his wife, 'Ngoji, sits at the stern steering. There is a sign by which they may be known from ordinary men. Adum' always places his throwing spear on the left hand or carries it against his left shoulder, while human beings have theirs on the right. Otherwise the couple look just like simple fisher-folk and go up and down, watching the ways of men and their dealings with the water-people."
>
> On such occasions 'Ngoji is said to carry the catch for her husband. It is a curious fact, vouched for by the many fowls and ducks to be seen on this small strip of land, that the snakes, called by the natives "Children of Adumu," not only do not hurt the people themselves, but, seemingly, never even touch their poultry. When one remembers how many Portuguese mariners made their way, in old days, to this part of the coast, it is not difficult to understand why the figure of Adumu, carved from a great post, is here shown with the pointed mustache and beard, the ruff and feather-trimmed hat of a Don of the period when these bold seafarers first penetrated to the lower reaches of the Santa Barbara. The fish which hangs beneath the ruff and the two snakes coiled pannier-wise on either side at about the level of the hips are obviously symbolic of the demigod's attributes.
>
> At 'Ngeri-Baw-Ama, a town near Ké, to the east of the Sombreiro River, also unvisited hitherto by Europeans, another temple of Adum' may be seen. It faces a sacred water, the entrance arched over by creepers, beneath which a short, sandy track leads down to the shore. Tall Mimbo-palms spread protecting arms overhead, while below, in the cool shadow, sweet-scented water-lilies raise white petals with hearts of gold above a carpet of level leaves, emerald, copper-tinted, or deep red in tone. Here and there the dark, clear surface is flecked with azure, where broken reflections from the cloudless sky have somehow forced a way through the screening palms.
>
> The sacred spot is approached by two paths, one broad, straight, and smooth, leading to the front of the shrine which faces the Juju water, the other a mere bush track, branching off some hundred feet or so away and crossed and recrossed by gnarled and knotted roots. The first is the road for male worshipers, the second that for women. Even by this path, however, the latter may not draw very near; but must stay their steps at a place marked off, where a three-sided "bush-seat" has been set for their use. From this point they can see the wall of the shrine, but may not cast so much as a glance within. The spot is celebrated throughout the countryside as a place of pilgrimage for barren women and weak men.
>
> Among the Ibos of the Owerri district we discovered another Juju, named Ogugu, by which serpent messengers are sent into the house of those who have sworn falsely upon its name. One evening, while staying in the Rest-House at Omu-Akani, a man gave us some information about this cult. He said:
>
> "If any one promises something to the Juju and fails to give this, or swears on its name but does not carry out the thing, Ogugu always sends visitors to remind that person. Big snakes she sends to lie across the threshold of the house. At midnight one creeps into the bed or coils by the head of the sleeper. Never, never does such a messenger leave again until the promise has been carried out."
>
> A few miles off, at Obogwe, we came upon one of those strange and highly decorated temples known as 'Mbari. In this case the building was a double one, raised in joint honor of the Thunder God, Amade Onhia, and his consort, the Earth Goddess Alé. Here, amid a multitude of figures adorning the two shrines, one is to be seen depicting the unhappy fate of a woman who had broken a promise pledged upon the name of Ogugu. A python entwines the body of the perjurer, whose arms are raised above her head, either in horror at sight of this terrible reminder of broken vows or, one may perhaps hope, in pledge of amendment.
>
> Besides the "Children of Adumu" there are a multitude of other Owu Amapu, powerful and mostly beneficent genii. Some, however, are malignant, resembling the Ibibio 'Mbiam in their dealings, overturning canoes, especially those of men against whom their aid has been invoked. The king of these water-spirits is Freya, whose capital, Frey'ama, lies beneath a creek near Bile. There he holds court and, at times of festival, all Owu gather to do him reverence. When under water he bears human form, but shows himself to mortals in serpent guise.
>
> It is strenuously denied that human victims are ever offered up to the water-sprites at the present day, but on one

Why buy stockings or tires on first cost?

Investigations into the cost of living have recently brought out some interesting facts. For instance, stockings were sold for 15 cents a pair. Forgetful of quality — thinking only of price — thousands of people purchased.

A recent investigation has proven that 100 pairs were needed per person for a year at a total cost of $15.00. The same investigation has proven that guaranteed stockings sold for 35 cents per pair—or 6 pairs for $2.00—would in a majority of instances give a year's service.

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occasion, accident pointed to the probability of some such sacrifice having been made. We chanced to pass along the New Calabar River, near Ewafe, a region inhabited partly by Ibo and partly Calabari, when one of our attendants pointed out a large crocodile lying on the bank. A few moments later, to the delight of all, the beast fell to my rifle, and the "beef" was eagerly shared out by our followers. Suddenly, excited shouts arose and a man ran forward to tell us that, while cutting up the beast, two small Ibo bracelets, or anklets, of bronze, several tie-tie-ropes, tightly knotted, and a quantity of human hair had been found within. He, however, hastily added that this would not spoil the flesh, "because it nebber be white man hair, only black man!"

The bracelets were pitifully small, while the tie-tie was knotted in loops which could fit but the slenderest of wrists or ankles. It seems probable, therefore, that a child victim had been bound to tree or stake amid the mangrove swamps, and there left to be devoured by crocodiles, or as an offering to some river Juju, to induce the granting of plentiful catches of fish.

BASEBALL HAS CHANGED SOME IN THIRTY YEARS, SAYS JOHN J. McGRAW

MANAGER JOHN J. McGRAW, of the New York "Giants," called "The Dominant Personality of the National League," takes a look backward through some thirty years of baseball annals in the current issue of *The Baseball Magazine* (New York), and remarks that the old game is somewhat changed. Everything has improved, he says, along with the bank-accounts of the players. Even in technical skill the game has improved. He admits in so many words that he is "not one of the fossils who deny that the game has improved in technical skill." In a later passage, however, he announces that no team he ever saw play was a fair match for the old Baltimore Orioles in their palmy days. It was with the Orioles that the famous manager of the Giants got his start, three decades ago, and so they may be considered an exception. Of the unusual style of play current when the Orioles were in their prime, and of the prosperous developments since, he writes:

> The remarkable development of baseball in the past thirty years is a never-failing wonder to those who remember what the game used to be. From the days when a ball-park was a rough, uncultivated lot; when a grand stand was a jumble of rickety wooden seats; and a club pay-roll looked like the wage-list of a logging-camp, to the present imposing parks and billiard-table outfields and swollen salary-lists is a tremendous advance. Baseball surely has grown, and in my opinion it will keep right on growing for many years to come.
>
> When some of my friends of the younger generation comment on this huge increase in baseball, both as a game and a profession, I have nothing to say. These changes and improvements are self-evident arguments that permit of no denial. But when they try to kid me on the amateurish days when I was a ball-player myself I am only too willing to pick up the challenge. For I have a very high regard for the old players no matter what the material prosperity of the game may have been in their day.
>
> I am not one of the fossils, however, who deny that the game has improved in technical skill. It has improved beyond question. The games of to-day are more finished productions, more accurately staged in every way. There are many more good players than there used to be. Naturally there must be, for in the old days there was only one major circuit and a handful of minor circuits where now there are two majors and a whole shoal of lesser leagues. But the point I wish to bring out is this: In spite of the great development of baseball there really were a lot of fine ball-players in the old days, players well able to compare with the leading stars of the present. Only there were not so many of them.
>
> When I broke into the game roughly thirty years ago I was considered a freak. Ball-players at that time were selected much as football-players are now, for their size. Unless a man was a six-footer and husky to boot, he wouldn't command much attention as a player. Size and weight were supposed to be necessary, because a ball-player in those days was primarily a batter, and the bigger a man was the harder he could hit. It was rather primitive reasoning, but the records of those days will show that most well-known players were big men who put an awful lot of beef behind their wallops, and who frequently drove the ball out for a homer.
>
> Willie Keeler and some of the rest of us on the old Baltimore Orioles were rather short and light. The big mastodons of pitchers laughed at us when we stood at the plate and threatened to knock the bats out of our hands. But they presently began to laugh out of the other corner of their mouths. For we bunted the ball, and they were so big and cumbrous they couldn't field well. So they fell all over themselves; we got to first base time after time on the play, and then proceeded to make life miserable for them on the bases.
>
> The old type of ball-player died out pretty largely in those years when the Orioles were the pick of the circuit. I was one of those who drove them out of the game. The managers came to realize that speed was quite as important as bulk, and that a little man was not only much faster than a human elephant, but that he could hit quite as often if not as hard.
>
> The passing of the home-run hitters was a good thing, for it made the game faster and flashier.

Arguments on the comparative "class" of old-timers and modern players will never have done, says McGraw, and this is a good thing, as he explains preliminary to stating a few of his own authoritative opinions:

> They keep the old game green in memory and give a lot of enjoyment to the old boys who remember Pop Anson when he was in his prime. And as such arguments can never be settled, no doubt they will last as long as any fan remains alive who really saw the old games.
>
> My opinion is probably no better than others, but I will state it for what it may be worth. I consider Hans Wagner the most valuable all-round player who ever wore a spiked shoe. His light went out only a little while ago, but he broke into the game back in the nineties, certainly on the edge of what could be called old-time baseball. He could hit any kind of a ball, field any kind of a ball, steal any kind of a base, and he never made a mistake. Add to those valuable attainments the fact that he was a giant in size, that he had a phenomenal reach at any angle, and that he was made of cast iron, and I don't see how you could improve upon him. Personally I never saw his equal. Lajoie, no doubt, was as good a hitter and as good a fielder. He was a prettier fielder, but that counts little with me. If a man has to stand on his head and wave both legs in the air to get a ball it is all well and good so long as he gets it. Wagner always got the ball. But Lajoie, tho a wonderful player, was not Wagner's equal on the base paths, and he played a position that was several points easier than short. Ty Cobb, no doubt, could outhit Wagner many points a season. And he is even better on the bases. But I was discussing the most valuable man to a team, and there Wagner, in my opinion, never had an equal. It is literally impossible to place an outfielder, however brilliant, in the same class as a shortstop.
>
> I also had a profound respect for Jimmy Collins. I believed, and still believe, that he had the surest pair of hands I ever saw. He was an absolute wizard. Arthur Devlin was a wonder in this respect, too, and, of course, Lajoie could scarcely be improved upon.
>
> I have never seen a man in the pitchers' box who equaled Mathewson in all-round ability.
>
> Roger Bresnahan was the greatest catcher I ever saw, always excepting Buck Ewing. The crown rests a little too firmly on Ewing's head to be replaced by any one. But Bresnahan was unquestionably the best backstop of recent years. He had a great whip. He was a fine student of the game. He knew how to handle the pitchers. He was a good man on the bases and he could certainly wallop the ball. That is a combination that you can not improve upon. I have not had the opportunity to see American League players in action as frequently as I should like to do. But I have seen the leading stars on that circuit on a number of occasions enough, I believe, to form a very fair estimate of their ability. Tris Speaker is a remarkable outfielder in every way. I am certain I have never seen an outfielder who was his superior. In fact, the only man I would mention as being in his class was Willie Keeler. Keeler was fast as a flash of light in covering the ground and on the bases. And he could hit even better than Speaker. But I doubt if he was Speaker's equal on the throw; he couldn't go back so far after a fly ball, and he did not follow the marvelous system of playing the position that Speaker has developed for himself and follows with such effect.
>
> Max Carey, for that matter, is a wonderful outfielder in every way, and a phenomenal man on the bases. But the critics can't overlook the fact that he bats for .275 instead of .350. His hitting, no doubt, does impair his all-round record. But it merely emphasizes his wonderful ability as a base runner. For he has to compete with such players as Cobb, who hit for 100 points more and, of course, reach first base many more times in a season, and, therefore, have many more opportunities to steal. But he does compete with them even under such a heavy handicap.
>
> A much-discust subject of modern baseball is Walter Johnson's speed. I have seen Johnson a few times, and he surely can burn them over the platter

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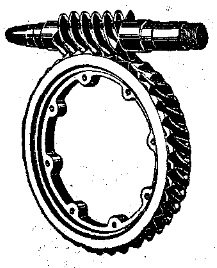

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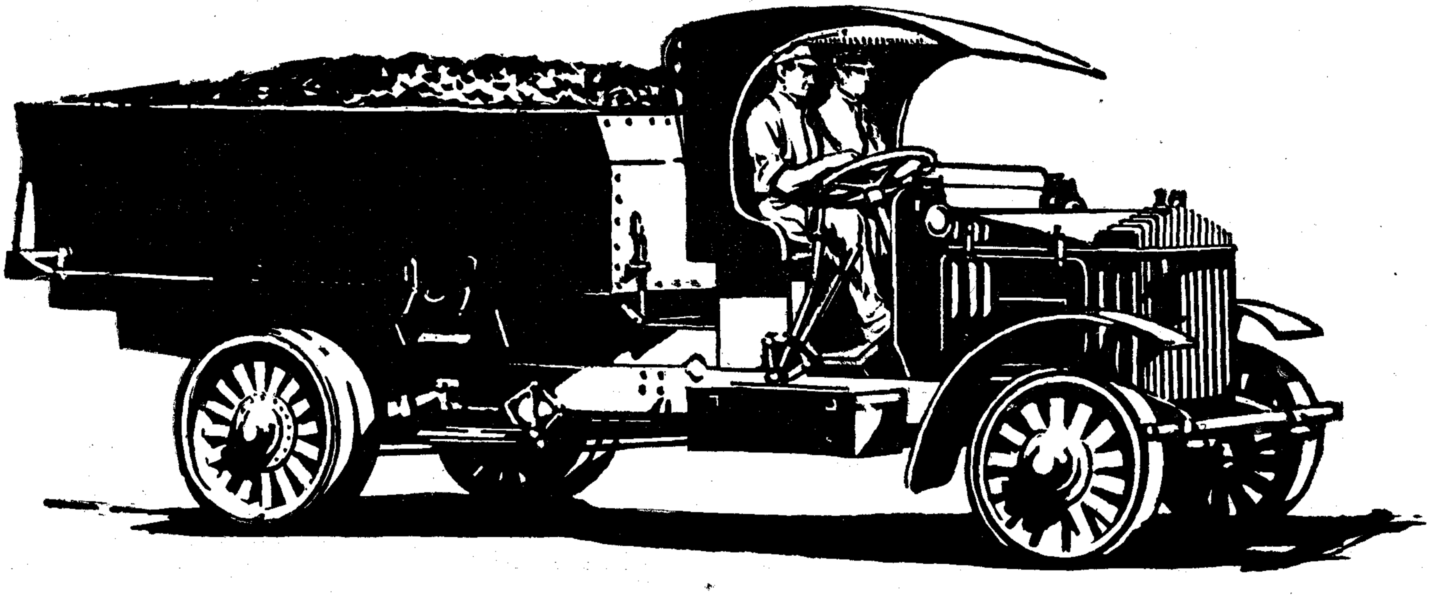

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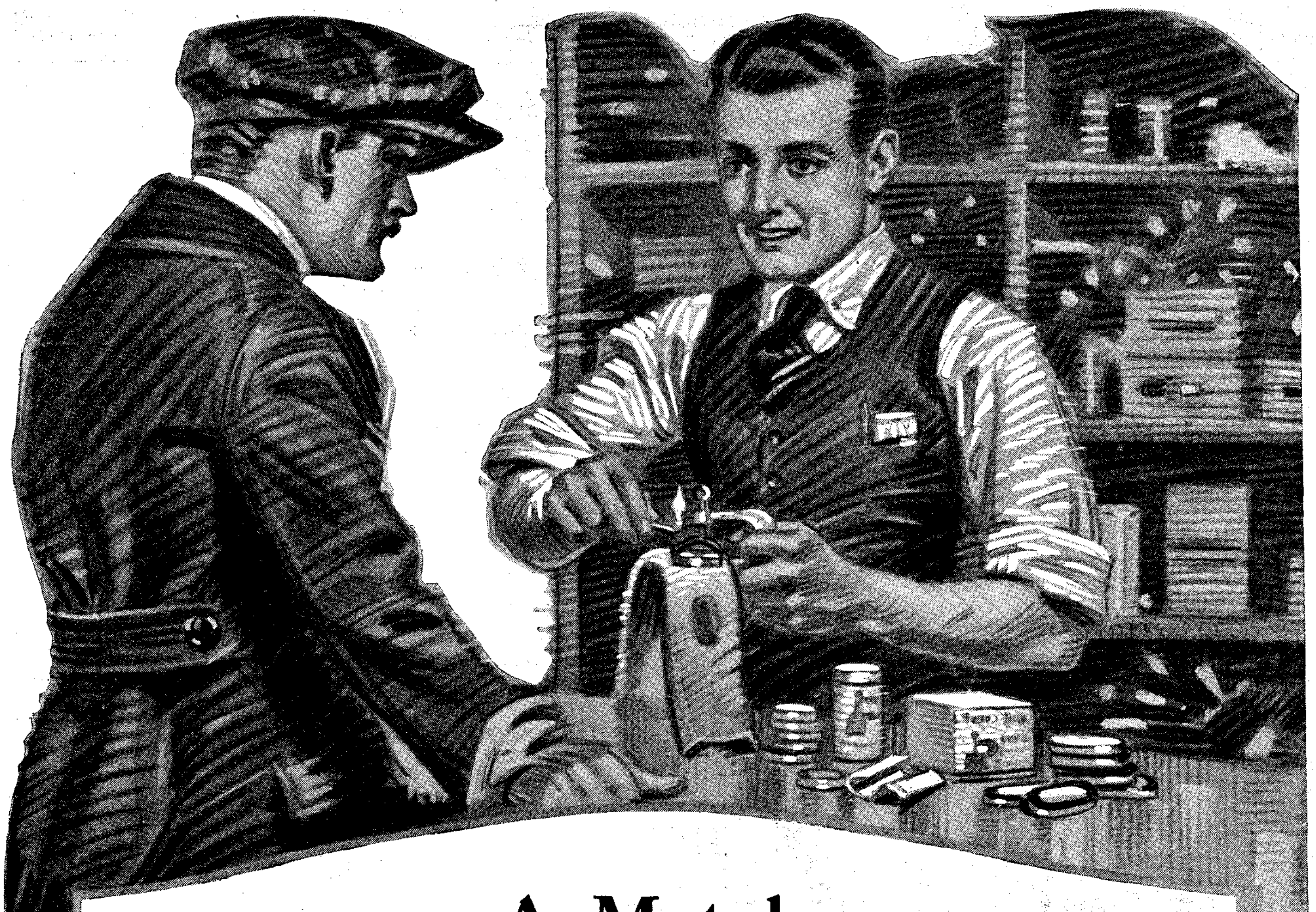
I will concede that he probably has more speed than any other pitcher of the present day. Amos Rusie always appealed to me as the speediest pitcher I ever saw. But, of course, I was more familiar with his work than I have been with Johnson's. Cy Young had wonderful speed in his prime, and could whip the ball over the plate about as fast as any of them. But you can never get anywhere with such arguments. For Rusie and Young can no longer be lined up beside Johnson for a comparative test. There is no discounting the fact that Johnson is a great pitcher, and, in my opinion, his control is hardly second to his speed as a factor in his success. One such pitcher will carry almost any club.

But take every department and I never saw Wagner's equal. He was a wonder, and it will be a long day before his record is even approached. At that I was sorry to see him play during the season or two just before he retired for good. He still had his old love for the game, but he was only a shell of his former self. He played a little too long at best.

Turning from the merits of these individual Napoleons, Fochs, and Pershings of the diamond, Mr. McGraw considers the great baseball clubs of the present and past. The two teams of recent times that have made the most stir, he says, are the Chicago "Cubs" and the Philadelphia "Athletics." With remarkable modesty for a baseball general, he neglects to mention his own team, the New York "Giants." "Perhaps the most famous of old-time teams was the Baltimore Orioles," he opines, and permits himself a few superlatives:

No team that I ever saw was a fair match for the old Orioles in their palmy days. Their one weak point was pitching, and that was weak merely by comparison. But they were so strong both in the infield and the outfield and behind the bat, such a great club in fielding and batting and base-running, such a remarkable combination of strength in every department, combined with quick thinking, that I believe they would have proved more than a match for any other team that ever existed. Very likely this will seem like exaggerated praise. Very likely some people will claim that I rank them so highly because I was myself a member of the team. It is true that I was a member, and proud of it. It is also true that because I was a member I knew the old team, recognized their tremendous strength, and am confident of their extraordinary, all-round ability. The records will bear me out in that claim. Look at the number of players we had who hit .300, .350, and beyond. Look at the bases we stole and the runs we scored. Why, I remember when I was in my prime I stole more than seventy bases two consecutive seasons, more than 150 for the two years. It was not only a very fast team with remarkable hitters, but it was a scrappy, aggressive team. It was everything that a team should be. And while our pitching was hardly up to standard, the overwhelming strength everywhere else more than offset this deficiency.

The Cubs are ranked by some as the strongest team of modern times. But I believe they were considerably overrated. I base this claim on the fact that we were usually right at their heels, and the Giants, at that time, were far from



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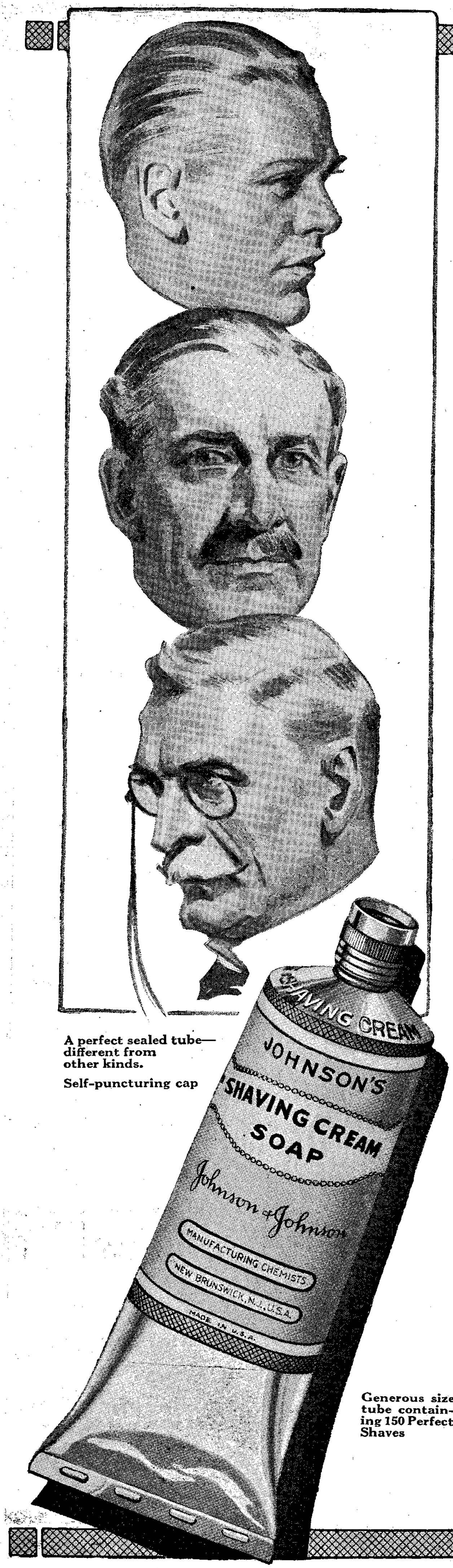

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whip Johnson's into billows of rich lather in a jiffy—thick, foamy lather that stays moist and softens the beard quickly without rubbing in with fingers. When necessary, they use cold water—works just as well. Johnson's saves lots of time—its users need never miss the morning train. And their faces feel *fresh* all day. *The lather's the thing.*

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Our extensive laboratory resources were marshalled to produce Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap—to place it on a par with our 400 superior preparations for the medical profession. Every step in its manufacture is guided and guarded by the hand of science. Get Johnson's at your druggist's.

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a great team. In fact, one season I thought we had about the poorest outfield in the league, and yet the Cubs beat us with no great margin to spare. They had a number of really great players. Frank Chance was a brainy player if there ever was one. He was a remarkable first baseman, a great hitter, and a far better base-runner than he was given credit for being. Johnnie Evers was also a grand player. Mordecai Brown was a wonderful pitcher, Kling was a star catcher, Jimmy Sheckard was a fine team player, and, in fact, the club was well rounded. But to my mind it was by no means so great a team as the Athletics when Connie's club was at the crest of the wave. There was a team to draw to. That infield was invincible, the outfield strong, the pitching when Bender and Plank and Coombs were right strictly gilt-edged. It was a magnificent team, and I would give a good deal to see it in a series of games with the old Orioles when the Baltimore team was in its prime. With all due respect to the Athletics, the Orioles would carry my money in such a contest.

WHEN THE GUNS STOPT, AND THERE WAS PEACE IN VERDUN

EVERYBODY in Verdun knew the hour when the armistice was to go into effect, and yet there seems to have been a strange doubt in the air, a feeling deeper than reason that peace could not come to that stricken city. There war had done its worst. In those days early in last November that were to see the end of the fighting the battle had quickened rather than subsided around what was left of the little French city with the immortal name. If peace could, indeed, come to Verdun, then, it seemed, there was hope that "peace and good will" might return to the world at large. When that which seemed impossible happened, and the murdering artillery really stopt, there came a moment of deep and poignant religious emotion to some hundreds of soldiers, of half a dozen creeds and races, who gathered in the battered shell of Verdun Cathedral. B. C. Edworthy tells the story in *Association Men* (New York):

> Every one in Verdun was wondering whether the Germans would stop firing. The barrage was heavier than any artillery-fire Dr. Oscar E. Maurer, of New Haven, Conn., had ever heard since he has been in France, and as a Red-Triangle worker he has heard some very heavy duels, indeed. Men were crouching here and there behind buildings, as *avions* were numerous. Several times Dr. Maurer was asked, "Do you think that they really will stop firing at eleven?"
>
> General Valentine, a member of an English class taught by Professor Collier, of Brown University, came up the hill with two officers. Dr. Maurer saluted him courteously, and it was graciously returned. Then they speculated concerning the armistice: Would the Germans cease firing? The General would not guess; he preferred to wait and see.
>
> "Will you permit the cathedral doors to be opened if they do cease firing?" queried Dr. Maurer anxiously. "I believe that the men will wish to sing and pray."
>
> The General readily agreed.
>
> This was about a quarter to eleven o'clock. Shells were falling everywhere, guns were roaring, two of our heavy four-teens being very near. The men kept coming, hiding around the walls and in the least expected places. Ten minutes of eleven, and still the guns roared on, unmindful of the fact that peace was imminent. Five minutes of eleven, and even the General and his aids were showing signs of nervousness. Still more dough-boys came. Moroccans began to show their dusky faces. Some of our own negro troops tried to talk with them. Here and there were English soldiers, others wearing the British uniform, and still more dough-boys.
>
> Then, as suddenly as tho God himself had dropt a wet blanket over the crackling flames of hell and at one blow had extinguished them all, the firing and the rumbling immediately ceased. There was an instant's pause, in which it seemed as tho the world had come to an end. Then from the forty bells, high in the still untouched towers of that old cathedral at Verdun, which had witnessed the most heroic sacrifice of life and love save that on Calvary alone, pealed forth as did the voices over the Bethlehem hills those silver tones that once again were saying, "Peace on earth."
>
> The men were joyously and deliriously leaping about, yelling and shouting and singing and kissing one another. Slowly those heavy cathedral doors opened and in rushed about six hundred of the Allied soldiers. Dr. Maurer quietly walked to the altar-rail and knelt there, praying the prayer of a sincere Christian. Captains, lieutenants, and soldiers reached for the swinging ropes so as to give the bells another pull. Dr. Maurer's heart began to falter, for he feared the opportunity for religious service was lost. But soon they saw the lonely figure keeling there, and they, too, came forward into the choir space. As he rose he turned, and all was quiet. He said: "Boys, I believe we all want to sing and that we ought to sing the Doxology." As tho it had been arranged, an English soldier with a splendid tenor voice started that wonderful pæan of praise, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and every one who knew the words joined him in the singing.
>
> At its close, Dr. Maurer lifted his hands, intending to speak. Not misinterpreting, but rather interpreting more deeply, the meaning of the man, Mohammedans, Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, as well as the unbelieving brothers, bowed their heads and fell on their knees in that ruined place. The roof was open to heaven, because the German shells had destroyed it; benches and windows were protected against further destruction. And there, in that ruined place, six hundred soldiers knelt, Mohammedans bumping their heads on the stones, Catholics devoutly crossing themselves, and Jews and Protestants with hands clasped and faces shining, their eyes lifted to heaven. The picture was one that would all but break the Master's heart.
>
> Dr. Maurer led in that ever-wonderful prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven." At its close he offered an impromptu prayer and then suggested that the Americans sing "My Country, 'tis of Thee," while the English sang "God Save the King." This they did with an intensity of purpose and unity of spirit that will probably never be equaled under like circumstances as long as time shall last. At the close of the singing the *poilus* pushed forward and sang as only Frenchmen can sing, and as never Frenchmen sang before, the "Marseillaise."
>
> Then, as tho the service had been finished as it was, they quietly turned, reverently

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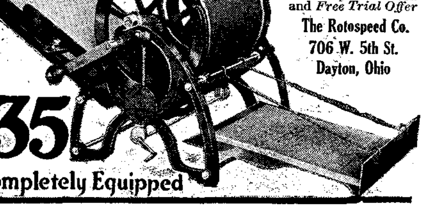

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Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

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This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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leaving the building. General Valentine came forward, took Dr. Maurer's hands in both of his, and with tears streaming down his face said: "I want to thank you for leading these men on this occasion of grace to offer praise to God for the deliverance of France and the safety of the world."

MEXICO CONTINUES TO ERUPT IN A MODEST BUT LIVELY MANNER

MEXICO, we are informed once in so often, is shooting and looting and mixing the worst sort of tyranny with the most pure economic idealism in a way that suggests a small edition of Russia and Germany combined, but we get very little inside information, for there is a Mexican censorship that would make our own best efforts along that line look cheap. We received, it is true, a detailed account of the recent demise of Zapata, but the Carranza Government was anxious to spread that piece of news. Zapata, according to one reliable American authority on Mexico, was the supreme Mexican patriot, and the only hope of bringing a decent sort of order into the country. Other reliable Americans agreed with Carranza in calling him a pure bandit of the Villa type. A Carranza force, by announcing that they were tired of fighting for Carranza and wanted to be Zapatistas for a while, got near enough to the patriot or bandit to shoot him full of holes, whereupon the Carranzistas took every precaution, including photographs of the body and affidavits of identity, to prove that it had been more successful in exterminating him than in the various reported exterminations of Villa. The more recent killing of General Blanquet and the execution of General Alvarez by Carranza forces also were given publicity, but in both these cases, as in the case of Zapata, the Government had reason for permitting the facts to become known. "The almost complete lack of knowledge in the United States of conditions prevailing in Mexico," writes a recent tourist in that "Land of Mystery," "would lead one to believe that the Rio Grande, that muddy stream which one can cross almost anywhere in a hop, skip, and jump, exerted some potent charm on all news coming from the other side." According to this traveler, Mr. Marshall Bond, Mexico imposes no censorship. Other recent travelers have reported that Mexico imposes the most stringent of censorships, and Mr. Bond's qualification of his statement admits a censorship of a sort. As he writes in the New York *Sun:*

> The silence surrounding Mexico is due primarily to a self-imposed censorship impelled by the most powerful of motives—self-interest—and in no small degree to a continued association with a dramatic and tragic environment until its conditions have brought chronic boredom—as uninteresting a topic of conversation as poverty.
>
> The reason for the self-imposed censorship needs but explanation to be

understood. Those Americans now in Mexico and those coming and going have vital interests which they find, as well as their lives in some instances, are least endangered by the preservation of a discreet silence.

Therein lies the sole mystery which hangs like a curtain along the Rio Grande.

Recently a number of copies of THE LITERARY DIGEST were held up at the Mexican border because of an article, quoted in part from *The North American Review*, which intimated that all was not peace and harmony in Carranza's domains. This seems to show a livelier censorship, at least on incoming matter, than Mr. Bond discovered. However, on his own showing, there is nothing certain in Mexico any longer, except possibly death and taxes, and the censorship may be "voluntary" in the sense that it operates when it feels like it, and knocks off when it gets ready. At least, this theory fits in well with the contemporary Mexico which Mr. Bond proceeds to describe. He writes:

To appreciate the condition of Mexico to-day, it is necessary to revert for a moment to the Mexico of prerevolutionary days. The traveler in Mexico during the Presidency of Porfirio Diaz will remember, whether he journeyed by rail or by mule to the remotest mountain regions, he found respect for law and a security of person equal to any part of the United States. The comforts by rail were quite on a par with those in America, for many of the trains were made up of Pullmans which began this journey in some large American city, like Chicago or St. Louis, and went through to the City of Mexico "without change."

Perhaps the single comparison of train service in the Diaz days and now will do more to illustrate the change of conditions strikingly to the mind than anything else, for it epitomizes business and social conditions in Mexico to-day.

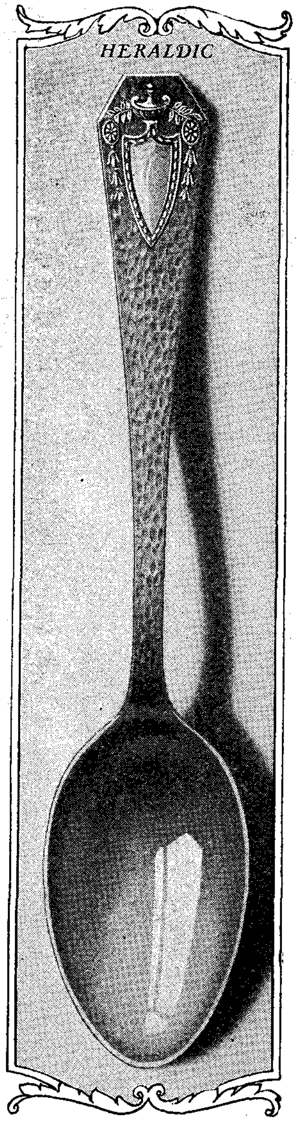
Those trains of vestibuled Pullmans with their expectant and care-free passengers are but a memory.

From Juarez, opposite El Paso, when not held back by report of bandits having cut the road to the southward, a train pulls out each morning for Chihuahua and Torreon. And such a train! Behind the engine a steel ore-car, loopholed and filled by a tatterdemalion guard; a baggage and express car, then a ramshackle *segunda-clase* coach, having benches along each side and in the center, then the *primera clase*—a dilapidated day coach with cross-seats as usual, but stript of all upholstery, their frames as white and conspicuous as the ribs of a skeleton. Behind this a line of freight-cars and another loopholed steel car and guard. Some of the windows of the *primera clase* are broken and a single lamp is all that is available to mark a spot in the darkness if the journey is not completed before night.

Rail travel in northern Mexico takes place in daylight, barring accidents, travel by night being too risky.

The appearance of travelers has changed with the coaches. Those who journey in Mexico now bear the look of resigned necessity. The men are all armed. The absence of cartridge-belt and pistol is as noticeable as that of collar or hat.

It was on such a train I left Juarez on the 20th of last September. Creeping up out of the sand-hills, we came to the floor of the great elevated valley that extends southward to Chihuahua. It was



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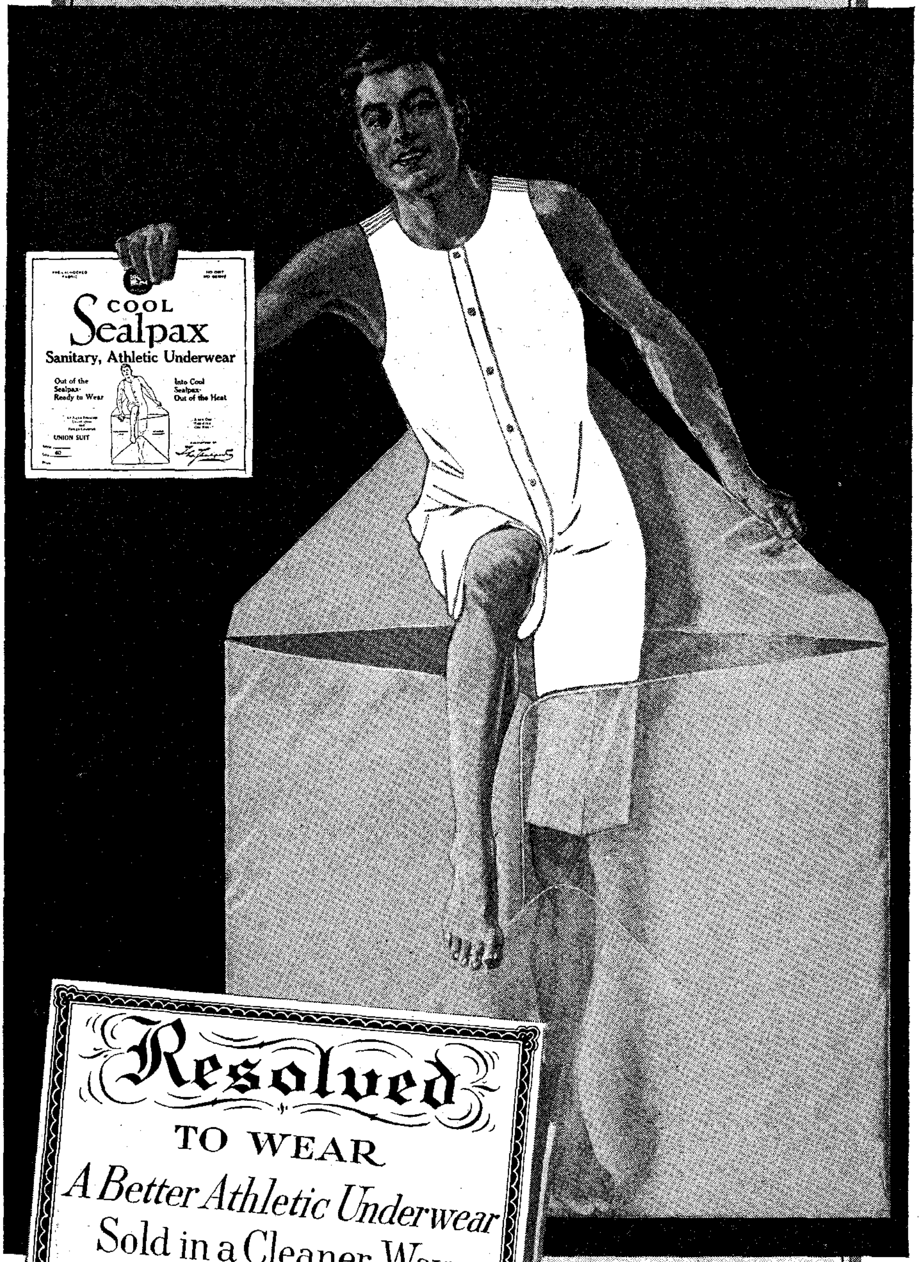
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Resolve to wear ***Sealpax*** this summer. Ask your dealer for ***Sealpax.*** Union suits and separate garments. Popular prices.

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Lady Sealpax

a sea of grass, still green from the summer rains and well watered, especially as one proceeds south, by springs, lagoons, and streams. No finer cattle-range lies out of doors. But we never saw an animal except a few milch cows closely herded about the stations.

Before reaching Ortiz we passed the spot where Villa had held up a train not long ago. He had planned to dynamite it, but the explosion came a few seconds late and its effect was merely to detach the first-class coach and leave it behind, the rest of the train escaping. There were eighteen first-class passengers in the coach. They were shot down one after the other and their clothes and belongings looted.

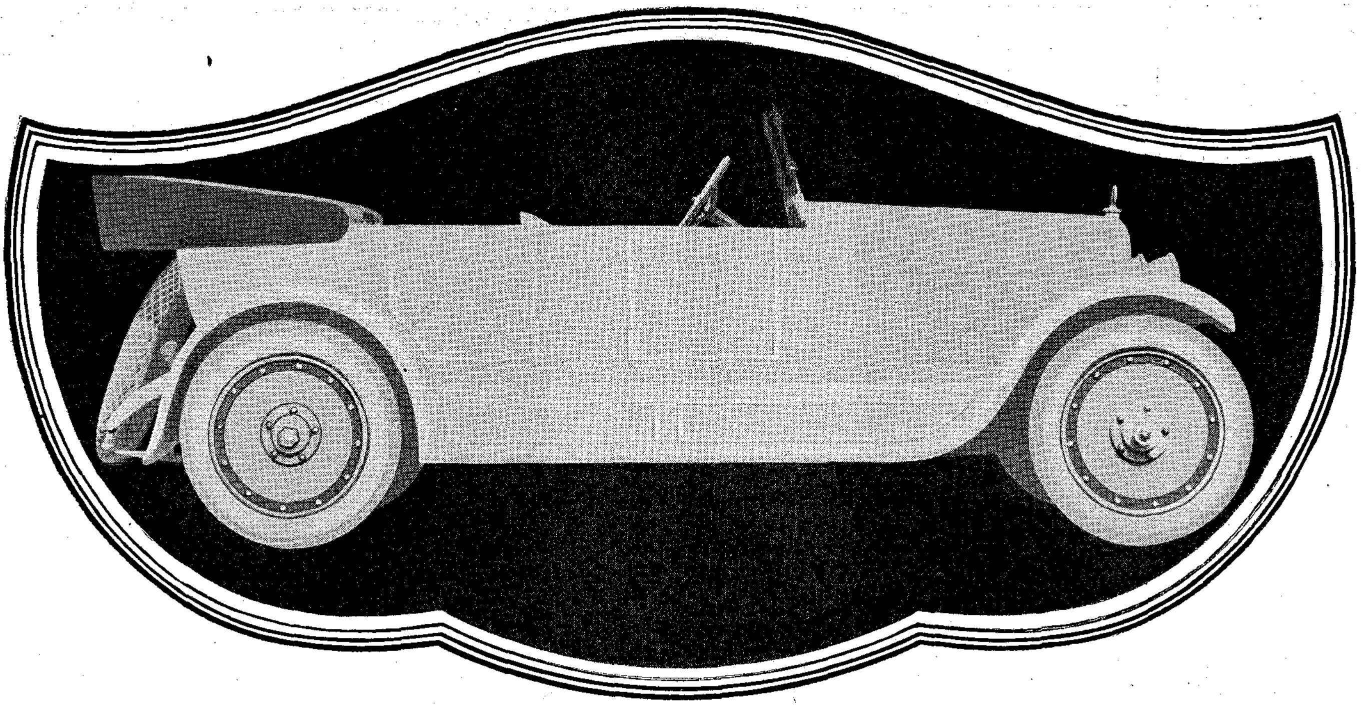
Ortiz is in the valley of the Conchas River. Fields of corn flourished in its rich bottom lands. At the station men, women, and children passed along outside the cars selling milk, boiled ears of corn, cheese, tortillas, tamales, enchilladas, frijoles, and every other variety of Mexican food. Cleanliness as we understand it was lacking, but the food was palatable and hunger-satisfying, and, it seemed, in profusion. The immediate impression was that Mexico was in no danger of starvation. But the impression was as erroneous as the old one that "two swallows make a spring." After two months in Mexico I learned that many had died of starvation, and the bulk of the population was on the verge of it constantly.

The crops of grain, like the herds of cattle, were the prey of the Villistas, as also the Carranzistas, with choice, if any, in favor of the former. It was told me repeatedly by both Mexicans and Americans long resident in the country that many of the Carranza generals had grown rich from wholesale loot of crops and live stock. The general in chief for this northern zone was repeatedly cited as an example of such illegal profit It was said before entering the Army he had been a little photographer and was now rated a multimillionaire, that to a confiscated hacienda in Zacatecas he had shipped train-loads of cattle he had seized in the north, and had even commandeered the wheat crops and shipped them to Texas, leaving a starving and dejected population to live as best it could.

The second night brought us to Jimenez. We put up at the adobe hotel across from the station. As with many Mexican towns, Jimenez is about a mile from the railway. We learned that Villa had burned the bridge between Jimenez and Parral the day before, and as the latter place was our objective it was apparent that we were in for an indefinite delay, depending on the length of time necessary for repairs—and Villa.

While the world was very busy putting down [the German superraiders last September, it appears, Pancho Villa was conducting his miniature raiding business at the old stand. It was five o'clock the next morning, says Mr. Bond, when an old Mexican came around knocking on every door, regardless of the destination or plans of the occupants of the rooms, to announce that the *tren para el sur* would leave at six. Just when the narrator's indignation at being awakened was beginning to yield to sleep, rifle-fire broke out in the street outside. He records further troubles of a military nature:

The firing was immediately answered



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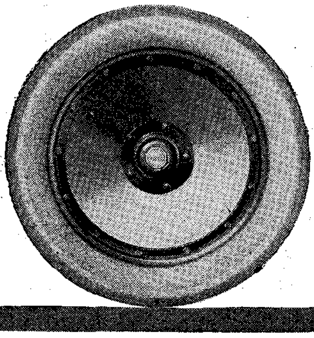

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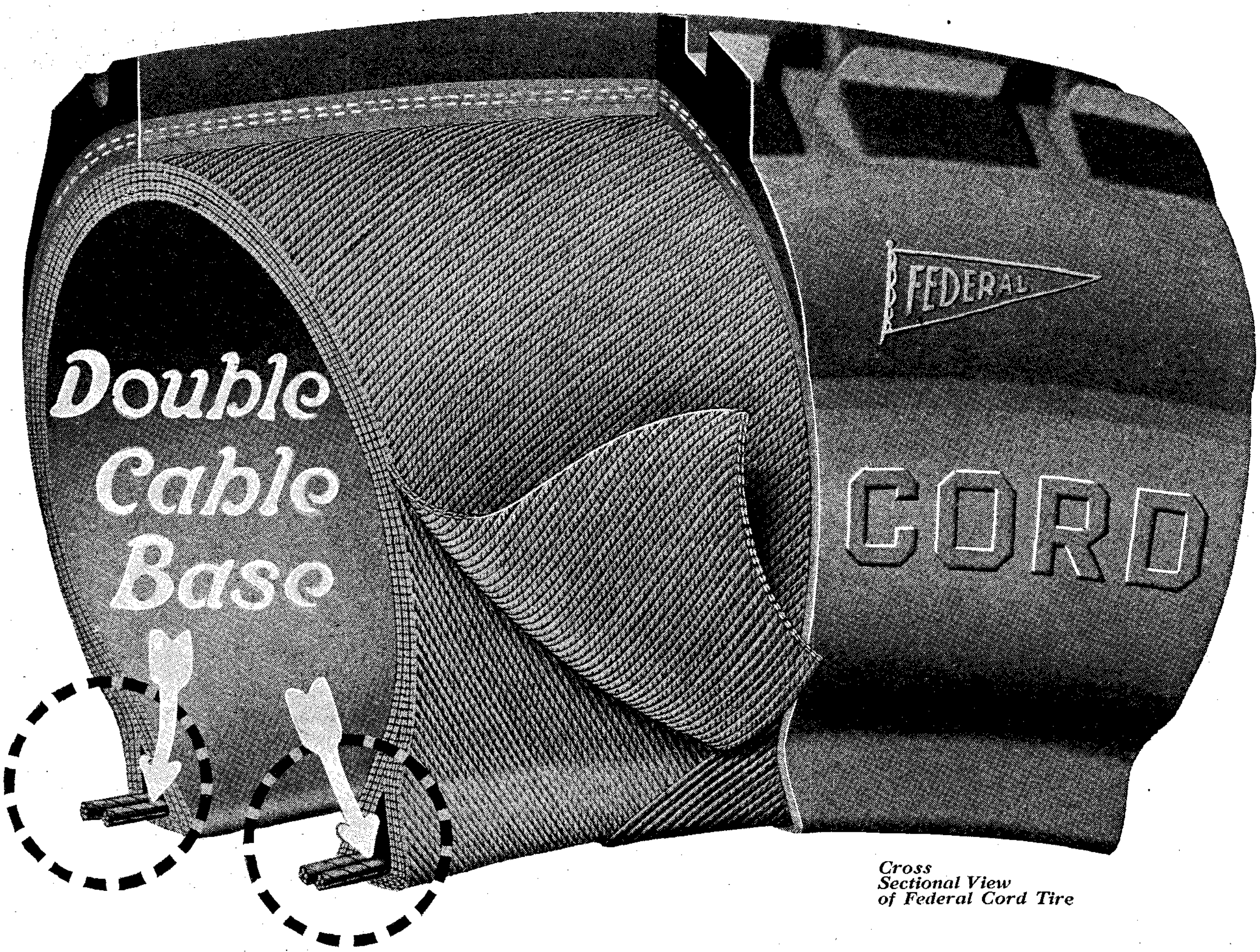

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by similar firing from the *cuartel* next door and from the redoubts and trenches at both ends of the street. Every now and then the purr of a machine gun sounded above the rifles. There was no doubt about it. Villa was attacking. Would he succeed? And if he did, what would he do to the three or four Americans like myself? Hastily dressing, I descended into the *patio*. Already the Mexican guests had foregathered there and were crouching in corners or against walls. A Mexican woman sat on her valise hugging a baby to her breast. I smiled by way of encouragement, but she met it stonily. The men were equally reserved. It was at once apparent that each was playing his individual game, planning his own part and explanation should the Villistas get in, and fearing to coöperate or act singly in his own defense lest his action should become ultimately known and his undoing. A band of sheep could not have been more supine.

Into this crowd came a major of the Federal Army, crazed with fear. I had seen him the night before in the little adobe restaurant with cartridge-belt and pistol, truculent and conspicuous. A repulsive-looking man. He was a paymaster just arrived with money for the troops. He now excitedly and shamelessly called for a suit of citizen's clothes, as "Villa would kill him if he got in." The pistol and cartridge-belt had been hidden that their telltale evidence might not be used against him. In amazement I scanned the faces about us. Not one betrayed either surprize or disgust. Any act, however disgraceful, that might save one's life seemed not only proper but wise. Surely there can be little of what we know as honor and public opinion in Mexico. The standards of our civilization are lacking. Some one accommodated the coward with a blue serge suit, and thereafter he posed as a "traveler."

If people would do nothing for their own protection, if they were incapable of indignation at an officer in their regular army acting the part of poltroon, what confidence could be placed in the stedfastness of their soldiery? One instinctively judged the latter by the civilians, and such logic was not comforting.

A little Mexican timidly approached me and said in a low voice: "Are you afraid?" "What of?" I answered. "Of Villa," he replied in surprize. "If the Carranzistas have any courage they should hold him off; if they haven't they won't," was all the consolation I could offer.

The nonchalance of these words was pure bluff. I had completely lost confidence in the ability of these people to defend themselves. Most of them had arms in their rooms and we Americans hadn't, and I was fearful, very fearful, of the result. Escape or hiding was impossible. We had to stay and face whatever happened. The little man turned away and crossed the *patio*. A bullet struck him in the arm. He turned ghastly pale, gript his wounded arm with the other hand, and, seemingly oblivious to all about him, started for the *cuartel* to see the doctor, leaving a trail of blood behind.

The doctor, I was afterward told, was too drunk for service. I went to my room to get a tablet to write down my impressions. Two bullets struck beside the door and a third hit a post at the head of the stairway as I descended. Later I learned some Villistas had entered some of the houses beyond the railway-track, had punched loopholes through the adobe walls, and were sniping. Some of the soldiers came in and climbed on to the roof above my room, among them a boy not over fifteen. Age, or lack of it, is no bar in Mexico. It was but a short time before this boy was killed by a bullet through his temple.

I went out into the street to see what was going on there. I was just in time to see a troop of cavalry going into action. They were a ragged but picturesque lot. Soon several horses came back with empty saddles. A young officer who had led them was shot through the hand. He tied a handkerchief around it and continued in service the rest of the day. Neither he nor any of his countrymen thought his act plucky. They haven't any standards of courage or cowardice at all.

After nine hours Villa withdrew and camped a few miles out of town for the night. He ambushed a body of Carranzistas who were marching in from Parral to Jimenez, and, it was reported, killed some 400 of them. The verification of these figures, especially for a foreigner, was impossible. From those who escaped I heard a frank admission of a considerable loss.

In front of the *cuartel* the next morning lay twenty dead Villistas, thrown in a pile and later carted away and burned. In age they ranged from grizzled old men to boys. The *cuartel* was a one-story brick building, possibly two hundred feet square, surrounding a *patio* probably one hundred feet square, open to the sky. A brick-floored covered cloister surrounded the *patio*. An arched opening was the entrance. Above it was the sign "New York Hotel." The property formerly belonged to a Chinaman who had been murdered. Soldiers passed in and out, as did the townspeople. I felt a glimpse within would be eminently worth while.

Accosting a young officer whom I had seen the day before acting as "officer of the day" and who had conducted himself with great gallantry and coolness, riding back and forth in the zone of fire, I asked him if it was permissible for a stranger to enter the *cuartel*. He referred me to his colonel, and pointed out a tall, sour-looking personage standing near. Upon my request the colonel looked me over scrutinizingly and without comment walked with me to the entrance and ordered the guard to let me pass. At the same time he gave an order, which I did not hear, to a petty officer, who accompanied me within. It was a weird sight, and one I would not have missed. In the *patio* women were cooking over little fires for their soldier relatives—for the Mexican Army has no commissariat, each soldier buying his own food, and his women folk, who always accompany him, cooking it.

Soldiers were coming and going and all was astir. Glancing along the brick-paved cloister to right and left, I beheld the dead and wounded, the former with candles burning by them, their women folk crouching by and occasionally breaking into lamentation. The wounded lay on the floor also, protected by a single blanket, writhing in pain or stoically quiescent. Conspicuous uncleanliness everywhere. It was an extraordinary spectacle—armed barbarism, destructive as the plague, incapable of bringing order out of chaos. Intelligent direction—no, that is not strong enough—honest purpose was lacking.

The object of the Carranza commanders, as everybody knows, is not to capture or kill Villa. Such a misfortune would leave the Army with no work to do. With Villa out of the way, the government forces would be relatively disbanded and

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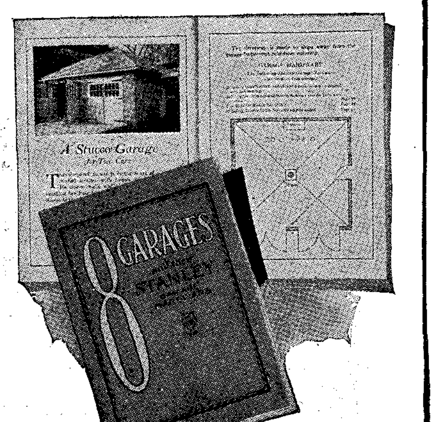

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IF you are planning to build a garage, this booklet contains many valuable suggestions for you. It is woven around the pictures, plans and descriptions of eight private garages. Each was selected because it typifies important features in garage construction.

This booklet is, frankly, an advertisement, but is full of interesting information of a general nature, useful to you as a garage builder though you may decide not to use the products it advertises.

A copy of "8 Garages" will be sent you free on request. Write for it today.

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THE name Havoline on lubricating oil epitomizes certain things that it will profit you, as the owner of a passenger car, truck, or tractor, to remember.

Havoline Oil is one of the oldest motor lubricating oils. A score of years of patient development have made it what it is today. It has kept pace with motor improvement.

Heat will not break Havoline Oil

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One of the grades of Havoline Oil exactly fills the need of your car, truck, or tractor, whatever its make, type, model, or length of service. Your dealer will tell you just what grade of Havoline you require. Whether you buy it by the gallon for your car or by the barrel for your tractor, you will find that this distinguished oil will save you repairs, breakdowns, idleness, and expensive replacements.

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the opportunity for graft would cease. There would be no more commandeering of crops, no more seizure of live stock, or looting of scanty possessions under the pretext of searching for Villa loot; no more dictation to merchants, no more fat bribes from them over the shipment of freight, no more graft in the pay of the common soldiers. If Mexico did not have a Villa, it would seem to be the moral of Mr. Bond's view of the situation she would have to invent one.

The author and a friend later walked over to Jimenez to see what had happened there during the fight. He tells of the trip, and of the dramatic end of the cowardly major introduced earlier in the narrative:

> On the way we passed an attractive-looking house, with flowering *patio* glimpse through the doorway. A mother, her sister, two daughters, and a baby had resided there. Their name was Gonzales. The daughter, the mother of the baby, had married a Carranzista officer who had been killed in battle some months ago. Villa had formerly been on friendly terms with this family, but the marriage of the daughter to a Carranzista officer was an unpardonable offense, an affront to him that called for revenge. While his trusted lieutenant, Martin Lopez, was leading the fight at the station Villa entered this pretty house. It was said that with his own pistol he killed the entire family, baby and all. Throwing them into a vehicle, he ordered the uncle of the girl, who was reported to have witnessed the tragedy, to drive them to the cemetery, where they were interred in a shallow trench.
>
> When we arrived at the plaza coffins of three men who had been shot down the day before were being carried into the church for funeral services. A large concourse of people sat under the shade of the trees of the pretty plaza and morbidly watched the proceedings.
>
> The next morning we breakfasted late. At the end of our table sat the cowardly major, who had now exchanged civilian clothes for his uniform. He was *muy bravo* now and wore his cartridge-belt and pistol. He was telling his companions that he was used to fighting with machine guns, and the number of Villistas he had slaughtered with that weapon was appalling —if you believed it.
>
> After breakfast he decided to go over to Jimenez, and, taking a single soldier as escort, entered the little tram-car that runs between the station and the town. When part way there the Villistas returned. Two of them held up the car. The major's orderly promptly killed one of them and was himself killed by the other. The machine-gun fighter had an even break for his life, but he was a coward through and through. He threw his pistol and belt under the seat once again to simulate the innocent traveler, but the telltale uniform betrayed him, and he was killed, as he richly deserved to be.
>
> The local troops had been reenforced by troop-trains of cavalry from Torreon. Desultory fighting lasted about four hours and Villa withdrew. I saw one of his troopers mounted on a little mule too slow to get away led in front of the *cuartel*. He was questioned, but made no answer. An officer killed him with his pistol.

The writer, after reaching Parral, remained two months, and had an excellent opportunity to see the difficulties of those Americans who still persisted in mining.

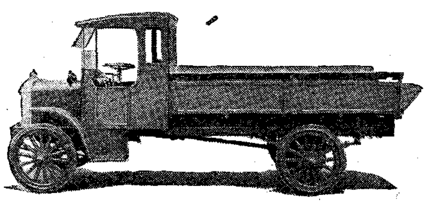
This Truck Is Right,

Says B. A. Gramm

Business men are entirely justified in considering the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein, the extra-value truck. It is actually that, because of the superior character, and the greater intrinsic worth of its units.

But it is extra-value for another and much deeper reason. That reason is the way B. A. Gramm builds it.

When he says it is right, he speaks with the authority of 18 years' truck-building experience. His trucks have always enjoyed a remarkably good, clean reputation.



Gramm Soundness In a 1½-Ton Truck

All that Mr. Gramm has learned about trucks—all that his engineering skill can devise to reduce hauling costs and lengthen truck life—he puts into the Gramm-Bernstein.

This is apparent by study of the various units used. Mr. Gramm insists that his buyers shall have not barely rated capacity, but real soundness.

In the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein, for example, he specifies rear axle bearings, larger by one or two sizes than in other 1½-ton axles. And the entire axle is built to the same sturdy pattern.

Hundreds of truck buyers will appreciate what that means.

Four-Inch Tires and Vanadium Springs

Four-inch tires, Mr. Gramm says, are not too large for 1½ tons, but merely good engineering.

His experience shows that Vanadium alloy springs—though they do cost more—are less liable to breakage. So they are used, in ample size for the load.

The transmission gears may seem extra large for a 1½-ton truck. Mr. Gramm wants the truck to be staunch throughout, and well able to do its work economically.

A Better Truck That Costs More to Build

Note that he has adopted the practice of operating both brakes on the rear wheels. This costlier construction eliminates a source of frequent trouble and expense.

Instead of a one-piece propeller shaft, this truck carries a two-piece shaft, with three universal joints. Again a greater cost, but the two-piece shaft runs more smoothly and without "whip."

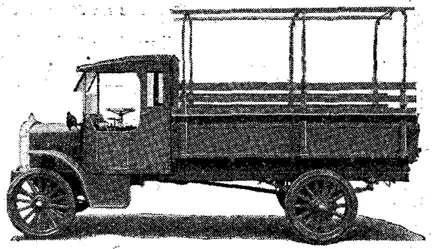
For Longer Life and Lower Hauling Costs

The chassis frame is extra strong and rigid. Six gusseted cross members keep it in alignment. In addition there are two stout corner braces at the rear, as well as corner gussets.

There is not a bend in the entire frame. That means still greater strength. Side members do not curve down at the front end, in the ordinary way, to form the spring hangers. Instead, they are reinforced by heavy steel-cast corner brackets, which themselves form the spring hangers.

Mr. Gramm's whole idea is to give his buyers the genuine sturdiness that spells longer life and lower costs.

Without such sturdiness, the success and economy of any truck become a matter of grave doubt.



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F. O. B. Lima, Ohio

1½-Ton Chassis with Driver's Seat

$1975 1½-Ton Chassis with all-weather cab, doors, curtains and windshield.

$2115 1½-Ton Truck, complete, with flare-board express body, which is convertible into a slatted express body, and a covered, slatted express body.

35 x 5 and 38 x 7 Pneumatic All-Weather Cord Tires Furnished as Extra Equipment.

In every detail, the truck gives evidence of the manufacturing practice which has made the name Gramm-Bernstein mean fine truck service. It is unusual practice. It produces unusual results. It is positive insurance to the buyer.

All we ask of business men is a careful comparison of important specifications, and due consideration of the 18-year experience which vouches for this truck.

Three-in-One Body a Leading Feature

Body options for the 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein include our Three-in-One type. Other standard types are the platform stake and the slatted stake, each furnished in high, low, and medium styles.

All Gramm-Bernstein trucks are chainless drive. Capacities from 1½ to 5 tons.

The Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Company
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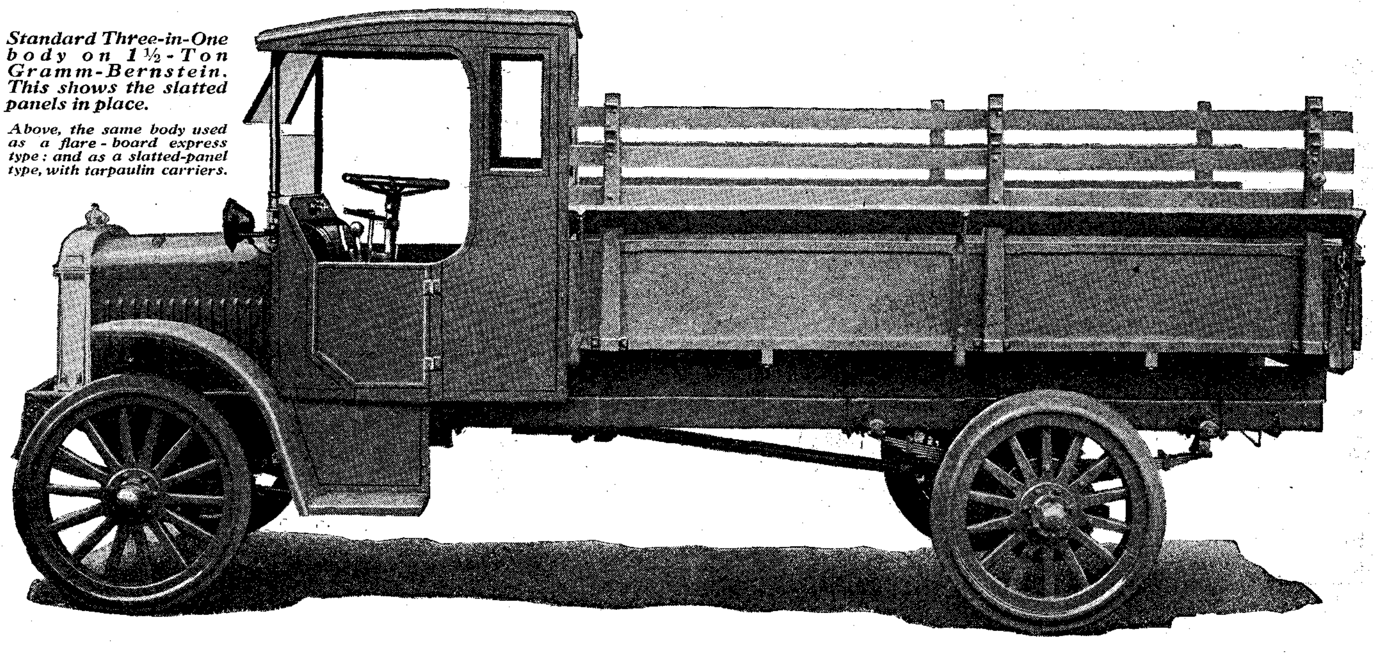

Standard Three-in-One body on 1½-Ton Gramm-Bernstein. This shows the slatted panels in place.

Above, the same body used as a flare-board express type: and as a slatted-panel type, with tarpaulin carriers.

-and SEATTLE endorses Republic Trucks

Seattle probably has more miles of steep grades than any other city in America. The constant uphill grind is trying on motor trucks.

But it is in the face of such obstacles that Republic quality shows itself most significantly.

Frye & Company, well-known packers, bought their first Republic several years ago and have steadily added more until they now have eleven. They say: "The satisfactory service which our first Republic Truck gave us has been duplicated by every Republic we own."

Cudahy Packing Company operate 15 Republic Trucks. They say: "Our Republic Trucks are the most satisfactory trucks which we have in service."

E. B. Holmes Lumber & Fuel Company say: "Our hauling problem is a difficult one, but Republics have solved it absolutely, handling overloads of heavy materials economically over all sorts of roads."

Whiz Fish Company have used Republic Trucks for four years and they say: "The first Republic we bought is still working perfectly. As our business has expanded we have added more and expect eventually to use nothing but Republics."

From practically every Seattle user have come similar expressions of approval. They are buying more Republics whenever they add to their fleets. The number of Republics in Seattle is growing at a rate that is significant to the truck buyer who seeks an answer to the question of the best truck to buy.

Not only in Seattle but wherever trucks are used you will find Republic performance emphatically endorsed by the repeat orders for Republic Trucks which owners consistently continue to place.

More than 1400 Republic Service Stations, so located that every part of the United States is served efficiently, contribute to the satisfaction of Republic Truck users.

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Some Seattle Users of Republic Trucks

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The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks — that serve so well

Republic Special, with body	*$1295*	*Model 12: 2 Ton, chassis*	*$2275*
Model 10: 1 Ton, with Express body	*1535*	*Model 19: 2-2½ Ton, chassis*	*2395*
Model 11: 1½ Ton, chassis	*1885*	*Model 20: 3½ Ton, chassis*	*3450*

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REPUBLIC TRUCKS

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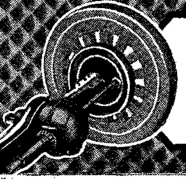


The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive — used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. Equipped with *POWRLOK*, which prevents stalling when one wheel loses traction.

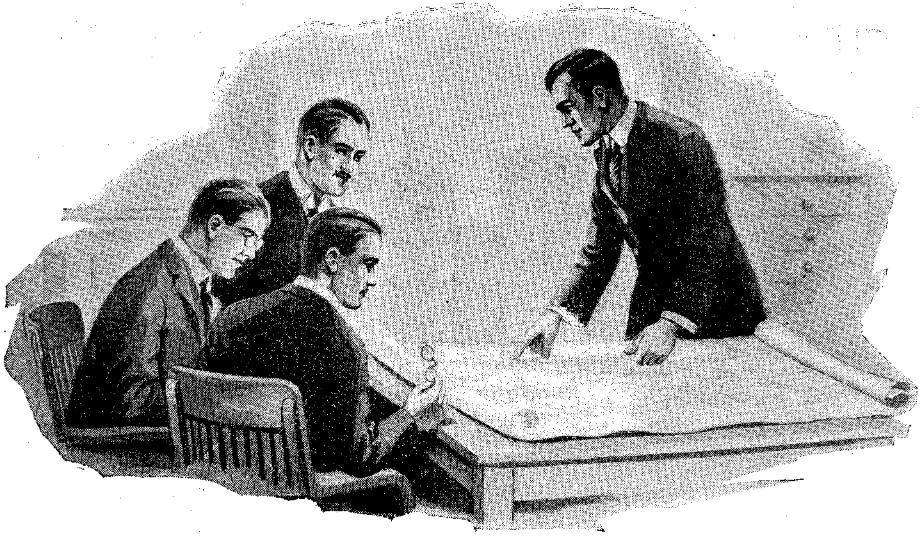
Built by the Largest Manufacturers of Motor Trucks in the World

He gives a clear-cut first-hand account of these so-called "exploiters of Mexico," and defends them and their activities with vigor. In his own words:

> One such mine was worked for years with little or no profit. The rise in the price of silver now made it profitable. It was in charge of a young man in the early thirties who had stuck to his job through good times and bad. Twice they had been obliged to flee, but both times he and his staff returned and took up their tasks at the first opportunity, always prepared for flight with a bunch of grain-fed horses, and always retiring with loaded pistol and rifle by their beds if fight and not flight should be necessary.
>
> These are the kind of people one hears occasionally referred to as "exploiters of Mexico and the Mexicans." They have kept the community alive. Their wages have been the sole support of a starving and pilfered population. When the influenza struck the place and carried off 1,500 out of a population of 8,000 they posted notices that employees and their families would be given corn free. I do not for one moment infer that all these people were in Mexico for any other purpose than gain, but I do assert that their efforts to that end resulted in a greater charity—if charity means helping people to live who could not live otherwise—than all the efforts of those exalted souls safely north of the Rio Grande who criticize and decry such legitimate gain as exploitation.
>
> For the Mexicans themselves I have the greatest affection. They are the politest, most patient people imaginable, and those foreigners who have any art in, or believe in, manners will find the practise of them will bring the reward of an even greater courtesy than they proffer, for the Mexican is born polite. Villa seems to me to be a strong man gone wrong. He has wonderful powers of leadership, but the cruelty and suspicion of the ignorant. He has all his life been an enemy of society, and when there shall be evidently a man pitted against him who holds his own honor and that of his country above all else Villa will perish.

Jack Neville, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, sends a more recent report on Mexican conditions, from the mysterious purlieus of Mexico City itself. It is not known to what extent his dispatch, which bears the date of April 22, but significantly contains no mention of the contemporaneous lively revolutionary doings down there, has been subject to the Mexican censorship. According to this authority Carranza is acting as a barrier between his people and predatory interests that desire Mexican oil rather than the good of Mexico. Mr. Neville's report, which includes an interview with Carranza, begins with mention of that "spite fence" along the Rio Grande:

> Along the Rio Grande extends one of the world's oldest, ugliest, and most dangerous spite-fences. Across it the United States and Mexico look askance; through it Villa came raging; beyond it Pershing took the trail of retribution; over it Zimmermann tried to launch invasion; against it revolutions have come crashing, while to-day rumors of Japanese land grants and echoes of the international oil controversy hurdle it to disquiet Washington and the peace conferees.
>
> Mutual understanding only can level this



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you will get more per dollar invested because you are assured greater economies in operation, as well as installation. These economies are recognized by engineers the world over.

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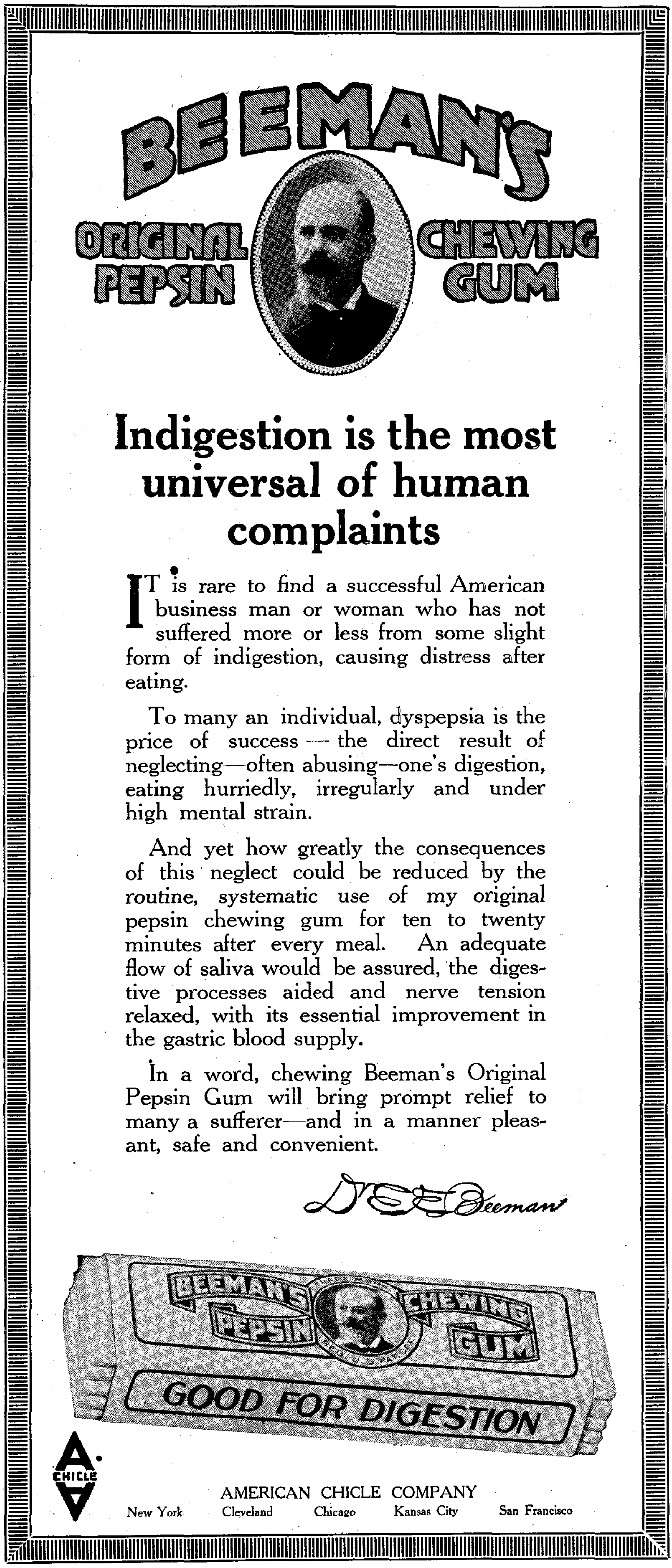


Indigestion is the most universal of human complaints

IT is rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating.

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success — the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And yet how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will bring prompt relief to many a sufferer—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.

D. E. Beeman

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

barrier of misunderstanding—and America has no bigger immediate foreign problem.

With that constantly in mind, I have spent four months beyond the border to write the unbiased and uncensored truth about mysterious Mexico to-day.

I have talked with Carranza and his Cabinet; with peon and don; with governors, generals, oil-operators, and skulking rebels; ranchers, business men, and washerwomen—gathering facts, impressions, and confidences suppressed, colored, or overlooked during the war, and now of greater importance than ever before to every American.

First of all, Venustiano Carranza, the President.

To understand what Mexico is doing, and is likely to do, it is necessary to know "the Old Man," active head of Carranza & Company, representing some 16,000,000 people, who are our oldest, tho most aloof, neighbors

Three times I have seen and talked with him.

First, as a soldier, during the Madero revolution, walking almost unnoticed about a camp—a tall, erect, quiet man. Again, in the "Desert of Lions," heavily guarded, at a private picnic to which I accompanied his official party. The third time, a few days ago, in the Presidential chamber, where he talked to me freely and frankly about Mexico's reconstruction, acute questions affecting his country and ours, of disquieting internal affairs.

In the anteroom oil kings, governors, generals, and workingmen, all waiting for a word with Carranza, were endeavoring to be "*simpatico*"—a term compounding politeness and good-fellowship that speaks volumes in an understanding of Mexico.

From the courtyard arose the strains of a Yankee jazz step. It was suggestive of what Mexico's President is doing for his nation—jazzing the country from sloth to energy; converting peons into scientific farmers and skilled workmen; making merchants, manufacturers, and professional men of the sons of the idle rich.

He talked to me about oil, Mexico's point of sharpest conflict with the Powers; of education, economics, revolution, and politics

"Next year," he said, "is my last in the Presidential chair," explaining that he would not splinter the first plank in his revolutionary platform by accepting an extension of tenure. "While I am here, I will fight for Mexico.

"We only want what is rightfully ours," he said, referring to the oil controversy now echoing around the world. "The oil belongs to Mexico. Every foreign oil interest in the country already has taken out of the ground more money than it has expended

"We must, and intend to, break oil monopoly in Mexico.

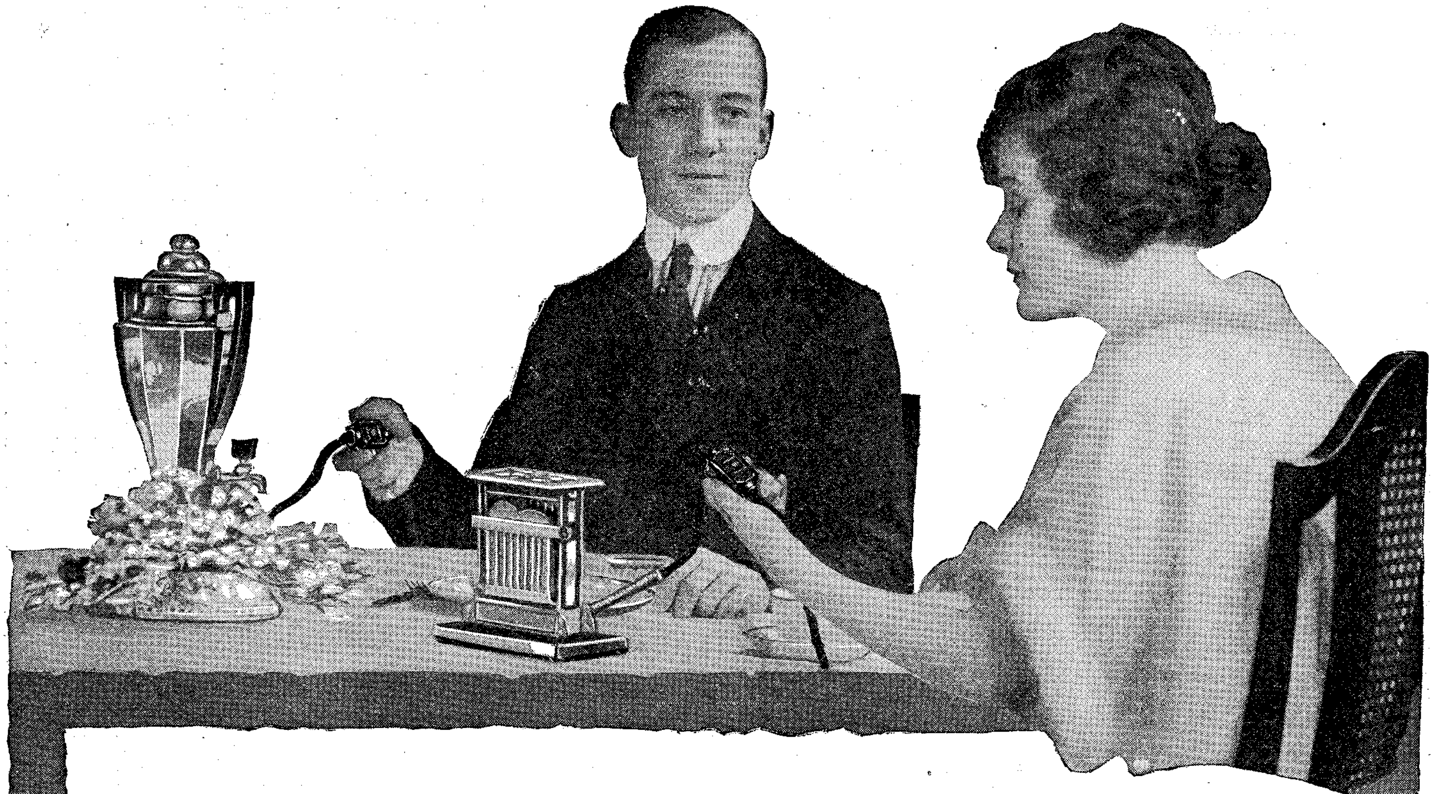
"If Congress amends or changes the proposed oil law, I will not object, as long as it is constitutional and does not conflict with the best interests of all the people."

Foreign interests, he told me, had said and done things which might lead to serious consequences. "But," he continued, "we trust the sound judgment of the American people."

He declared rebels were to-day receiving aid from foreign sources, aid without which scattering revolt would immediately collapse and which was one big obstacle toward better foreign relations.

Speaking of a successor, Carranza assured me that he would throw his moral support to no one candidate against any other in next year's Presidential election.

"You have studied us," he said as I was leaving. "You know something about us. I hope you will write the truth—for



"I See Most of the New Model Appliances Have Them Now—

—and no wonder, for this push-button switch is the biggest little convenience I ever saw."

It is more than a convenience, too, for it saves current—makes appliances last longer—prevents socket and cord burn-outs.

C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch is now being fitted by many manufacturers to their latest toasters and irons. Attached right to the cord, it gives control of current without touching either connector plug or socket. Just press the white button for "on" and the black for "off."

Saves Electricity

On an iron it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of leaving it on by mistake and possibly scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

On a toaster, it enables you to turn off the current between slices—without yanking at the plug, without burning the fingers, and without spilling the toast. Current saved too.

Prevents Burn-outs

Most sockets now in use were designed for lamp-bulb service, which takes but little current. This switch protects them against the ten-fold strain of electrical appliances—keeps the latter in good working condition—avoids delays, waiting for iron or toaster to be repaired.

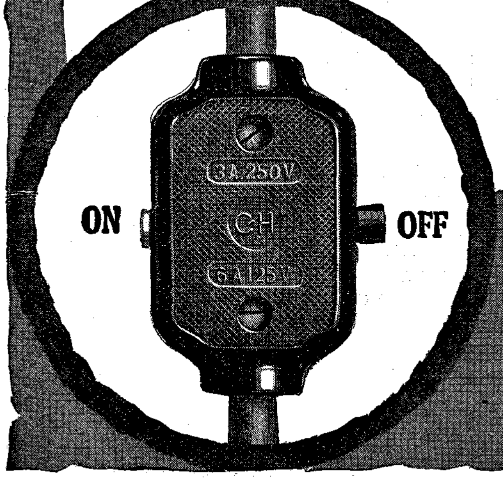
Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch-convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch on it for 75 cents. Use it awhile and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch-equipped.

When you buy a new appliance, ***look for the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch***

If your dealer can't supply you, we will send switch on receipt of 75 cents

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



C-H *Seventy Fifty* (7050) SWITCHES

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Full weight, Galvanized— **Roofing Products**

as formed from APOLLO-KEYSTONE COPPER STEEL Galvanized Sheets give unequaled service. Demand this material for Roofing, Siding, Cornices, Spouting, Gutters, Tanks, Flumes, Cisterns, Culverts, Silos, and all exposed sheet metal work. The copper-steel base is a factor for service that buyers and users cannot afford to overlook.

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truth only is a firm basis for international understanding and amity."

Carranza is to-day the real pilot of Mexico—let no one mistake that. And his "company," the people of twenty-one of the twenty-eight states now under civil government, as well as most of those in the other states, are trusting and following his demonstrated leadership.

I came to interview him only after months of sizing him up by his administrative acts, through information gathered from heart to hide of Mexico, from friend and enemy; and what he told me and his manner of telling it corroborated my previous impressions of him.

Every one concedes his honesty. Under his régime Mexico has taken the up-grade and conditions are rapidly improving.

Any pro-Germanism that may have existed is dead, never to revive.

Foreign investments are welcome, but monopolies will not be tolerated.

And, without any doubt, the day of unchecked foreign exploitation of Mexicans and their natural resources is definitely past—most assuredly, as far as Carranza and company are concerned.

ADMIRAL KOLCHAK, DICTATOR OF OMSK, WHO MAY RULE RUSSIA

THERE is a man with a serious look on his face at Omsk, Siberia, whose name is Alexander Vassilievitch Kolchak. He is a Russian admiral, and he may well look serious, for on him at this moment rests no less a task than evolving order out of the sanguinary chaos and devastation that have raged in the once mighty empire of the Czars for the last two years. He is the most prominent leader of the forces opposing the Bolshevik régime, and France, Great Britain, and Italy have already intimated their intention of recognizing the Omsk dictatorate presided over by him as the sole *de facto* government of Russia. Admiral Kolchak is a good friend of Rear-Admiral J. H. Glennon, of the United States Navy, and a dramatic story is told of how the latter once saved the life of the Russian Admiral, following a mutiny. When the Czar abdicated, Kolchak supported the Provisional Government set up under Prince Lvoff. Lvoff's administration was overthrown to make way for Kerensky, and a plot was laid to put Kolchak out of the way, it being realized by the Kerensky faction that the Admiral would be an obstacle to carrying out their plans. What happened, including the part played by Admiral Glennon, is thus related by Frederick Cunliffe-Owen in the New York *Sun:*

Kerensky lent himself to their projects. He visited Sebastopol, Odessa, and other cities on the Black Sea coast and preached not only on shore, but also on board the various men-of-war the doctrines of revolution and of the perfect equality of all men before the mast with their officers on the quarter-deck. His words and the German-Bolshevik propaganda bore fruit. The sailors rose against their commanders. They arrested the Admiral on his own flag-ship and exacted of him the surrender of his sword. This sword was a golden-hilted sword of honor, presented to him by his fellow Knights of the Order of St.

George, for the heroism which he had displayed in the defense of Port Arthur during the war between Russia and Japan of fourteen years ago. The Admiral refused to comply with the demand.

"This sword," he exclaimed, "I won at the cost of my blood at Port Arthur fighting against our country's enemies. You are not worthy so much as to lay a finger on it."

Then he flung the sword into the sea, following its flight with his eyes, turned on his heel, and retired to his cabin. But a guard was shortly afterward placed at its door and he was kept in close confinement there in port at Sebastopol, while on shore every pressure was brought by the Bolsheviki and by their German allies to bear upon the sailor *Soviets* to complete the wholesale slaughter of the officers of the fleet by putting him to death.

The sailors had yielded to the pressure put upon them in the matter and were preparing to hang Kolchak, when suddenly and quite unexpectedly Rear-Admiral Glennon, of the United States Navy, a friend of former years, made a dramatic appearance upon the scene. He had come to Russia as one of the principal members of the special embassy of Elihu Root, had been warned by another mutual friend, Captain Crombie, Naval Attaché of the British Embassy at Petrograd (afterward murdered by the Bolsheviki), of what was going on, and hastened to Sebastopol. Glennon arrived just in the nick of time, made his appearance at a big meeting of the sailor *Soviet*, addrest them as a brother member of the same profession, as a representative of the greatest democracy in the world, and as a member of a mission that had come from the United States for the express purpose of bringing help and encouragement to the Russian people in their new-found liberty and emancipation. He spoke so much to the point and with such sailorlike directness and eloquence that Kolchak, instead of being put to death, was released with honor, and even with apologies, and was permitted to return unharmed with Admiral Glennon to Petrograd.

After the overthrow of Prince Lvoff the adherents of the provisional government which he had represented gathered about Admiral Kolchak at Omsk. They have given him their allegiance as dictator and the leader of the forces opposed to Bolshevism in Russia. France, England, and the United States had officially recognized the Lvoff government, and after it was superseded, it is said that the two former nations have at their own expense maintained Russian Chargés d'Affaires in their countries as representatives of Admiral Kolchak's government at Omsk; and it is a question whether the United States has not been doing the same thing. For we read:

Most of the ambassadors of the Muscovite Empire, who justly regarded themselves as the personal representatives of the Czar, resigned their offices to Chargés d'Affaires when Nicholas II. was compelled to abdicate. But altho some of them could ill afford it, they were prompted by sentiments of chivalry and of loyalty to make the sacrifice of their emoluments, of their right to a pension, and of their entire future; among the number being George Bakhmeteff, who is so fond of America that he has continued to make his home here ever since. But what is not generally known is that the Chargés d'Affaires of Russia in London and in

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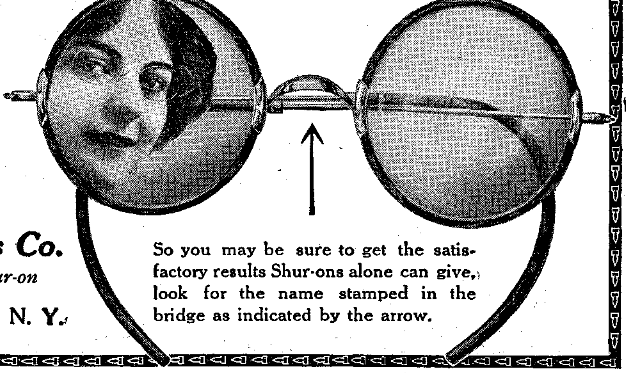

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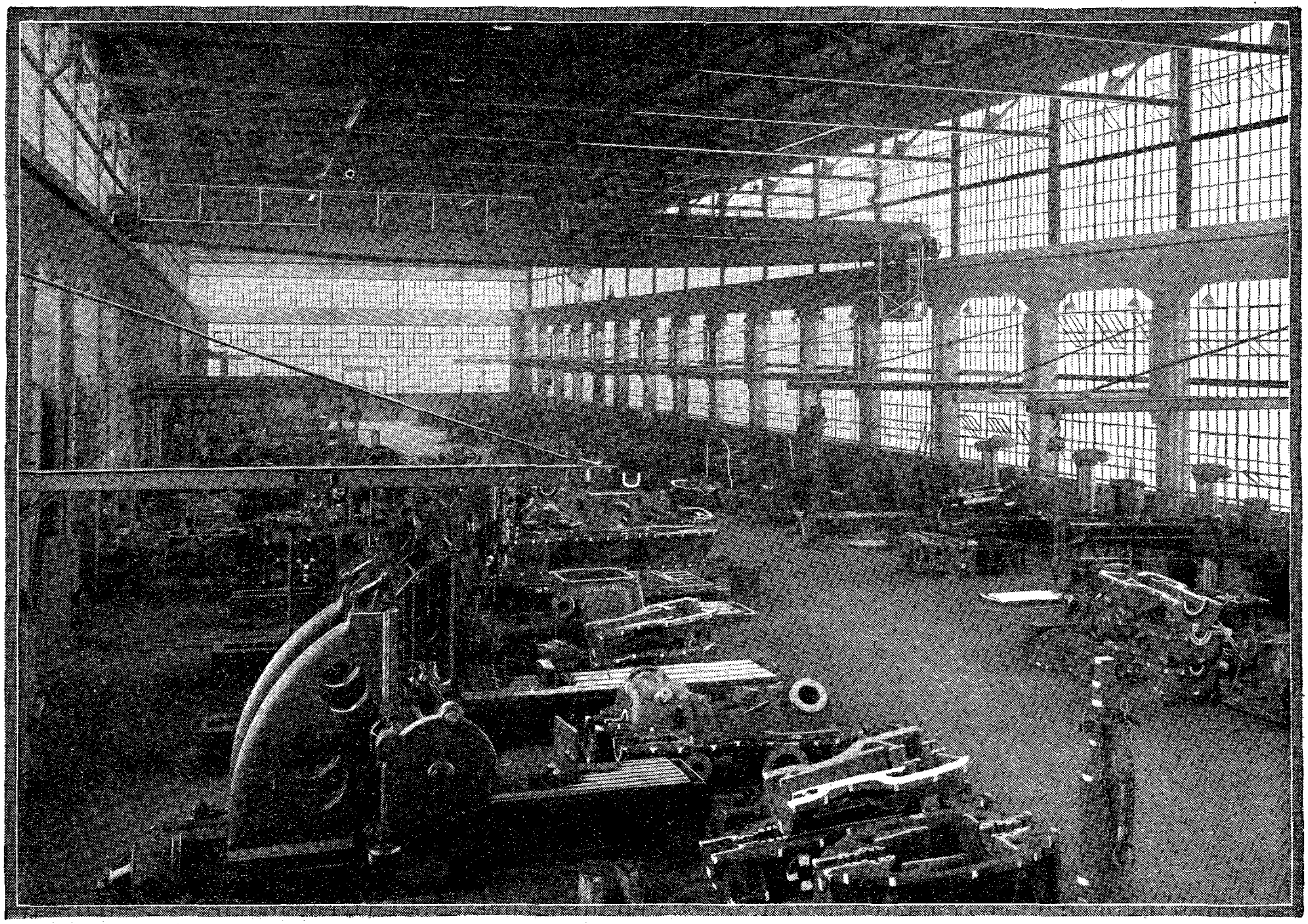

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Standardization of material and effort is the keynote to present day construction.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows are a standardized product. For this reason, they generally cost no more and in many cases cost less than ordinary wood sash.

Fenestra Standardization means quick deliveries. The use of Fenestra Sash in any structure will assist the owner in properly and speedily working out his construction and production problems.

And Fenestra Sash assures light, ventilation, protection—bigger and better production.

There are popular types of Fenestra to meet any requirement. Fenestra Solid Steel Windows have nation-wide distribution. Your contractor or building supply man can obtain them for you.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
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Fenestra
SOLID STEEL WINDOWS

Paris and their embassies and consulates have been maintained ever since at the expense of the British and French governments, since no funds from Petrograd were available for the purpose.

Only the other day in London the British Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, speaking in reply to a question in the House of Commons, admitted that the Chargé d'Affaires, Nicholas Nabokoff, appointed by the provisional government of Prince Lvoff in February, 1917, to take over the affairs of the Muscovite Embassy in London, had been maintained ever since at the expense of the English Foreign Office, and was recognized as acting in behalf of the Omsk government of Admiral Kolchak, "with which his Majesty's Government is in direct relations."

It would be interesting to learn whether the United States Government has contributed anything toward the maintenance of the Russian Embassy of Boris Bakhmeteff at Washington and to the upkeep of the Muscovite consulates and consulates-general in America since the Bolsheviki obtained the upper hand and the dispatch of money from Russia was suspended. Boris Bakhmeteff is very far from being a millionaire, and consuls do not roll in wealth. The cost of maintaining consulates, with all the staff of clerks and the renting of offices, is no mere child's play. Somebody has been defraying the expenses. Who is it if not Uncle Sam?

DISSIPATED FISH—The drug-habit may be acquired by fish as well as by humans. In *The Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association*, V. E. Shelford tells of some interesting experiments in this direction. Our quotations are from an abstract in *The Little Journal* (Cambridge, Mass.). Says this paper:

"He provided a shallow tank for them into which water flowed at one end with a drug in solution and at the other end without the drug. The outlet was in the middle so that the fish had complete freedom to swim away from the drug or into it and to select any concentration. His first experiment was with carbon dioxid, giving the fish a kind of attenuated plain soda-water. They swam into it and backed away again with protruded lower lip and lifted gills, but, despite what seemed like coughing and gulping, they did not turn away from it. Perhaps they were practising up against a sporting life to come. With morphin there was no apparent rejection even at first. They soon became sufficiently addicted to it to swim over to the inlet of the morphin solution and stay there. Some kept away from the greatest concentration, while others became regular dope fiends. With cocain, after a short exposure they refused to leave the solution inlet and remained close to it until they died from its effects. With ethyl or grain alcohol they soon learned where a solution of about 10 per cent. was to be found and stayed there as long as possible. They are reported to have become 'semi-intoxicated,' but just how drunk a semi-intoxicated fish is we are unable to say. A tadpole basked cheerfully in a 20 per cent. solution of alcohol and water which has the killing power of average whisky mixed half and half with water. What a full-grown bullfrog would do under such a temptation it is difficult to guess. Perhaps he 'would a-wooing go.' Scientific research often confirms established traditions. Goldfish preferred the strength of a full-bodied wine for theirs."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

HOW NOT TO TIRE

TIREDNESS may be prevented before it comes, or may be cured afterward. How both these things may be done is told by Louisa C. Lippitt, R.N., in an article entitled "Fatigue, and How to Prevent It," contributed to *Table Talk, the National Food Magazine* (Cooperstown, N. Y.). Fatigue, Miss Lippitt tells us, is physically, intellectually, and morally dangerous. If we make up our minds to prevent overfatigue, our powers of accomplishment will be increased. We often force ourselves to go on when we are not doing good work, simply because we have not the good judgment to stop. A few minutes of rest in the midst of work may mean efficiency for the remainder of the day. Miss Lippitt goes on to say in substance:

"There are times in every one's life when it is necessary to use the reserve capital of nervous strength which nature provides, but it does not follow that this ought to be an every-day procedure. To economize on rest, sleep, and fresh air is to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. In modern studies of efficiency it has been found that more work is often accomplished by shortening the hours of labor. A committee appointed to study the health of British munition-workers found that the hourly output of one hundred women who were making fuses increased 23 per cent. when the weekly hours of labor were reduced from 68.2 to 59.7, and the hourly output of twenty-seven men at heavy work increased 24 per cent. when their hours were reduced from 61.5 to 56.2 each week.

"What is the explanation of this? In all that we do, either consciously or unconsciously, the nervous system is the controlling power; it not only directs all the movements of the muscles, but it also regulates the heat and controls the secretions of the body. The cells of the nervous system are built up during rest and sleep, and it is necessary that the body should be rested and a sufficient amount of sleep taken to enable the nerve-cells to recuperate.

"There are various symptoms of fatigue. When fatigue at the end of the day is too great to be repaired by a night's sleep, and we wake up tired, something is wrong. Danger signals which it is well to note are: loss of appetite, insomnia, increase of fatigue disproportionate to the output of work, mental depression, lack of interest in the work, lack of initiative, loss of the sense of proportion, and a tendency to worry. Even in pleasures it is possible to overwork and fatigue the body. To spend one's leisure rushing from one recreation to another, without taking time for adequate sleep and rest, is to hasten the time when amusements will no longer have power to amuse. On the other hand, it is a mistake to feel that one must always save strength for the day's work, for, many times, an evening at the theater wakes you up, lifts you out of the rut, and makes life seem better worth living."

Attention is directed by the writer to the following points, which she believes

12 Units
12,000 Cards

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CARDS IN SIGHT

Universal Cabinets

Protect Your Records in Steel—Safe, Secret,—But Get

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No fumbling—thumbing, searching as in cards-in-boxes. Convert your present card system to Kardex and profit at once by the big time and labor saving that will result. Made in 1,000 card units—easily expanded to 1,000,000. Write for

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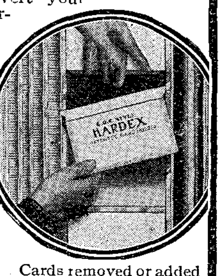

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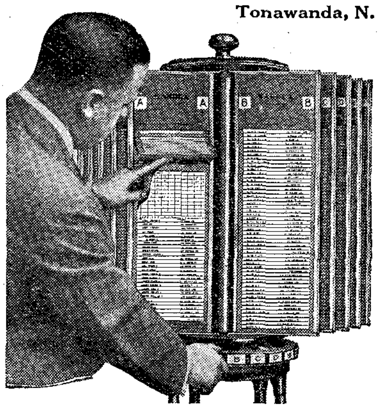

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SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

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This instrument was developed jointly by the Engineering Division of the Ordnance Department and the ATWATER KENT Engineering Department.

The problem of manufacturing so accurate an instrument in quantities with interchangeable parts was successfully solved.

The same high standard of precision, workmanship and quality which prompted the Government to entrust us with this most important work is also characteristic of ATWATER KENT Ignition and other equipment.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS
Philadelphia

SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE TO 4939 STENTON AVENUE

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

may prove helpful in preventing and in recovering from fatigue:

"Forget your work, learn to relax, put your work away from you, and do not worry. Most people who work seem never able to get away from it. The minds of such people must become narrow and fatigued.

"Take suitable exercise. Combine reasonable physical exercise with mental work. If very much fatigued from a day's work, do not overexercise. For instance, a teacher who has been standing all day is not benefited by taking a long walk. She should get fresh air by taking a ride in an open car, sleeping out-of-doors, or by managing in some way to spend time in the open air without fatigue.

"Eat regularly. One of the great mistakes that women sometimes make is that of not eating regularly and properly. The body requires food, and at regular intervals. When shopping or when engaged in any other matter, however absorbing it may be, do not omit a regular meal.

"It is not wise to eat a heavy meal when you are overfatigued; but this does not mean going entirely without food, with the idea that your body will become rested and then you can eat. It is much better, if you have been several hours without food, to take something simple like a glass of milk or buttermilk—something that is easily digested—and then later to eat the meal.

"One of the important medical discoveries of recent years is that many persons, both children and adults, are thin and languid and living on a generally low physical level because lack of appetite causes them to take insufficient food. The body requires a certain amount of food to give it vigor and strength, and when meals are missed a sufficient supply of food for the body's need is not often taken.

"Be interested in your work. Teach yourself to like your work. Put your heart into it, even if it is not the work which you would have selected to do. Modern psychology teaches that the mind does not tire by working as the muscles do, but that mental tasks become distasteful to us because we lose interest in them.

"Rest and sleep. A safe general rule to follow is to make sure that you are getting all the sleep that you need. Waking up sleepy and tired in the morning is a pretty sure indication of a lack of sleep or a diseased condition of the body that is causing unnatural drowsiness and needs attention. A wise division of the day for most persons is eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for recreation and routine.

"Get plenty of fresh air. Many persons have reported that they require fewer hours of sleep when they spend their nights in the open air. It is particularly necessary always to be remembered that if outdoor sleeping is to be beneficial, the sleeper must be comfortable. A restless night out-of-doors is much less refreshing than a night of comfortable sleep indoors.

"The ventilation of workrooms also needs attention, for working in a close atmosphere is very exhausting, and those who are compelled to labor in unventilated rooms often become tired and irritable. Those who insist upon excluding fresh air from an office or workroom are often very selfish in preventing others from having fresh air. Teach yourself to like it.

Remember, that those who are accustomed to working in a well-ventilated room are reatly inconvenienced, and even made ick, by a close room."

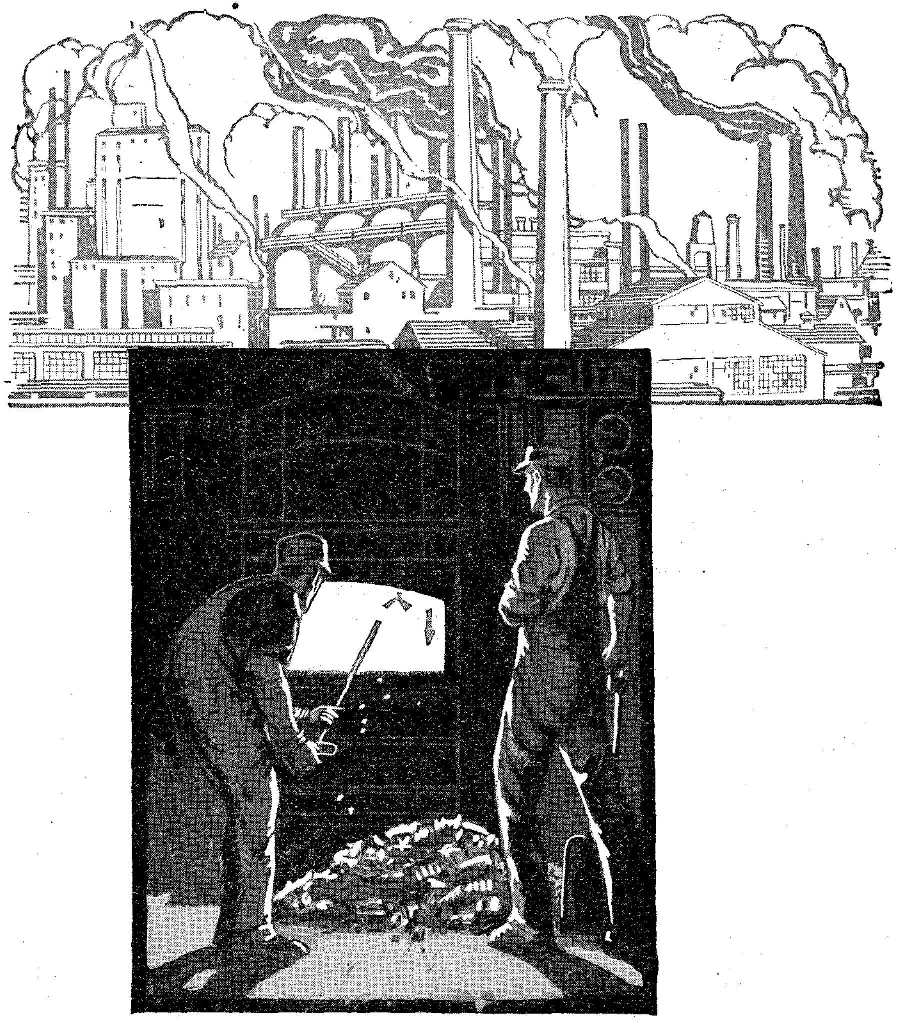
CHAMELEON SERVICE-STARS

THE mystery of the changing service-star on the enamel pin—why it shifts rom blue to gold—is discust at some ength by correspondents of THE LITERARY IGEST. All reject any occult explanation, nd insist that reported correspondences of he change with the death of him for whom he star was worn are merely coincidences. ome show how the color in the enamel ight be altered chemically from blue to old; others explain how the enamel may self fall away, without leaving evidence hat it has done so, but uncovering the gold eneath. This is the view of George E. erney, of Attleboro, Mass., who writes s as follows:

> "The service-pins referred to in your rticle are in the process of manufacture ruck from steel dies which give to the iniature metal service-flags raised metal nes outlining the design and giving taining walls for the colors of enamel sed; these are necessary to prevent the amels from fusing together when they e melted in the oven. (The enamel is aplied as a moist, finely ground combination silicates and metallic oxids; the melting necessary to fill accurately the spaces d to gain the requisite brilliancy and rdness.)
>
> "When larger quantities of service-pins e struck from one die, the steel frequently nks very slightly, and consequently the blems become slightly convex instead flat.
>
> "After the melting of the enamel the rface is ground to give an even surface, hich is then mechanically polished. The rvice-pins were generally made in such antities and at such a low price that a sulting lack of care in grinding and polhing reduced the enamel in the center the pins to such a thinness that, when ppening in connection with an emblem ving a convex surface from a sunken e, would make the enamel in the star a service-pin extremely liable to fracture d to chip out.
>
> "A seemingly light tap or slight pressure ould be liable to break out the enamel, so at the star would show perfectly in the ld color of the metal. The depression here the enamel was being very slight ay have possibly given rise to the impression that the enamel had changed color.
>
> "The writer has had fifteen years' perience in the designing and manufacture of enameled emblems."

Chemical change is suggested by Mr. hn S. Bedell, of the Hardenbergh Manufacturing Company, of Auburn, N. Y., ho writes us:

> "Undoubtedly many of the blue stars ve lost their original navy-blue color, t the death of no soldier helped the ange along. There may have been veral cases where a death and the fading the star came at or about the same ne. Every effect has its cause, and it



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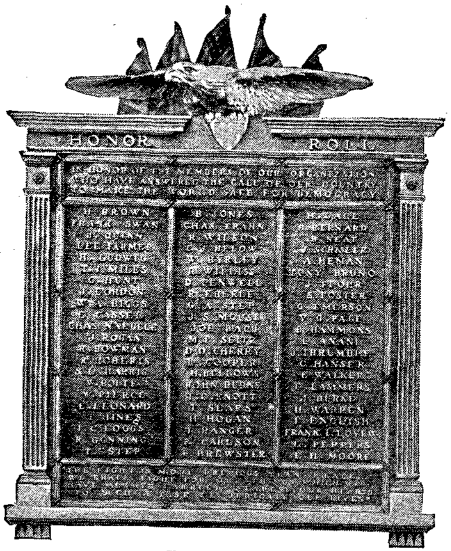

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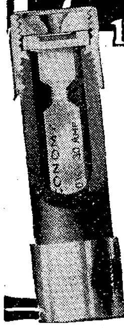

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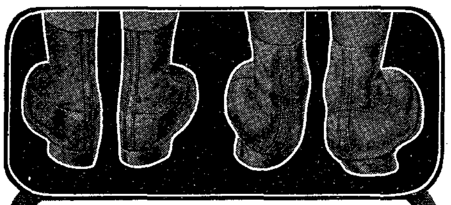

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Dept. A5 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

seems to me that chemistry offers a better explanation than superstition.

"Certain anilin dyes become an intense navy blue when in acid solution. As these are of the more common and cheaper blue colors, it is not unlikely that the enamel of the star was colored by one of these dyes. When treated with an alkali the dye loses its blue color. One dye at a certain stage of fading is a rich gold color. The enameled star is but a small bit, and undoubtedly is sufficiently porous to permit the penetration of sufficient alkali to cause the acid state to be overcome, thereby removing the color. In cases where the enamel is completely bleached, the gold background of the setting would show through as gold.

"Service-flags mounted in rings would probably be most susceptible to change from coming in contact with free alkali in soaps, but I can readily believe that a person's physical condition might be such as to effect the change.

"You may even hear of stars that have turned red when some one was wounded. This might occur under the same conditions as the change to gold if the right dye was used in making the enamel."

FLAWS IN "INTELLIGENCE TESTS"

CAN intelligence be estimated and rated by simple verbal and numerical tests? Such tests have recently assumed a very conspicuous place in educational and industrial work, and the possibility of finding out whether a child or a man is seventy-five per cent. intelligent, or only sixty-seven per cent., by merely pressing a button, as it were, seems to possess a fascination all its own. In an article entitled, "Certain Illogical Tests of Intelligence," contributed to *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago, April 9) by its editor, Halbert P. Gillette, doubt is thrown on much of the reasoning on which the validity of such tests depends. Mr. Gillette begins by reminding us that Prof. William James, in his "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," began by warning against certain fads and fancies, the pseudo-psychology of his day. There are always men, he says, who exploit for their own profit every new science. Among these, he asserts, are some who have done their best to bring "efficiency engineering" into disrepute. He goes on:

"Applied psychology is a new science that seems fated to pass through a period of charlatanism analogous to the period from which 'scientific management' is just emerging. 'Epoch-making' books on Character Reading, Will Power, Memorizing, etc., are being widely advertised. The advertisements alone should suffice to put a thinking man upon his guard, so extravagant are the claims; but most men, even among the so-called educated classes, are not trained to think, and are therefore easily taken in by specious argument and spacious assertion.

"During the last twelve years more than two thousand books on business matters have been published in the English language. These were preceded b countless articles on management, ac counting, 'system,' etc. We are no beginning to see so many articles on ap plied psychology that it will not be su prizing if two thousand books on the sub ject appear within the next decad Engineers can no more afford to ignore th current literature on applied psycholog than that on scientific managemen But if they wish to conserve their tim they must learn how to discriminate b tween the good and the worthless. As first step in acquiring a faculty of di crimination, it is well to study at least on or two books on logic, such as Bains o Jevons. The next step should be to adop a suggestion that Molesworth made abo 'engineers' pocketbooks'—write your ow In short, analyze the reasoning metho used by others as well as by yourself.

"An engineer, being trained to u mathematics, knows that before he ca calculate the combined effect of differe energies, he must reduce them to a con mon unit. He knows that one hundr horse-power plus ten British therm units per second does not make 110 un of any kind whatsoever. Yet the sa engineer will probably read, without cr icism, an article in which a milita officer is 'rated' thus:

Physical qualities	9
Intelligence	12
Leadership	15
Personal qualities	9
General value to the service	24
Total rating in scale of 100	69

Regarding this, Mr. Gillette bids h readers not to be confused by the u of "units" to which they are unacc tomed. Remember, he says, that yo can not add a per cent. of a full barr of cement to a per cent. of a full car-loa of sand, and get a per cent. of anything particular. You can not add physic qualities to mental qualities, any mo than you can add the hardness of quar to the height of a mountain. To quote ar condense further:

"What is the relative importance of t heart and the brain? Ask such a questio of any man and he will think you a jesting. But merely change your questio a trifle, and he receives it in seriousnes Here is a man with a given character and certain fund of acquired knowledge. Co pare him with other men both as to chara ter and knowledge, and state his relati standing. My answer is it can not be do by adding together incommensurable unit

"Where two kinds of energy combine produce a given result, neither one can rated above the other; both are essentia But it may be possible to express bo kinds of energy in the same unit, and th rate them quantitatively. Thus, tw chemical elements may unite if a certa amount of heat is applied to them. T two chemicals and the heat are equal essential to produce the reaction or effec But the number of thermal units ascri able to each of the two elements may ascertained, and their relative contrib tion to the total heat of combination ma be calculated. Some such calculation the relative number of mental units 'character' and in 'knowledge' may po sibly be made by psychologists a centu hence, but not until that is accomplish will it be rational to rate 'characte at twenty-four and 'knowledge' at fiftee Any such rating is really nonsense.

"In Prof. Lewis M. Terman's book

REO

With Electric Starter and Lights, and on Pneumatic Tires This Reo "Speed Wagon" Was the Forerunner of Its Type

In 1915 when this Reo "Speed Wagon" was first introduced, those features—electric starter, electric lights and pneumatic tires—constituted a liability.

Today, they are its greatest asset.

Then, our dealers told us the one "sales resistance" was the reluctance of buyers to "experiment with pneumatics on a truck."

Now, those same dealers tell us it is mainly because of these features that this Reo enjoys such a tremendous popularity and demand.

Then, there were only a few Reo "Speed Wagons" in hands of a few daring owners.

Now, more than 20,000 in hands of the most conservative and critical class of customers.

Then, there was a fear of "punctures and blow-outs."

Now, those bugbears are forgotten in the light of the great proven efficiency and economy of this Reo.

Then, even the tire makers were skeptical of this Reo innovation.

Now, tire makers, without exception, advocate pneumatics for trucks not only of this type, but up to five tons and over.

Then, the average buyer considered an electric starter a non-essential and electric lights superfluous.

Now, he would as soon buy a "street starting" automobile with kerosene lamps, as a motor truck of that obsolete type.

Then, only the Reo engineers appreciated the superiority—the greater efficiency, speed, economy and lower upkeep—of a truck mounted on pneumatics.

Now, rival engineers are copying this Reo as closely as they can.

Then, only drivers knew the saving of time and fuel and motor wear effected by the electric starter.

Now, the owner knows even better—through his cost accountant.

Nor need we now show how the working day is lengthened and the radius increased by the electric lighting system—for that, too, is patent.

Again, is Reo "conservative progressiveness" justified.

Again, is the leadership of Reo shown—and by imitation, that sincerest form of flattery—is the leadership of Reo design and the soundness of Reo engineering proven.

Now, you will have to be equally farsighted to get one—for demand is almost hopelessly in excess of the possible factory output.

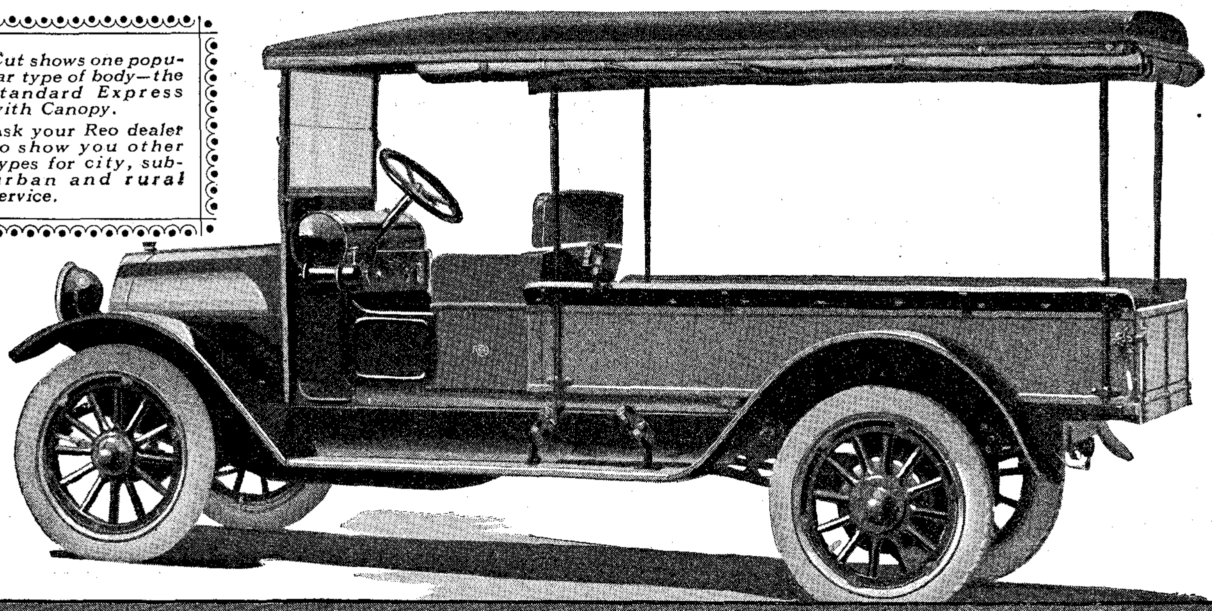
Only way is to see your Reo dealer and order now—at once.

If you delay you may have to accept an imitation in lieu of the original—a substitute instead of a Reo. Today, won't be a minute too soon.

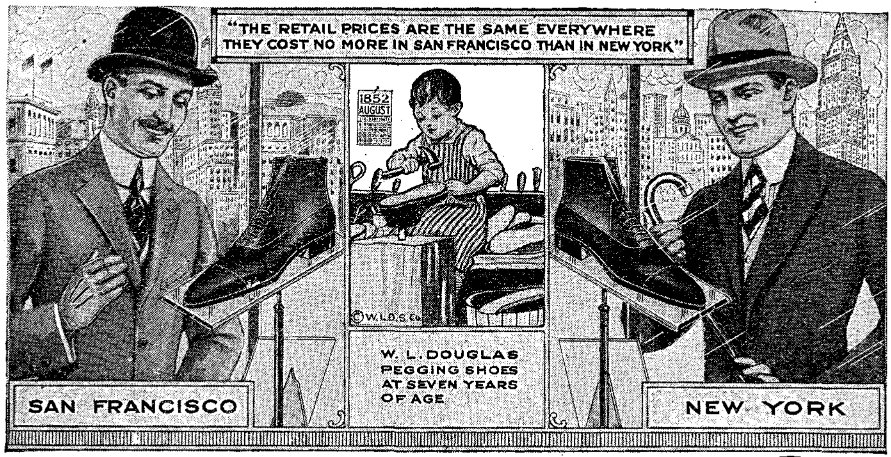
Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

Cut shows one popular type of body—the standard Express with Canopy.

Ask your Reo dealer to show you other types for city, suburban and rural service.



" THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES "


"THE RETAIL PRICES ARE THE SAME EVERYWHERE
THEY COST NO MORE IN SAN FRANCISCO THAN IN NEW YORK"
1852 AUGUST
W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK

W. L. Douglas

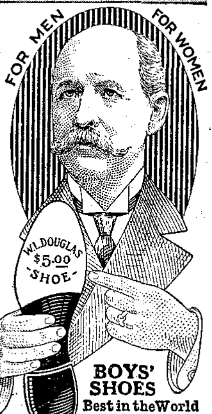
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W.L.Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W.L.Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W.L.Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W.L.Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.



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Best in the World
$3 $3.50 $4

For sale by 106 W.L.Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from factory by mail, Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas
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A collection of brilliant character studies of men and women to be met with in the Bohemian life of New York, by HUTCHINS HAPGOOD. A volume packed with human interest, laughter and pathos. *12mo, Cloth. Illustrated. $1.50; by mail, $1.55.*
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Send 25c for cloth book "Helpful Hints in English"—shows how to use the right word in the right place and improve your English speech and writing immensely.
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Heretofore La Salle Electric Washing Machines have been sold only to large dealers and jobbers. Now we are going right to the people—cutting out all selling expense—and giving YOU the jobber's, dealer's and salesman's profits. And you can TRY BEFORE YOU BUY! Think what it will mean to you to have an electric washing machine in your home. Send coupon now for full particulars.

LA SALLE UTILITIES COMPANY
Dept. 12 104 So. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

You are entitled to this modern back-saving and health-saving device. How many men would stand for the dirty hand-washing work you women have always done? Send the coupon for full particulars NOW.

LIMITED OFFER - SEND COUPON NOW FOR FULL PARTICULARS

La Salle Utilities Company
Dept. 12
104 So. Michigan Av., Chicago.

Send me full particulars about your Thirty Day Trial Offer and Special Sale Price.

Name ....

Address ....

....

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

'The Measurement of Intelligence' the claim is made that the best single test of intelligence is the 'vocabulary test.' It is claimed to give results approximating those obtained by applying the Binet-Simon psychological tests. This may be true, but if the Binet-Simon tests are not satisfactory, the vocabulary tests can not be more so.

"It is evident that a vocabulary test will indidate, to a considerable extent, the tenacity of memory and the range of reading, and the habit of defining words. All these are indicative of mental power, but there is vastly more to 'intelligence' than these three factors.

"I do not wish to convey the impression that I am opposed to psychological tests. What I am opposing is the extreme claims that are being made for these short-cut methods of 'sizing up' men. In doing so I have incidentally pointed out one of the gravest of fallacies, namely, the assigning of quantitative values to incommensurable qualities, and then using these quantities as if they related to common units of measure. I have yet to see a rational defense of such a procedure.

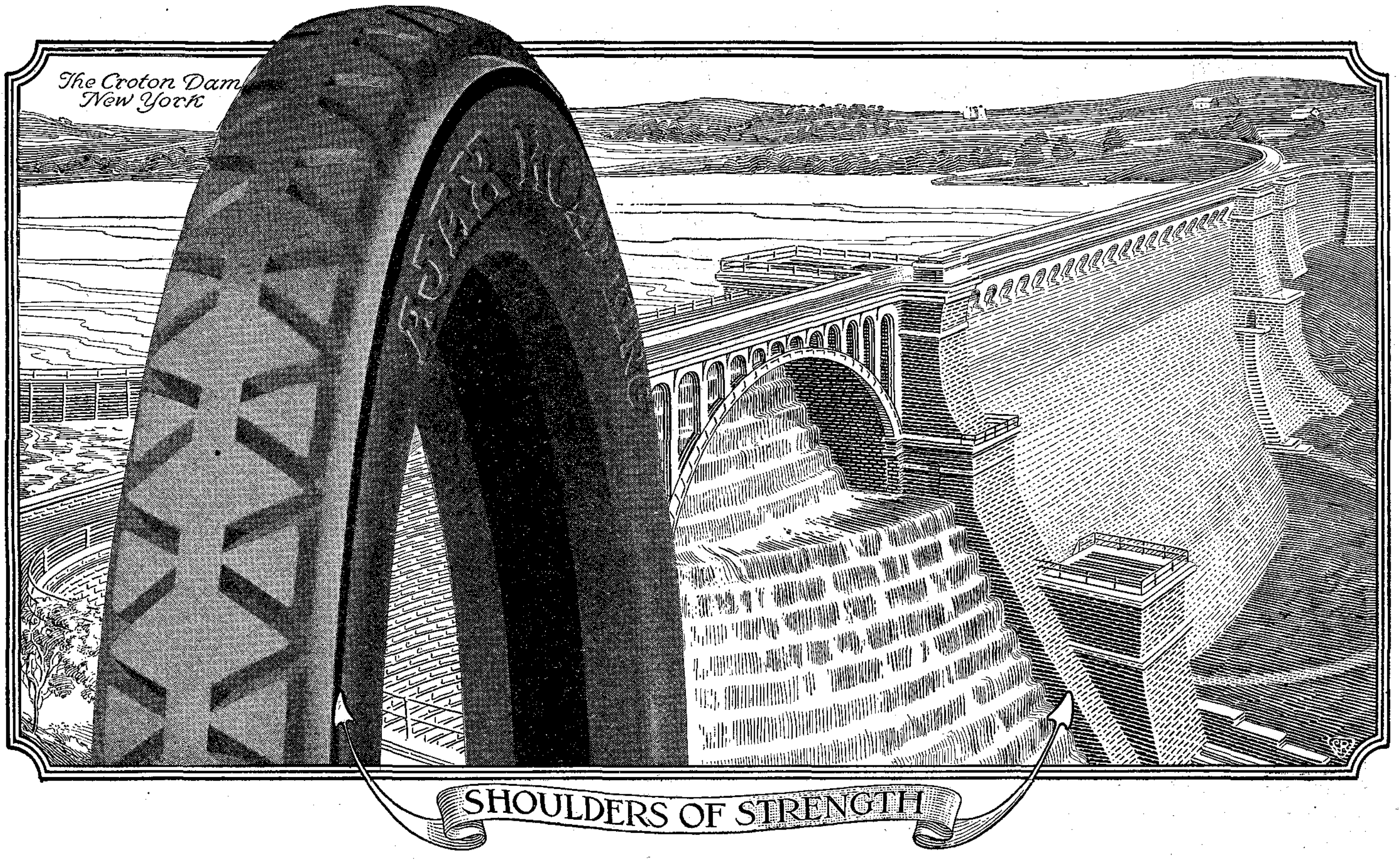
"Columbia College, it has been announced, is about to adopt psychological tests and abandon ordinary examinations for entrance. To put it mildly, this is a radical experiment. It may prove to possess merit, but I venture to predict that psychological tests alone will not suffice in selecting the fittest applicants for admission to college."

THE SECRETS OF THE WOODS

NOT the secrets of the forest, but of the manifold varieties of wood that grow there. How our government forest service is acquainting us with these secrets, thereby helping in the production of better woodwork of all kinds, is told by Aaron Hardy Ulm, in a very readable article in *The Nation's Business* (Washington, April). The Forest Products Laboratory, which the Government conducts in association with the University of Wisconsin, is responsible, according to Mr. Ulm, for digging out many of the secrets and making them available. Conservation and propagation of our forest wealth—the second greatest of any nation—is the prime object of the forest service, the writer tells us But the pursuit of that object now requires a regular force of more than three thousand, and has led the Service into many avenues of industrial science, from the classification of wood products to the promotion of the manufacture of scores of odd things from them—fiber silk, alcohol, paper, glues, and varnishes. It serves constantly as referee for disputes over questions about trees and their products. We read:

"Once, for example, the Forest Service extricated the engineers who were building the Panama Canal from an *impasse* caused by failure to use applied science in drawing contracts for timber.

"They had ordered large supplies of timber of the class known in trade parlance as 'long-leaved pine.' The canal-builders



MORE and more the careful buyer—the man who checks up his mileage—selects the Ajax Road King. It merits the splendid reputation it enjoys. It leads in life, in looks, in service. First among reasons for the Road King's prime popularity is that exclusive Ajax feature — Ajax Shoulders of Strength. Shoulders of Strength are buttresses of rubber that brace the tread of every Ajax Tire. Ajax experts have built in this engineering feature to re-inforce these tires, exactly as engineers employ the buttress to brace and re-inforce great dams, big bridges and the like.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX ROAD KING

Study of the Ajax Road King reveals its great strength. Note the massive tread. Mark how the Shoulders of Strength support it. They also distribute road friction evenly over the tread surface, and thus prevent wear from centering and grinding through to the fabric.

Records of Ajax Road King users all tell the same story: that the Road King outwears other tires on light, medium or heavy-weight cars. The greater stamina built in by Ajax Shoulders of Strength has made Ajax Tires 97% Owner's Choice. This big percentage of the yearly Ajax output is chosen by individual car owners to replace other tires that came with their cars. This is a strong user endorsement for Ajax Tires.

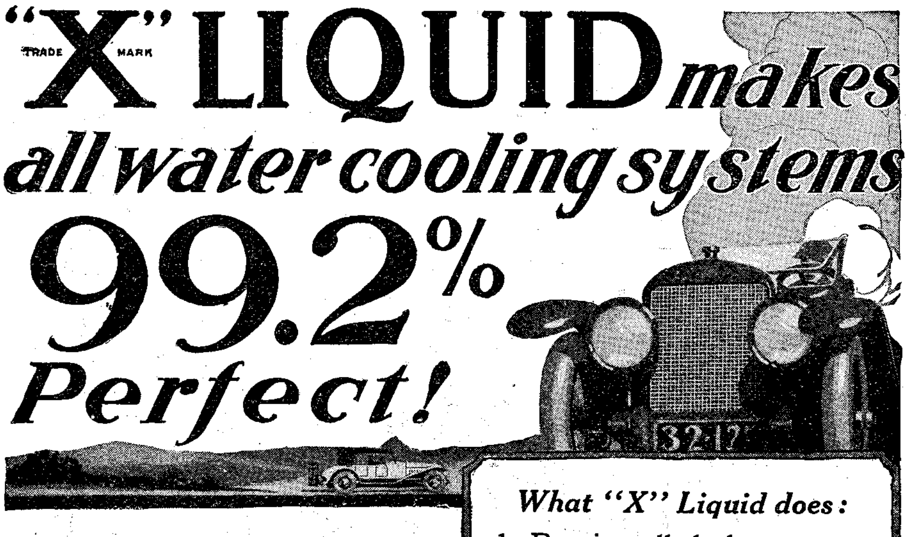
Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes and Ajax H. Q. Tire Accessories are sold by your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed in Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. **Branches in Leading Cities**

AJAX TIRES



"X" TRADE MARK LIQUID makes all water cooling systems 99.2% Perfect!

What "X" Liquid does:

1. Repairs all leaks *permanently*—in 10 minutes.
2. Prevents *new* leaks—keeps cooling systems LEAK-PROOF.
3. Loosens all Rust and Scale.
4. Prevents *new* Rust and Scale—keeps cooling system RUSTPROOF and SCALE-PROOF.
5. Helps keep the engine cooler.
6. Saves Oil.
7. Guaranteed to make good or money back.

NO MORE LEAKS—anywhere in the cooling system. NO MORE RUST OR SCALE. Better engine performance. Less upkeep cost.

THE average owner knows nearly every part of his car perfectly—*except the cooling system.*

Its apparent simplicity fools him.

He doesn't realize that much engine trouble begins in the cooling system. Improper cooling often causes scored cylinders, pitted valves, seized pistons and *hundreds of dollars of needless expense.*

Leaks—Rust—and Scale are the trouble makers of the cooling system.

With "X" Liquid the car owner has the only *safeguard* against these troubles. Chemical science has pronounced it *perfect!*

* * *

"X" Liquid will repair permanently cracks in the water jacket; in valve pockets; in parts of the cooling system where soldering or welding wouldn't be practical—or economical. As for small holes in the radiator, pump, connections, etc.—"X" will repair *one* leak—or *one thousand*—in ten minutes. And make a permanent, scientific repair that stands pressure as high as 2,000 pounds!

Simply pour "X" Liquid into the radiator. Leave it there. It works automatically—and is your guarantee that no leaks will ever appear.

THE same "X" Liquid that repairs leaks also has a chemical action that *loosens* all Rust and Scale. "X" absorbs the free oxygen in the water. It prevents *new* Rust from forming. It doesn't allow the lime and magnesia in the water to form new Scale.

In this way the narrow water passages are kept free from Slime, Rust and Scale. The cleansing action of "X" tones up the system—saves oil and gasoline—and helps the motor perform better.

Eighteen months of laboratory and road tests have definitely proved that "X" Liquid positively makes all water cooling systems 99.2% perfect—as good as the day the car came from the factory!

Give the cooling system the care it deserves. Always keep "X" Liquid in the water. It doesn't evaporate. One can lasts a season and saves you money, trouble and prevents delays when you may most need your car.

Not a Radiator Cement!

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with radiator cement or powders in solid or liquid form. Be safe. "X" is the *most* scientific process guaranteed to keep cooling systems LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALE-PROOF—and *troubleproof.* Used by the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, American Telegraph & Telephone Co., etc., etc.

Standard Size $1.50
Will do a $25 repair job

Ford Size 75
Will do a $10 repair job

At your dealer's—or mailed postpaid on receipt of price and dealer's name. Write for the full story of "X"—the Wonderful Liquid.

"X" LABORATORIES, 644 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.
Pacific Coast Branch, 433 Rialto Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

received 'long-leaved pine,' but a large percentage of it failed to meet strength requirements.

"'We are sending what you ordered,' said the contractors when called to task.

"'It isn't the kind of timber you know we want and must have,' the engineers declared.

"Lawsuits seemed imminent with consequent heavy costs and long delay. But on further thought both sides saw that appeal to the courts would be like tossing a coin to find which was right. For judge and jury would have faced the necessity of applying to the contracts one of two constructions of substantially equal merit. One was that 'long-leaved pine' meant a species of tree and the other was that it meant a certain quality of timber.

"'What you should use in your contracts is a standard term instead of generic or trade words,' advised the sharps on trees at the Forest Service in response to a joint S. O. S. from engineers and contractors.

"'Where, by the tree-god Woden, shall we find one that all will understand?' asked the engineers, who knew that the vocabulary of woodmen, however Biblically picturesque, wotted little of science.

"'Right here,' and the college-bred woodmen of the Forest Service pointed to growth-rings showing clearly in the polished wood of which their desks were made—the rings by which every country-reared boy has counted the age of sawed-off trees.

"'Spring growth, represented by the wide stretch there, is the weakest part of a tree; summer growth, usually narrower and darker, is the strongest part,' advised the book-lore foresters, illustrating with pencils. 'The reason for this is that trees grow fast in springtime and slowly in summertime, and none at all in wintertime.

"'By means of those rings and a little chart we'll prepare any cutter to tell whether a tree is strong enough for your use, whether it be long-leaved, short-leaved, or any other variety of pine or no pine at all, as well it may.'

"Thus was formed a rational, as against a rule of thumb, standard for judging the strength of trees. And the whole timber and lumber industry, says the Forest Service, would profit immensely by the application of such standards in all their classifications which are now controlled largely by local and trade customs and, on the whole, are as confusing and scientifically irrational as the tongues of Babel."

War's demands, Mr. Ulm goes on to say, accentuated the importance of scientific forestry work, especially in directions of interest to business and industry. Advances have thus been made in weeks and months that normally would have taken years. He says:

"Take, for instance, aeroplanes, in which the wood factor is of exceeding importance.

"'We must have air-dried timber,' said the aeroplane engineers.

"The lumber people laughed.

"'Have you been asleep amid the roar of the last three years?' asked they. 'Countries at war have searched the world for air-dried stock suitable for aeroplane construction. There's none in this country. It will take two or three years to season it in the usual way.'

"'Help!' yelled the engineers to the Forest Service.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

"'If you can't wait on Nature's climate,' the Government's dry-kiln experts calmly replied, 'we'll see if we can't make a little of our own.' Several new brands, each varying as to moisture, heat, and wind, were devised and tried out on different kinds of wood.

"In two months kiln-dried aeroplane stock was ready, and proved in every way better, and was cured with less loss, than the air-dried!

"Likewise, only worse, the Ordnance Corps was stunned when it discovered that Germany almost drained the country of air-dried black walnut even before August, 1914. After that the Allies gobbled up our green black walnut, even to almost denuding our land of black walnut-trees.

"'What shall we do for the millions of gun-stocks we must have right away?' asked the Corps.

"Fortunately, the Forest Products Laboratory had worked out a kiln-drying process.

"'We are still in a heluva fix, for we even don't know where the trees are,' wailed the ordnance makers.

"The Forest Service put the Boy Scouts to work locating black walnut-trees; they bear tasty fruit, which was sufficient lead for the kids.

"In a month or two there was seasoned black walnut a-plenty for gun-stocks.

"Similar things were done in finding and preparing wood for vehicles, such as wagons and gun-carriages.

"While there is nothing new *per se* in the dry-kiln process, the advances made under the propulsion of war in its application will be of immense value in many lines of manufacture, like the vehicle and furniture industries. They will enable many manufacturers to gratify our national instinct for haste and quick turn-over without sacrifice of material or the quality of finished product.

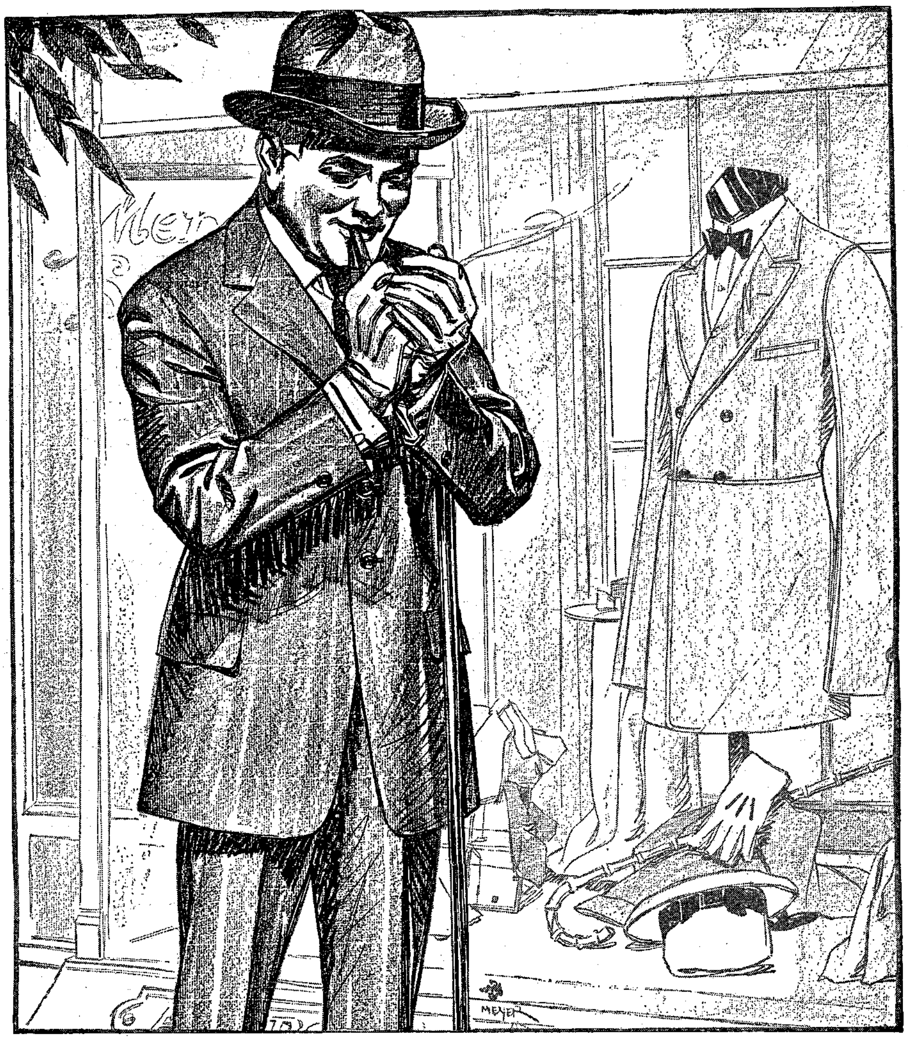
"Great peace-time value attaches also to numerous other discoveries and improvements in the wood-working arts as made by the nearly five hundred persons who toiled on war-problems at the Madison laboratory. Heretofore, for example, waterproof glues could be procured only by paying tribute to the holders of trade secrets.

"'What others can do we can do,' said the Government's specialists. They developed from 'clabber' (casein) taken from fine Wisconsin Jerseys a glue that will hold faster than a turtle's bite. Wood-blocks joined with it have held against ten days' soaking supplemented by twenty-four hours' boiling in water. The process is now available without cost to industry and enables any manufacturer of furniture to put together articles that will stand the test of any climate.

"Many other things were developed, like an impervious wood-coating made of aluminum-leaf covered over with varnish. It was devised to protect aeroplane propellers from being thrown out of plumb by moisture absorption, which at one time caused defections running as high as 80 per cent.

"There also was developed a process for making, out of wood-pulp, 'guncotton' that could have supplanted that made from cotton linters without changing the range of guns, something, it is said, the Germans with all their chemistry and greater urge of necessity failed to do.

"The job of the Forest Service is to



To hard-headed, "show me" judges of *Value*—

FOR more than half a century Michaels-Stern Clothes have been made to please you men who demand the most for your money.

But now—the war has taught all men to appreciate true worth, to insist on *value*.

Small wonder that men everywhere, in applying the lesson of *value* practically, are turning to Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

$25.00 to $60.00

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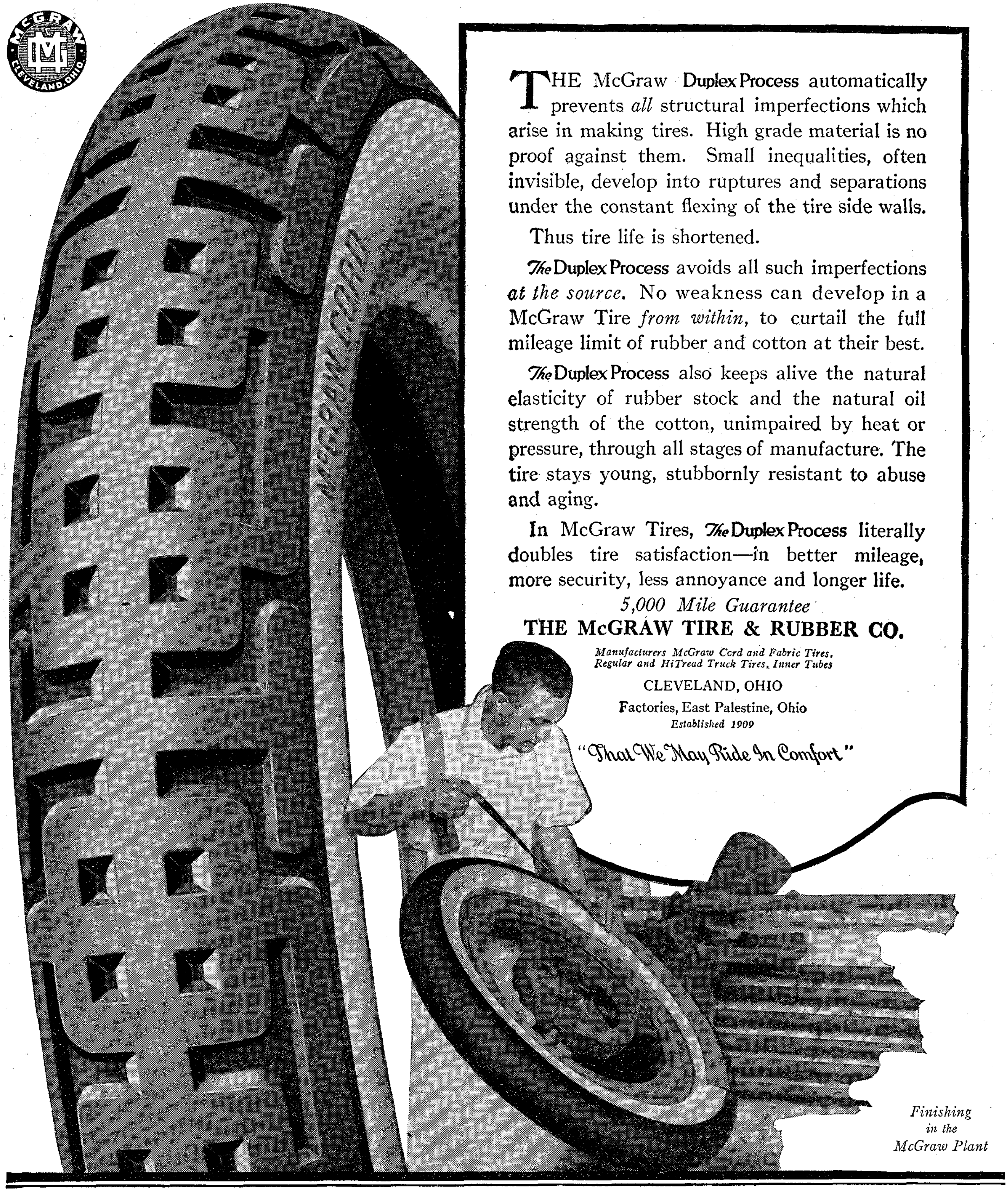
How Duplex Process Doubles Tire Satisfaction



THE McGraw **Duplex Process** automatically prevents *all* structural imperfections which arise in making tires. High grade material is no proof against them. Small inequalities, often invisible, develop into ruptures and separations under the constant flexing of the tire side walls.

Thus tire life is shortened.

The Duplex Process avoids all such imperfections *at the source.* No weakness can develop in a McGraw Tire *from within,* to curtail the full mileage limit of rubber and cotton at their best.

The Duplex Process also keeps alive the natural elasticity of rubber stock and the natural oil strength of the cotton, unimpaired by heat or pressure, through all stages of manufacture. The tire stays young, stubbornly resistant to abuse and aging.

In McGraw Tires, **The Duplex Process** literally doubles tire satisfaction—in better mileage, more security, less annoyance and longer life.

5,000 Mile Guarantee

THE McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers McGraw Cord and Fabric Tires,
Regular and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories, East Palestine, Ohio
Established 1909

"That We May Ride In Comfort"

Finishing in the McGraw Plant

McGRAW

teach you and me how to use wood and wood-products as well as how to propagate and save trees. The fact that for a decade the use of wood has been on the decline in America gives to the experts belonging to the Service no special joy as it might give to unknowing lovers of trees familiar only with our murderously wasteful methods of harvesting and employing our forests' wealth.

"'There is no need of our saving trees through the non-use of wood,' say the chiefs of the Forest Service, who are the nurses, sales-agents, and managers of our more than 150,000,000 acres of nationally owned forest lands. They are also consulting physicians to the remaining four-fifths of our forests still under private ownership, and are available as expert advisers to all users of trees or tree-products.

"'Under certain limitations we have plenty of timber, provided it is conserved intelligently and consumed with sensible economy. But we have been getting less than 50 per cent. of the value out of the trees we fell, as against Germany's 98 per cent.

"'We should conserve not by non-use, but by intelligent use—that is to say, by getting the fullest possible return from every tree. This means more efficient lumbering, better saw-milling, and better wood-working all along the line. It means also the unlimited utilization of waste products.'"

FLYING SPARKS ON RAILROADS

THE showers of sparks that used to issue from the stacks of the old wood-burning locomotives, despite spark-arresters, are things of the past, except in remote localities. They were beautiful, considered as fireworks, but excessively dangerous. Sparks, which are nothing but light-burning fragments of fuel, may also, however, proceed from coal-burners, and as a matter of fact they still cause much damage. The locomotive-spark hazard, we are told in an article contributed to *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York, April), is considered one of the greatest sources of fire loss in railroad property. Railroads are increasingly alive to this danger. The improvement in what may be called their fire-prevention departments has been marked, and many engineers have given the matter serious attention, with the result that systematic inspection of the parts of the locomotive looking toward fire-prevention is constantly made. We read:

"Some time ago A. D. Brooks, of the Illinois Central, made an exhaustive study of the subject, and presented his views in an able paper from which we subjoin some extracts that may be useful as a reminder of the ways and means of reducing the danger to a minimum. Mr. Brooks stated that the locomotive-spark hazard is considered one of the greatest sources of fire loss in railroad property. This is because company buildings generally are located within the range of spark showers from locomotives, together with birds' nests, poor shingle roofs and general repairs, in which crevices, open joints, or decayed parts form pockets that catch the ashes liberated from locomotive smoke-stacks and then ignite from other sparks. . . . .

"After such careful thought and attention by the departments of railroads vitally interested, it seems that we should get down to a positive means for eradication of the hazard, rather than the methods that have been pursued to lessen the result of the hazard. By the former we mean that the principal place to offset this hazard is in the roundhouse and shops in keeping the screens, fittings, front-end appliances, ash-pans, and dampers up to the standard as set forth in the blue-prints and regulations heretofore issued, and seeing that they enter service under such conditions. By the latter we mean methods to lessen the results of the hazard by corrections in construction of buildings, such as has been undertaken in the past through the substitution of a better class of roof coverings, avoiding unnecessary pockets in roofs of buildings for the accumulation of sparks, etc., cutting down of grass and weeds in the vicinity of railroad property, digging of ditches, cutting of divisions or avenues in timber tracts, and the application of fire-resistive coatings to woodwork exposed or subject to lodgement of sparks or hot coals; and by keeping the ties and stringers on bridge and trestles in good order."

While the conditions of front ends and ash-pans are classed by the writer as the primary causes of fires started by sparks or cinders, he also blames the running of engines with their damper-doors open through carelessness of the engine men or cinder-pit men. The motive-power departments of the railroads, as well as the Master Mechanics' Association, have given the spark hazard a great deal of consideration, and study and standards have been adopted and recommended. The writer goes on:

"We have observed in connection with some of the large railroads of the country that severe service tests have been given through a period of years to develop better conditions and that the front-end arrangement on locomotives, or what is known as the 'spark arresters,' have been receiving careful constructive consideration. It is a question to draw forcefully the attention of this subject to every official, as we consider that the spark hazard is possibly the greatest that has to be contended with in connection with fires on railroad property and that even tho through a period of years the losses from spark causes have been very much lessened in many instances, it is a question whether it may not be possible in the future to eliminate entirely the occurrence of fires from these causes. . . . We find that the relative importance of the value of property destroyed shows that sparks from locomotives occupies about second place of all the sundry hazards involved in the destruction of railroad property, and that in the number of fires reported it occupies about the same relative position. . . . . . .

"The approximate danger-line from sparks is 150 feet distance from the center of the track. In confirming this statement the testimony of those who have had occasion to observe the progress of fires originating from locomotives is to the effect that while objects located at a greater distance sometimes burn, the firing of such objects is not the immediate result of sparks from a locomotive, but that of a flying brand from the original spark fire

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

within the above distance. These conditions, however, would not prevail with a defective spark-arrester. So small is the heat-carrying power of a spark from a locomotive in good condition that there is doubt as to whether or not they cause a fire. Well-known laws applied to falling bodies show that sparks sufficiently large to carry fire must, under ordinary conditions of discharge and of wind velocity, strike the ground within a comparatively short distance from the track.

"There is, therefore, nothing to bear up the locomotive spark but the initial velocity with which it is projected. From considerations, it should be evident that conclusions based on observation in connection with fixt fires are not applicable to the conditions affecting sparks in locomotive service.

"We believe with a uniformity in respect to careful maintenance of the corrective influences that have been devised up to date, that much can be done in preventing the large fire waste caused by flying sparks. This, however, must receive careful individual cooperation on the part of all employees and the motive-power departments, and our hope is that we may be able in the future to acknowledge the result of the work of some inventive mind that will bring about the entire elimination of fires caused by sparks thrown from the smokestack of locomotives."

MESSAGES WE REMEMBER

Which of all the messages that have come to your ears over the telephone do you remember most vividly? Once in a while, says a contributor to *The Transmitter* (Baltimore), there comes over the wire a sentence that becomes famous—either because of the man who utters it or the importance of the subject. And not only so, but, on account of the circumstances surrounding the sending of it, the message probably lingers long in the mind of the person who received it. He goes on:

"Few people can remember the very first words they ever heard over the telephone; but there's one man who can. It isn't at all likely that a certain individual who is now interested in the building of ships will ever forget the 'Mr. Watson, come here; I want you,' that came faintly over a few feet of wire to him on that memorable March day of 1876.

"Nor is it likely that those men of the telephone who participated in the opening of the transcontinental telephone-line will forget the particular words used on that occasion; nor will those who were fortunate enough to be present when the first words were shot across the country by wireless telephone.

"There is a man in Ohio who was Governor in 1913, and who could probably tell you of a telephoned sentence that stands out in his mind rather distinctly. It is: 'Good morning, Governor. The sun is shining in Dayton.' On that morning Dayton was a stricken city. The heavy hand of flood and storm was upon it. It was cut off from the rest of the State. No trains in or out, no telegraphs, and only one telephone line. At the Dayton end of the line was a telephone man, District Plant Wire Chief J. A. Bell, marooned in one of the upper stories of a high building. All through the night he stayed at his telephone, sending out the only information that was sent out. And with the morning sun came his cheerful message to the Governor at Columbus—a message that brought joy to the thousands waiting for it, for it meant that the storm had ceased raging and the waters would soon begin to recede.

"Seven words that meant the occupation of a foreign city by American troops and possible war with one or more countries came over the telephone in the dead of night, or rather just before the first blush of dawn. At 4 A.M. on an April day in 1914 Secretary Bryan received a cablegram from Consul Canada, stationed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, telling of the approach of a German vessel carrying a cargo of arms for Huerta. Mr. Bryan telephoned Mr. Tumulty. Mr. Tumulty called the White House, and after some hesitation President Wilson was awakened.

"While Mr. Tumulty was explaining the situation, Secretary Daniels of the Navy called up and was switched in on the same line. He, too, had received a dispatch about the cargo of arms. The President listened in silence.

"'What shall we do?' asked Secretary Daniels.

"'Tell Fletcher to seize the custom-house,' replied the President, without hesitation.

"A voice in distress heard over the telephone is likely to be remembered. Think you the operator who has heard 'Fire!' 'Police!' or 'Help!' is going to forget it immediately.

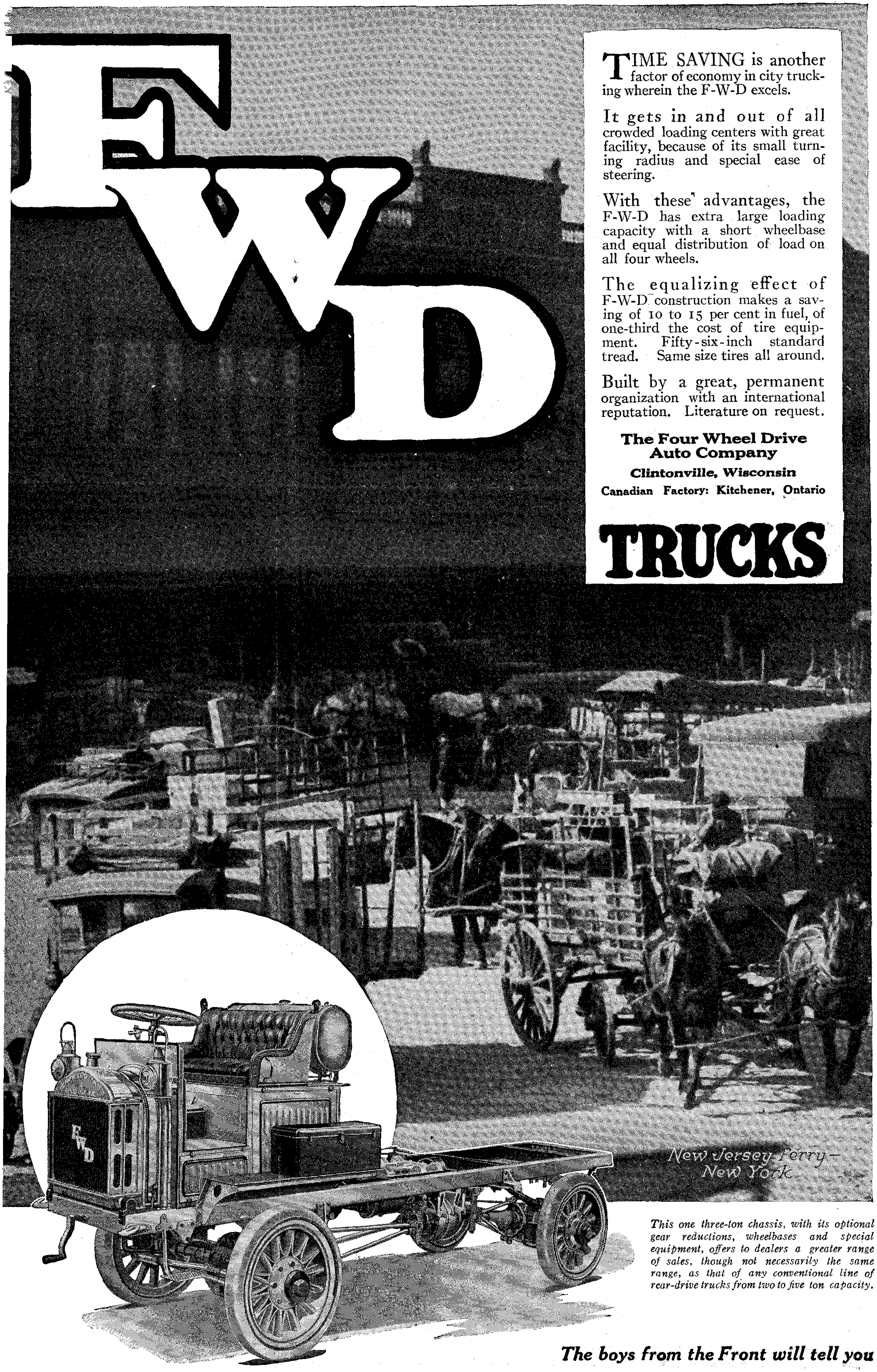
"A voice may be rather casual and yet tell a big story—big enough to impress it on your brain for a while. For instance, let us suppose you are a telephone engineer, helping to hold down the job on the wilds of West Virginia. It is Sunday evening and you are at home with friend wife, congratulating yourself that 'there is no place to go.' The telephone-bell rings, and this is what you hear when you respond: 'E. O., there has been a cloudburst at the head of New River and a big flood is headed this way.'

"It seems to be a fact that a thing heard over the telephone will linger longer in the mind than something heard face to face, even tho the thing heard be not extraordinarily important. The reason for this is that when one listens on the telephone he usually concentrates. There is no distraction—nothing to do but listen; just as a person who can not see usually has exceptionally keen hearing.

"A number of people were asked if they could recall after several years any word, phrase, or sentence that has come floating over the telephone-wire. One of the first of those approached said there were three words that came to him many times a year, at the most unexpected times.

"When this man was a student he had a pal and roommate with whom he had quarreled. A few days later he decided to leave town for keeps, without saying good-by to his pal. At the railroad-station he was paged by the telephone attendant. It was the pal calling. A few words of reproach and then 'All right, boy!' in a sad, injured, *et-tu-Brute* tone of voice.

"'I know it sounds foolish and childish and all that,' said the man in mentioning the incident, 'but that was ten years ago, and that doggone "All right, boy!" comes back to plague me regularly. I have never seen George since, but I have often felt like looking him up and making things right with him.'"



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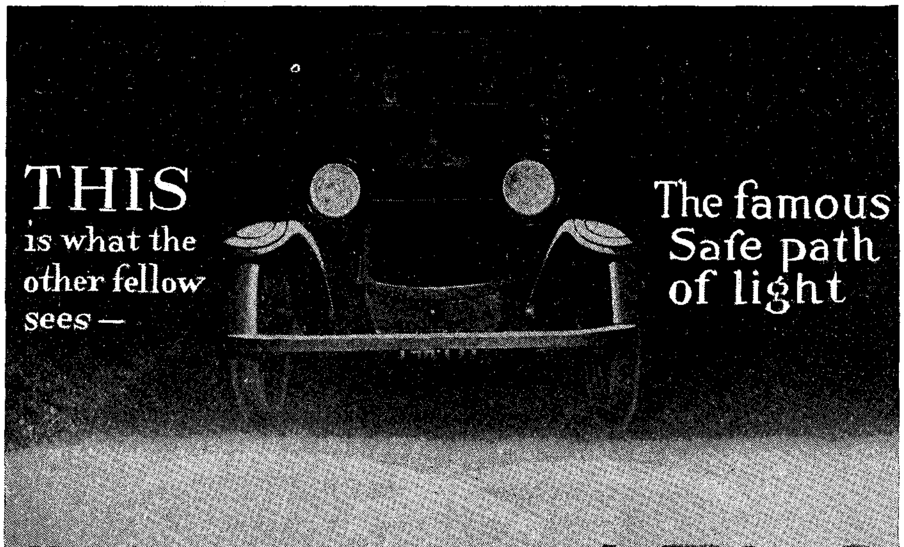
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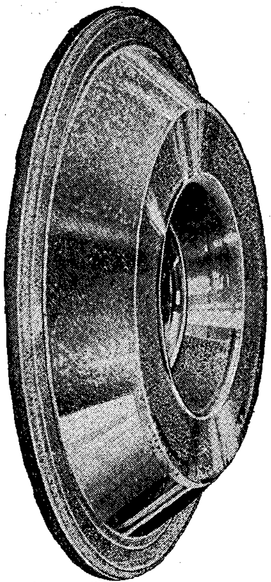

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SCIENCE AND INVENTIO
Continued

WHAT IS A DRUG?

THE use of the word "drug" w "narcotic drug" is meant—an e particularly noticeable in the daily p throughout the country—is condemned a writer in *Clinical Medicine* (Chic April), who says:

"In like manner, the laity has com speak of 'dope' when medicines of kind are meant, altho the slang-w 'dope' really designates a narcotic d It would be well if physicians were to v their legitimate objections to this prac not so much because the misuse of te is foolish and betrays ignorance, but, m because of the unfavorable mental pression that is created by the associa of ideas in the minds of people. relates that he has been to see a physi for a cold and 'the Doc' gave him 's dope.' Physicians know that a presc tion of that kind only very rarely w contain a narcotic and that the medi dispensed either by the physician him or by the pharmacist could in no wa designated as dope. Still, there is underlying association of dope with cotic and the undoubted possibility harm. We have before us a reproduc of six newspaper clippings in which head-lines refer to violations of the Harr Bill and in all of which the word dru featured prominently when narcotic is meant. We hope that physicians well as druggists, will do all they ca bring about a more precise and e employment of the terms in this res where misunderstanding might easily and where it might have undesirable sequences. Druggists and physicians doing all they can conscientiously to l the improper use of narcotics and for reason they should not be needlessly ha capped by the false impression create the minds of the public by the misus the word 'drug' on the part of the n papers and also by the misuse of the w 'dope' by the newspapers and laity al

---

Complete Safeguards.—Mr. Tom was obliged to stop overnight at a s country hotel. He was shown to his r by the one boy the place afforded.

"I'm glad there's an escape here in of fire," commented Mr. Tomkins as surveyed the room; "but what's the of putting a prayer-book in the roon such a prominent place?"

"That," replied the boy, "is inten for use in case the fire is too far adva for you to make your escape, sir"—*London Tit-Bits.*

The Optimist.—"Woman," he his "woman, do you thus spurn my h after leading me on?"

"When did I lead you on, as you it?" asked the girl.

"Did you not tell me that that fort teller had told you that you were to w handsome blond young man, with grace of a Greek god and the voice o eolian harp?"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Caught At It.—"Do you know anyt about flirting?" asked Ethel.

"No," replied Jack, sadly. "I thou I did, but when I tried it the girl mar me."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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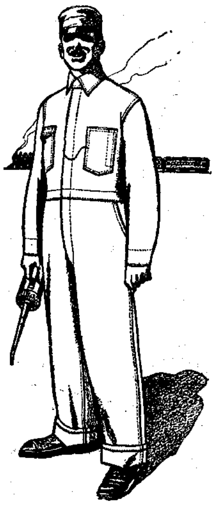

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A "Fizzy" Word.—Somehow we that "physicist" should mean a so fountain clerk, but it doesn't.—*Bo Transcript.*

Deeds That Count.—"When a n courts a girl, it is deeds, not words, t count."

"Yes, especially if they are real-es deeds."—*Baltimore American.*

There Was a Reason.—"Darling, cooked dinner for you all myself, you've never said a word about it."

"I would have, dearest, but some I hate to be always complaining. *London Tit-Bits.*

Considerate Customer.—"Sir, this golden opportunity! Small investment risk, and enormous returns absolu sure."

"Then I wouldn't have the heart deprive you of it."—*Life.*

Not Worth So Much.—"They say t old Pscadds doesn't know how much h really worth."

"That's right. If he did he woul give himself so many airs on accoun the money he happens to possess. *Boston Transcript.*

Another Editor in Bad.—According the Wichita *Eagle*, an editor in a nea town has moved his press over aga the door and is having his meals sen at the window since he let this get by society item: "Mrs. Catt's popularit evidenced by her mangy friends in vicinity."—*Kansas City Star.*

Willing to Oblige.—A woman who troubled with chronic nightmare and frequently cried out in her sleep, adverti for room and board "with a family would not object to screaming in night." Among the answers she recei was one which asked, "How often wo you require us to scream?"—*Bo Transcript.*

Record Phone Service.—The editor *The Japan Times* says the teleph service in Japan is utterly bad: wonders "what Job would have done he lived in Tokyo and wanted to teleph to the specialist on boils." He conclu with the following incident: "A lady Karuiwaza called up her house in Tok left by the next train, got the call, talked to herself in Karuiwaza six ho after she arrived in Tokyo."—*San Franc Argonaut.*

Shades of the Immortal Daniel!—good test question in a general-knowle examination paper for English coll students, or for the new House of Commo would be: Name three United Sta Senators, with the States they repres in Congress. The number of people a to score a full mark would be distressin small. The truth is, one suspects, that American Senate, or the French, does exist for the ordinary Englishman, ev when his education has been, as thi go, pretty good. The man with a lit knowledge of American history may hav dim memory of a past Senator or two Charles Sumner, say, and Richard Webst —*The New Statesman* (*London*).

Exercise and Refreshment.—Sign in New York—" Cup of Coffee and a Roll Down-stairs for 15 Cents."—*Boston Transcript.*

Outside Thinkers.—" There are two ides to every question."

" Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. " And too many of us chaps who pose as powerful thinkers don't take the trouble to get to the inside."—*Washington Star.*

Mystery Explained.—" In my opinion the patriotism that swept the country is bred in the warp and the woof of the bone of every true American."—*Former Secre-ary of the Treasury McAdoo.*

Now you know why bones knit.—*New York Tribune.*

Shorty's Secret Wo.—Dugout—"What's worrying Shorty Johnson lately? Somebody been trying to collect his insurance? "

Washout—" Sh-h ! Don't joke, he's oing with a tongue-tied French girl who thinks she can speak English ! "—*The Jayhawkerinfrance (Sampigny, France).*

A Hint to Douse the Glim or Go.—" That young man stayed very late again, Edith."

" Yes, papa; I was showing him my icture post-cards."

" Well, the next time he wants to stay ate, you show him some of my electric-ight bills."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Higher Hope.—The son of the amily was home on his first vacation since he had attained to the dignity of college prefect. He and his father were discussng affairs of the day, and finally the boy emarked.

" Say, gov, I hope when I am as old as you are I'll know more than you do."

" I'll go you one better, my boy," the ather replied. " I hope that when you are that old you will know as much as you think you do now."—*Exchange.*

" Goat Street " It Is.—It may as well be Goat Street. All the neat shades of vocal expression have failed to transmute the delicate nuances of Goethe into a negotiable and commercially possible sound. Even an alderman, warming up n the controversy which led to a verdict against changing the name of the highway to Boxwood Place, discreetly refrained from imperiling his lingual facility by attempting to call it Goethe Street. He wisely called it " this street."

Goethe Street will keep its name. It will not be Boxwood Place, nor Cornucopia Avenue, nor Mahogany Boulevard, nor Geranium Lane. It will be Goethe Street—pronounced Goat Street. It has long had the Goethes of the street-car conductors. Such a name will, in time, get any one's Goethe.

Goat, the " master mind of the German people," stands in heroic bronze in the north entrance of Lincoln Park. It had many persons' Goethes during the war; it seems to matter less now.

With the new and short form Goat Street should be more acceptable to the street-car conductors. They need not mutter some close-lipped subterfuge and look off into the gloaming as if it really were no matter and how pleasant the weather is to-day. On the contrary, they may boldly approach the dread thoroughfare and stare with perfect assurance into the faces of the passengers and declaim as follows:

" Goat Street ! ! ! "—*Chicago Tribune.*

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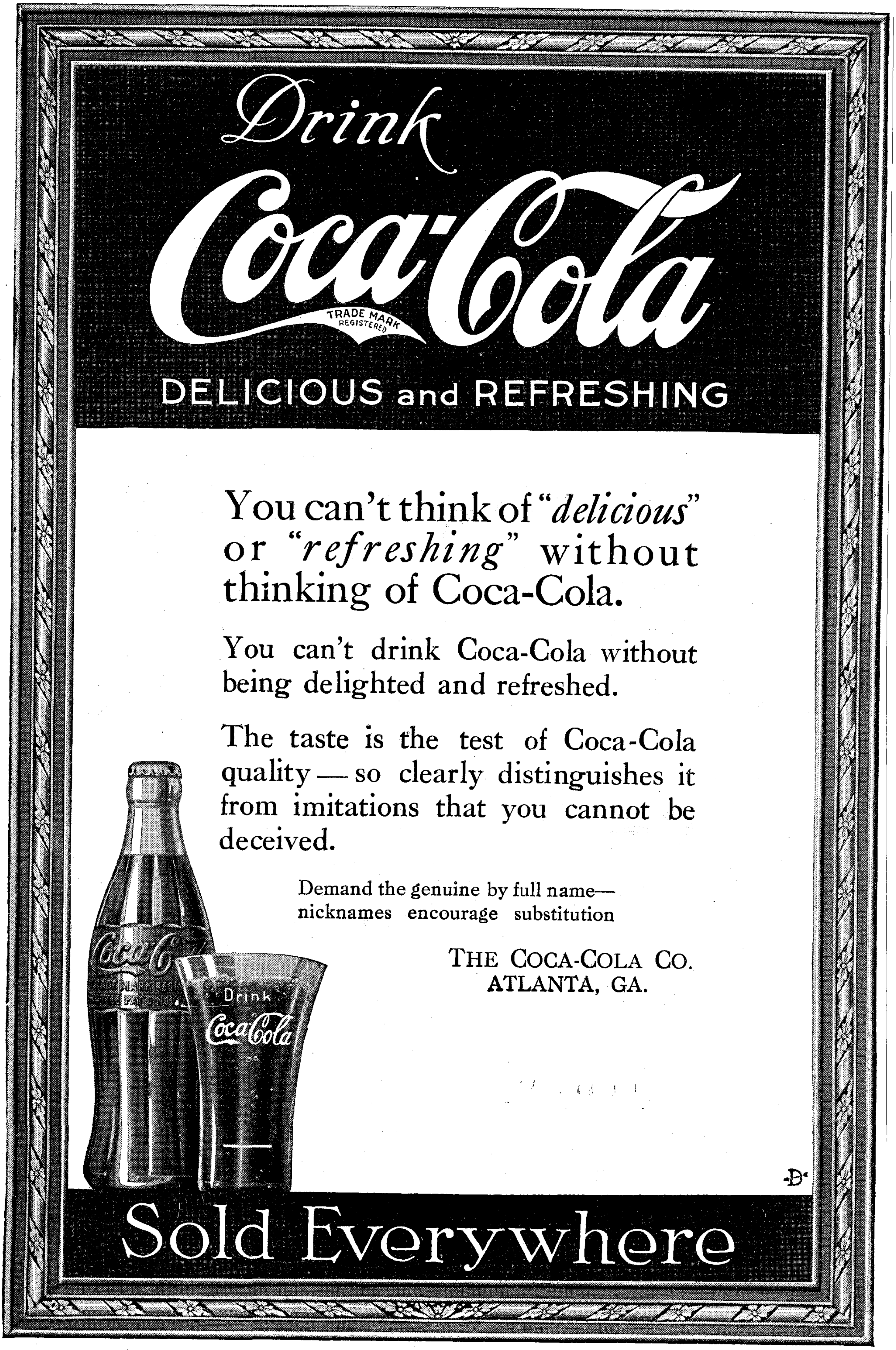

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CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

April 23.—President Wilson issues a statement, according to Paris advices, declaring that new conditions have arisen since the Pact of London was entered into between Italy and France and England, and therefore that understanding can not now be recognized.

A report from Paris says the President remains firm in his opposition to giving Fiume to Italy, and that the Italian delegates, feeling that an agreement can not be reached, are leaving Paris.

A new crisis looms in the Peace Conference, according to Paris, in connection with the adjustments of the Kiaochow question between China and Japan.

The German peace delegates will propose at Versailles another plan for a League of Nations to replace the plan adopted by the Peace Conference, according to London advices.

April 24.—In reply to President Wilson, Vittorio Orlando, the Italian Premier, issues a statement, saying he is compelled to withdraw from the Peace Conference owing to Wilson's opposition to the Italian claims, which opposition he says is contrary to the fourteen points.

Italian military forces will occupy part of Dalmatia and other Adriatic territory named in the Pact of London, with about 100,000 men, pending the deadlock which has arisen at the Peace Conference on account of the Italian demands, a Paris dispatch says.

April 25.—The first of the Germans who are to participate in the Versailles Congress arrive at Versailles in two parties.

April 26.—Premier Orlando arrives in Rome, and is welcomed by patriotic demonstrations.

It has finally been decided that $59,000,000,000 will be demanded by the Allies from Germany, says a Paris dispatch. The first payment of $5,000,000,000 must be made in two years, payment of the balance to extend over thirty-five years.

April 27.—A revised text of the League of Nations covenant is made public from Washington. The changes that have been made are said to meet most of the objections in the United States to the first draft.

The revised covenant still fails to meet the approval of Senator Borah, of Idaho, says a Washington report. The Idaho Senator, who has been one of the harshest critics of the League proposal, says that Article X turns the League of Peace into a league of war.

As a part of the machinery connected with the League of Nations there is to be established a permanent international Labor Office located at the seat of the League in Switzerland. This has been made public through the Committee on Public Information.

April 28.—The Council of Four has provided in the Peace Treaty for the prosecution of former Emperor William, says a Paris report. He will be brought before a court of five judges, composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

The revised form of the covenant of the League of Nations is adopted by the Peace Conference without a dissenting voice, according to Paris. Sir James Eric Drummond is named as Secretary-General of the League.

The British troops which occupied Fiume left that city when the Italian delegates to the Peace Conference left Paris, according to Geneva advices.

April 29.—It has been virtually decided that the first meeting of the League of Nations shall be held in Washington next October, according to Paris advices.

Difficulties with Japan over Kiaochow now rival the Fiume controversy as a peace stumbling-block, Paris reports.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies decides to uphold Premier Orlando by a vote of 382 to 40.

The main German peace delegation arrives at Versailles by automobile.

Among the principles relating to labor, inserted in the Peace Treaty and adopted by the Peace Conference, are included provisions for a standard eight-hour day, a weekly day of rest, the abolition of child labor, equality of pay for men and women, and workmen's "right of association for all lawful purposes," according to a Washington dispatch.

CENTRAL POWERS

April 23.—Martial law has been proclaimed in Hamburg and other German cities, according to a Copenhagen report. Owing to the disturbances in these cities the police have been ordered to shoot all persons carrying arms.

The *Soviet* Government of Hungary has asked for the suspension of the Roumanian offensive and the arrangement of an armistice, says Berlin.

April 24.—Herbert Hoover, director of food distribution in Europe, warns Germany that a continuation of strikes and disorders will endanger the food-supply, according to Berlin advices.

Germany outlines counter-proposals to the plan for a League of Nations, according to Copenhagen, embracing among other things a provision to the effect that all countries which were signatories to the Hague treaty shall be admitted as members and that the League shall function through a Congress of States and a World Parliament.

April 25.—Part of the Hungarian Communist Army facing the Roumanians southeast of Budapest has surrendered and the rest is in flight, says a Roumanian official statement received at Bern, Switzerland.

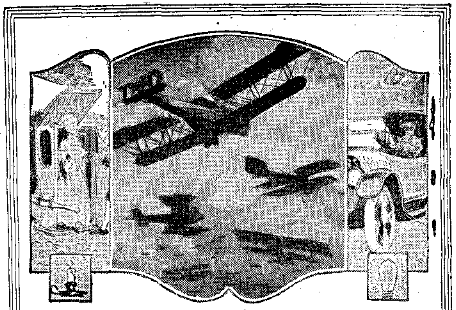
Attempts have been made to plunder the food-ships in the Harbor of Hamburg, says a dispatch from Berlin to London, and as a result a number of war-ships have arrived and guns have been placed in the streets leading to the docks.

April 27.—Martial law has been declared throughout Bavaria, says a Berlin report.

April 28.—According to dispatches from Vienna the Roumanians have proclaimed their intention to occupy all of Hungary, while the Czechs in the south are preparing to move northward. The *Soviet* Government is making preparation to resist military invasion.

According to Berlin advices the trial of the alleged murderers of Dr. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg has been set for May 8.

April 29.—Renewed agitation in almost all parts of Germany is reported in German advices to Paris. Railway employees in the Berlin district are threatening a general strike for May 7 unless their claims are satisfied. Threats



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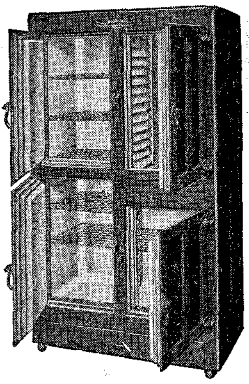

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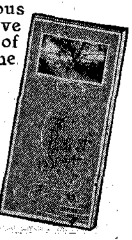

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of strikes are also reported from other sections.

Munich is encircled by German government troops, resulting in much excitement in that city, says a Paris dispatch. The Communist Government is said to have difficulty in feeding the population, and it is further reported that the Communist leaders in Munich are ready to escape quickly in airplanes.

According to a Copenhagen report, the Hungarian Reds are arresting hundreds of intellectuals in Budapest, who are to be held as hostages and are threatened with death if the Roumanians continue their advance within the frontiers of Hungary.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

April 23.—Ural Cossack troops, apparently acting in conjunction with the Siberian forces of Admiral Kolchak, have begun an offensive in southeastern Russia, says a London report.

April 25.—Important progress is being made in opening a line of communication between the Siberian forces of the Allies and Archangel, according to a report from that city.

The capture of Kief by the forces of General Petlura is interpreted at Vienna as signifying the end of the Bolshevik strength in southwestern Russia, according to advices from that city.

April 26.—The position of the Bolshevik troops in Odessa is threatened by the capture of Boguslav by the Ukrainians, says a Bern report. Other successes of the Ukrainians are also reported in the same region.

April 27.—The Bolshevik attack on Murmansk is breaking down, says a report from Archangel. The troops which were preparing for an offensive against the Americans and Allied troops are reported to have been withdrawn and sent to stem the advance of the northern wing of the Siberian anti-Bolshevik Army.

April 29.—Polish troops who have driven the Bolsheviki from Vilna are marching on Minsk, says a Paris report, and from London it is reported that Bolshevik forces attacking Allied troops on the Murmansk railway were easily repulsed.

FOREIGN

April 24.—Many Turks, several of them prominent, have been arrested in Constantinople, charged with having been implicated in the massacre or deportation of Armenians, say advices from that city.

The Costa-Rican Government is concentrating troops on the Nicaraguan frontier against a threatened invasion by Costa-Rican exiles, according to a report from Managua.

Mexico refuses to recognize the Monroe Doctrine and has recalled her Minister to France, stating that he has been unable to present his credentials, says a Mexico City report.

The Limerick strike has been settled, the military authorities having made slight concessions to the strikers, says a report from that city.

April 25.—The Supreme Food Council in Paris under the chairmanship of Herbert C. Hoover, adopts a program, which will virtually put the world back on a war-bread basis for the next three months, says a Paris report. The program also includes a complete plan for securing and distributing food to Allied, liberated, neutral, and enemy countries until the next harvest.

April 27.—Europe must import 29,000,000 tons of foodstuffs from overseas before

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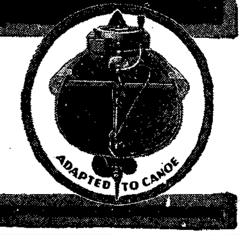

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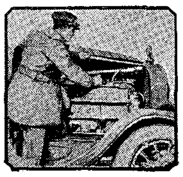

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next harvest time, according to statement made by Mr. Hoover, Paris. He estimates that the Unite States will have supplied Europe foo stuff valued roughly at $2,500,000,00 during the year ending next August.

There are more than 800,000 men women, and children in England to-da looking for work, with the numbe increasing, according to R. C. Davison of the British Ministry of Labor.

DOMESTIC

April 24.—A. Mitchell Palmer, United States Attorney-General, announces in an interview in Philadelphia that action will be taken by the Department o Justice against all brewers who manu facture beer after May 1, and all who sell it after July 1, regardless of whethe it contains only 2.75 per cent. of alcoh or not.

Secretary Tumulty announces that cable from President Wilson denie reports that the President has entere into a secret alliance or treaty wit some of the great Powers.

April 25.—Cancelation of contracts mad during the war for the construction o 2,000,000 tons of steel ships is announce by the Shipping Board. This bring the total cancelations since the signin of the armistice to 4,000,000 tons.

April 26.—A world record for seaplane was established at Hampton Road when a machine flew 1,250 miles i twenty hours and ten minutes withou a stop.

April 27.—The cost of living for America wage-earners declined three per cent during the period from the beginnin of the armistice to the first week o March, says a statement issued by th National Industrial Conference Board

Suspension is announced by the Wa Trade Board of the enemy trading list which have been in force during an since the war, to prohibit the passage o American goods to enemy destination through neutral concerns.

April 28.—Postmaster-General Burleso announces that the cable-lines will b restored to their owners in the nea future, probably not later than May 10 according to Washington advices. H also announces his intention of re storing the telegraph- and telephon lines to their owners as soon as legisla tion can be secured safeguarding the interests.

Criticism among Senators of the revise draft of the League of Nations covenan is growing, says a Washington dispatch and indications are that the new draf will not be accepted by the Senat without a prolonged discussion, if it ratified at all.

The American troops in the Archange section are gradually being withdraw from the front lines preparatory t their departure when the harbor opens say reports from that city.

April 29.—By direction of President Wil son, Postmaster-General Burleson an nounces that control and operation o all the American cable systems take over by the Government last Novem ber will revert to their private owner at midnight on May 2, according to Washington dispatch.

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in public statement declares that amend ments are obviously necessary to th revised covenant of the League o Nations in order to safeguard funda mental interests of the United States and the Senate will insist that suc amendments be made before the docu ment is ratified, says a Washingto report.

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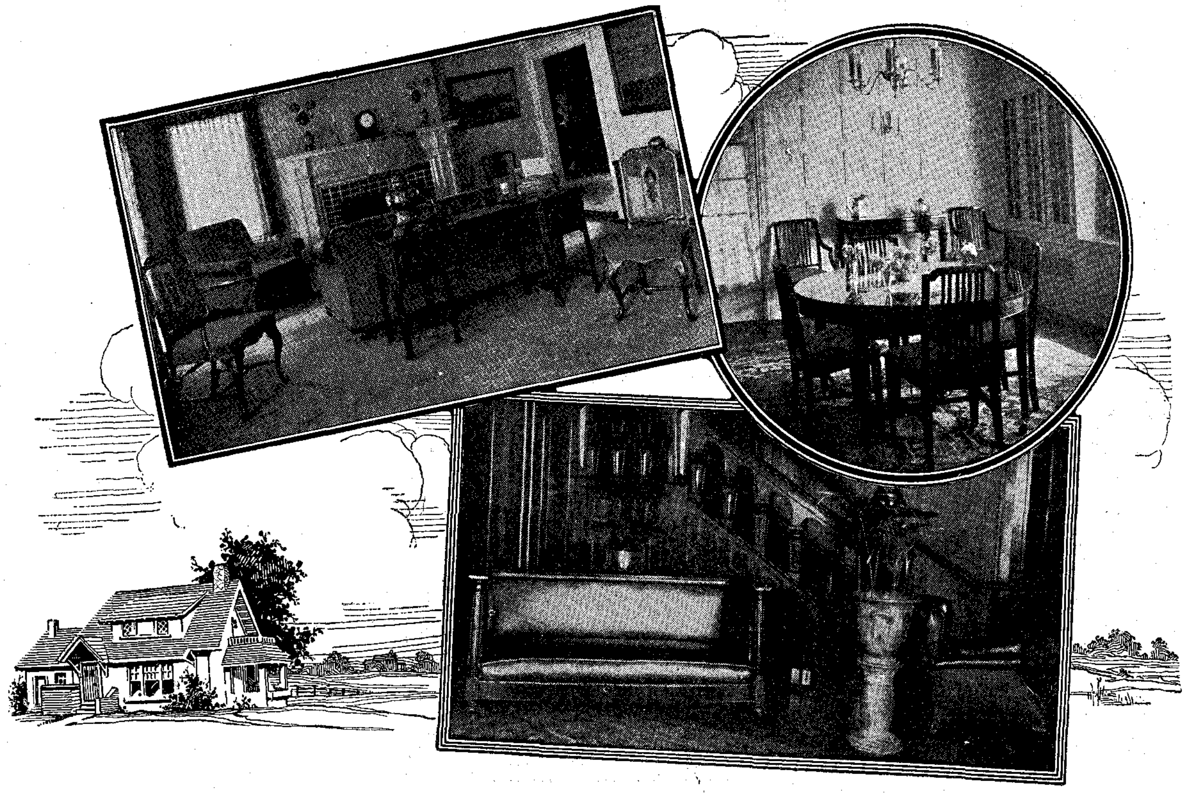

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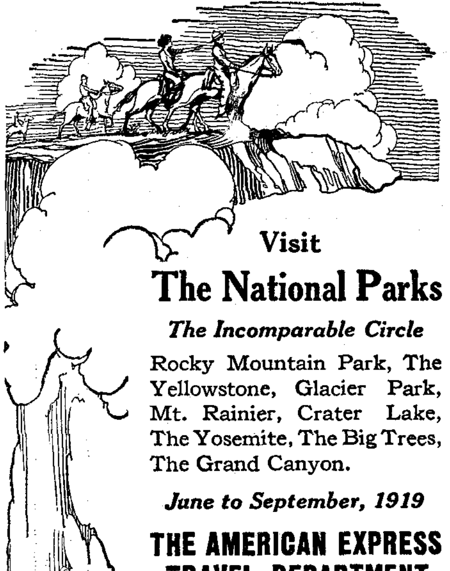

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manufactured by a Company which has been in business twenty years—the largest of its kind in the world (Capital and Surplus over $2,000,000.00)? Do you want to set your own salary? Expansion of the business of the Todd Protectograph Company will enable it to place immediately fifty men of energy, ability and good character in agencies in various parts of the United States and Canada. No previous selling experience necessary, but highest references required. Every opportunity for good income and permanent position selling Todd Protectograph Check Writers (prices $25.00 to $75.00), and new line of Forgery Proof PROTOD Checks. Rapid advancement to District Managerships for men who show necessary qualifications. Address **S. T. MAY, Todd Protectograph Company, Rochester, N. Y.**

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

PRICE MOVEMENTS SINCE THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED

ACCORDING to a compilation made by the National Industrial Conference Board of Boston, the cost of living for American wage-earners declined less than 3 per cent. during the period from the signing of the armistice to the first week of March, 1919. In March, 1919, the cost of living was still approximately from 60 per cent. to 65 per cent. above the prewar level, as contrasted with an increase of 65 per cent. to 70 per cent. in November, 1918, and of 50 per cent. to 55 per cent. in June, 1918. Changes since November, 1918, in the average cost of the different items entering into the budget, according to this compilation, were as follows:

All items	2.8 per cent.	decrease
Food	4.4 "	decrease
Shelter	1.7 "	increase
Clothing	6.2 "	decrease
Fuel, heat, and light	1.3 "	increase
Sundries		No change

For the entire war-period from July, 1914, to March, 1919, the increases in the respective items were:

All items	61.3 per cent.
Food	75 "
Shelter	22 "
Clothing	81 "
Fuel, heat, and light	57 "
Sundries	55 "

In estimating the changes brought about in a family budget as a whole, the constituent items used in this compilation were given the following relative importance: food, 43 per cent. of the total; shelter, 18 per cent.; clothing, 13 per cent.; fuel, heat, and light, 6 per cent.; sundries, 20 per cent. These percentages are "averages of the actual expenditures of several thousand families, based on the results of investigations by authoritative agencies." Families differ in the apportionment of their incomes among separate budget items; at the same time, "the distribution for normal families does not vary widely from these averages." Hence it is confidently stated that with any reasonable allocation of items in the budget, changes in the total cost of living will be fairly uniform, and an estimate of 60 per cent. to 65 per cent. as the increase between July, 1914, and March 1919, "broadly representative." Conditions among different families in different sections of the country may, however, at times make necessary "a slight revision of these averages in order to make them applicable in specific cases," which is "especially true in the case of rents." With the data here given, however, the estimates could easily be modified to meet local conditions. Other items in this compilation are set forth as follows:

"The average price of twenty-two articles of food, combined by the Bureau of Labor Statistics according to consumption by representative families, was approximately 75 per cent. higher in March, 1919, than the average price for the year 1913, which has been accepted as a satisfactory prewar standard. This is a decrease of about 4 per cent. since November, 1918, of about 6 per cent. since December, 1918, when food-prices were the highest ever recorded by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and of 5 per cent. since January, 1919; it represents a slight increase, however, over February, 1919, prices, which were 72 per cent. above the 1913 average.

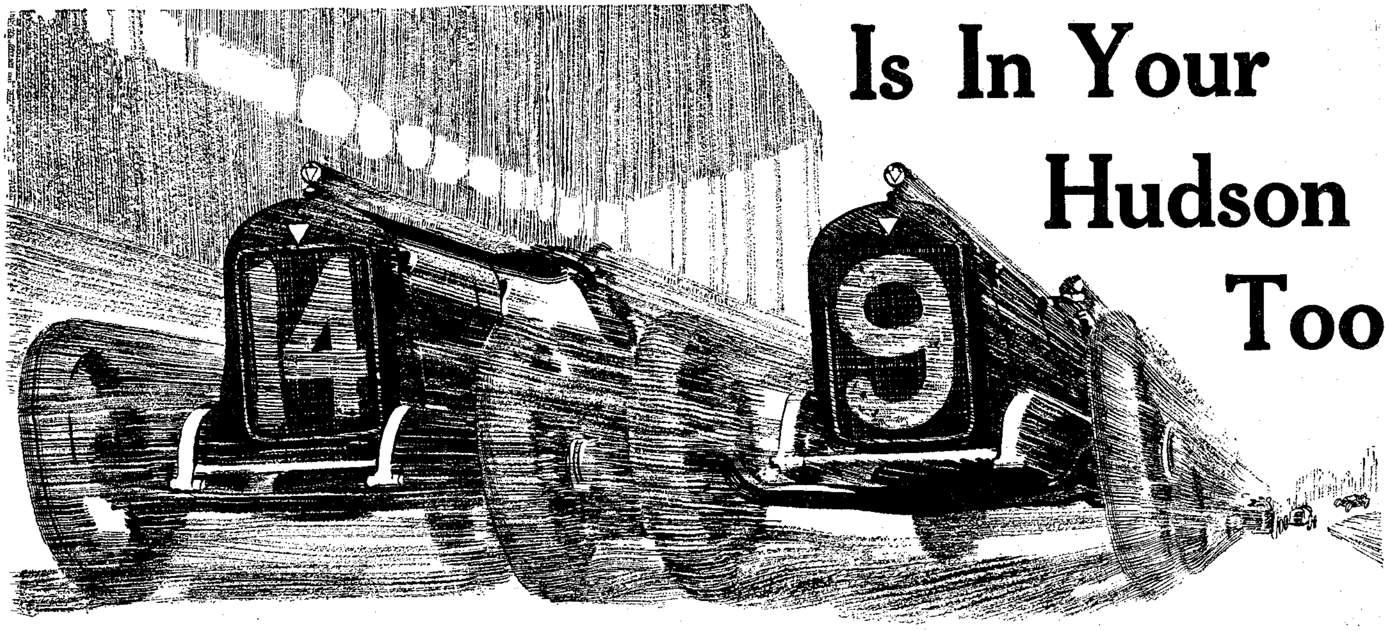
"Replies to the Board's rent questionnaire received from nearly 250 agencies closely in touch with the housing situatio as it affects wage-earners in over 100 citie indicated that, in general, rents had no fallen and that in many communities the were higher in March, 1919, than in Nover ber, 1918. Advances were especially notic able in cities which up to this time had e perienced little or no increase in rents an were most marked for the better class o tenements and cottages and for ne tenants. Frequently there had been n important change in rents of the lowe class of houses. A few decreases were r ported, but there was no significant te dency toward a downward movemen In many cities no change had occurre in this interval. An average increase o 22 per cent. since July, 1914, is apparentl representative for the country as a whol The opinion was general that rents w not decline until building is begun on a extensive scale and at lower costs tha prevail at present.

"Prices of yard goods and wearing a parel obtained from 150 dealers in fort six cities throughout the country showe that there had been a small decrease in th cost of clothing since November, 191 Cotton yard goods showed the large falling off in price, as, for example, 1 per cent. for percale and Fruit of the Loo and 18 per cent. for longcloth and ginghar In the made-up garment group, overal and workshirts, for which during the w price advances were especially pronounce showed the most significant decreases f the postwar period. Smaller decreas were reported in the prices of hosier underwear, shirts, blouses, suits, and coat Average prices of shoes and gloves, on t other hand, rose slightly between Nover ber, 1918, and March, 1919. Combinin the ascertained percentages of change the cost of the separate items in the tot clothing budget, it is found that betwee November, 1918, and March, 1919, t average decrease in the cost of clothing f the families of representative wage-earne was about 6 per cent. In March, 191 however, the clothing budget still averag 81 per cent. higher than in July, 1914.

"Prices of coal from 98 dealers in 4 cities were tabulated. On the basis these it appears that between Novembe 1918, and March, 1919, there had been a average advance of about 4 per cent. t country over in the cost of anthracite wh bought in ton lots. Bituminous coal, c the other hand, declined about 2 per cen in price in the same period. The avera increase in the cost of anthracite within t entire period since the beginning of t war in 1914 was 53 per cent. for chestn and 54 per cent. for stove coal. T price of bituminous coal advanced on t average 57 per cent. A limited amount information indicated that the price of co and wood had declined somewhat in pri since November, 1918.

"Reports regarding carfare from 1 cities indicate that in a great majorit there had been no change since Novembe 1918; in two there was a decrease. In onl six of those reporting an increase did th amount to more than 20 per cent. T average increase in carfare for the count as a whole, therefore, was very sma Motion-picture admission, newspape and other reading matter, physician fees, and life-insurance premiums remaine about the same as in November, 191 The war tax on tobacco and alcohol beverages increased the price of the articles. There was a slight falling o in the cost of household furnishing Taking all of these items into account, appears that there was no importa change in the cost of sundries collectivel between November, 1918, and Marc 1919. The increase over the prewa level was therefore again placed at 5

Endurance That Conquered Is In Your Hudson Too



Sixty Thousand Cars in the Service of Individuals Confirm the Endurance Proved in Establishing Most of the Worth While Stock Car Records

WHEN new, three years ago, the Hudson Super-Six was put on the speedway to establish the limits of its endurance.

Noted records, regarded then as the ultimate limit of motor performance, were demolished by margins that astonished the motor world.

The 24-hour run, the Pike's Peak Hill Climb, the 1-mile stock-chassis speed record, fell in swift sequence. But these failed to reveal the punishment the exclusive Super-Six motor was capable of bearing. So the double transcontinental run was made with a Hudson touring car, which went from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days, 21 hours—a feat, each way, never matched by any other.

Even the championship speedway events in which cars embodying the Super-Six principle outperformed the greatest racing machines, failed to prove the limit of Hudson endurance.

Hudsons Still Supreme After Three Years of Leadership

Almost immediately Hudson became the largest selling fine car in the world. Men saw that the qualities of endurance which gave it supremacy in contests would make it eminent among cars in ordinary service. It has maintained that leadership for three years. Today with more than 60,000 in the hands of users, confirming those qualities which its racing career revealed, Hudson Super-Six prestige is greater than ever.

It has demonstrated over years of ordinary usage the enduring strength by which Hudson withstood the concentrated wrenches and abuse of speeding 250 miles at the rate of 102 miles an hour, or buffeting 7,000 rugged miles in 10 days and 21 hours.

Hudson Design Strongest Influence in Motor Mode

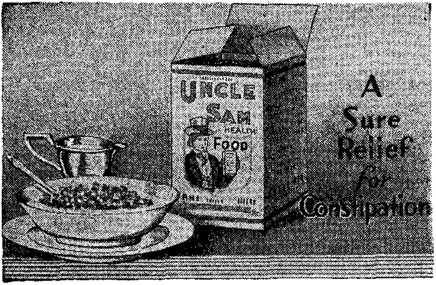
But Hudson leadership does not stop with mechanical supremacy. For years it has been the accepted pattern in automobile styles. Its types, including the Sedan, the Cabriolet, Touring Limousine, and other closed and open body styles, have set the vogue of automobile development. Hudson shows have for years been an accurate forecast of what others would build.

Inquiry of any Hudson dealer will reveal the difficulty of getting a Hudson Super-Six. There is no surplus stock. Deliveries can be made only as factory production meets the demand.

So you will do well to speak for your Hudson now.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

HUDSON SUPER SIX



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It's nutritious—toasted whole barley flakes. It's laxative—toasted crushed flaxseed.

Serve as a breakfast food or in muffins, gems and similar hot breads.

Uncle Sam Health Food contains "roughage" and oil needed to keep you normal and regular. Not a medicine, but an aid to nature. Cannot injure. Eaten regularly, *it is guaranteed to relieve the most obstinate case of constipation.*

If not at your grocer's, we will send a large package to any address in U. S. on receipt of 35c, or three packages for $1.00, to cover price and postage. Booklet on constipation, food values, etc., *free.*

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10,000 Miles Guaranteed and No Punctures

After ten years test by thousands of car users, Brictson Pneumatic Tires have solved pneumatic tire problem. Easy riding, absolutely proof against punctures, blowouts, ruts, rim cut, skidding, oil, gasoline. In short trouble proof. Written 10,000 mile guarantee. Some go 15 to 20,000.

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Make us prove it. Don't pay if not satisfied. Write to-day for details of most liberal, convincing "Free Trial" plan ever offered. Sent with illustrated, descriptive book

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A LITTLE TREASURE FOR EVERY HOUSEWIFE

The Expert Cleaner How best to clean everything in and about the house. Hundreds of useful recipes. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

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DON'T BE ASHAMED of your garbage can

Your garbage can should be just as unnoticed and just as sanitary as the rain spouts on your house. Witt's meets these requirements. It won't rust and won't dent. Made of heavy galvanized, corrugated steel—29 times stronger than plain steel. It outlasts two ordinary cans. Witt's lid fits air-tight. Keeps odors in; keeps dogs, rats, flies out. Buy Witt's for your home. It saves you money. Write for booklet and name of nearest Witt dealer.

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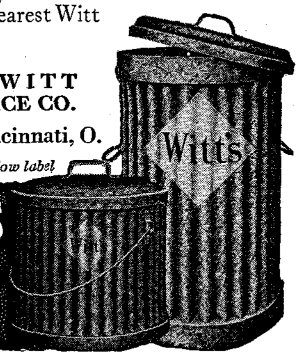


per cent. A comparison of the results of the three cost-of-living studies thus far made by the National Industrial Conference Board is given in the following table, showing the increases in the cost of living for wage-earners in average American communities, July, 1914–March 1919, by separate budget items.

Budget Items	*July, 1914— June, 1918 Per Cent.*	*July, 1914— November, 1918 Per Cent.*	*July, 1914— March, 1919 Per Cent.*
All Items	*52.3*	*65.9*	*61.3*
Food	62	83	75
Shelter	15	20	22
Clothing	77	93	81
Fuel, heat, and light	45	55	57
Sundries	50	55	55

Supplementary to this compilation may be given here a report in *Bradstreet's* for March of "a very notable tendency of food prices to advance and other products, mostly manufactured goods and raw materials, to decline, the two movements almost balancing each other." For this strength in food prices, the writer cited the exigencies of the European food situation as chiefly responsible. Europe's food needs are many and acute, "and probably will not tend to lessen, but rather to grow as the spring season advances and world's stocks of food fall off, pending the new season's production becoming available."

Judging from past experience and from the fact that food prices are a very important element in prices of other commodities, the writer did not see "much immediate prospect of the headlong break in prices which has been so frequently predicted since hostilities ceased on the Western European Front." *Bradstreet's* approximate index-number of ninety-six commodities as of April 1 was $17.2795, a gain of three-tenths of 1 per cent. over March 1, but a decrease of 2 per cent. from February 1, of 6.7 per cent. from January 1, and of 6.3 per cent. from April 1 a year ago. Compared with April 1 two years ago, almost coincident with our entry into the war, the general price level is 18.5 per cent. higher, but from the high level of July 1, 1918, the decline is 9.8 per cent. Price ranges of the past fifteen years are set forth by *Bradstreet's* in the following table, in which are given the index-numbers based on the prices per pound of ninety-six articles of common consumption:

1904	
Opening	$7.9885
High	8.0973
Low	7.6318
Close	8.0579
1905	
Opening	8.0827
High	8.3014
Low	7.9073
Close	8.3014
1906	
Opening	8.3289
High	8.9023
Low	8.2321
Close	8.9023
1907	
Opening	8.9172
High	9.1293
Low	8.5246
Close	8.5246
1908	
Opening	8.2949
High	8.2949
Low	7.7227
Close	8.2133
1909	
Opening	8.2631
High	9.1262
Low	8.2167
Close	9.1262
1910	
Opening	8.2631
High	9.2310
Low	8.7844
Close	8.7844
1911	
Jan.	8.8361
Feb.	8.7662
Mar.	8.6917
April	8.5223
May	8.4586
June	8.5294
July	8.5935
Aug.	8.6568
Sept.	8.8191
Oct.	8.8065
Nov.	8.8922
Dec.	8.9824
1912	
Jan.	$8.9493
Feb.	8.9578
Mar.	8.9019
April	9.0978
May	9.2696
June	9.1017
July	9.1119
Aug.	9.1595
Sept.	9.2157
Oct.	9.4515
Nov.	9.4781
Dec.	9.5462
1913	
Jan.	9.4935
Feb.	9.4592
Mar.	9.4052
April	9.2976
May	9.1394
June	9.0721
July	8.9522
Aug.	9.0115
Sept.	9.1006
Oct.	9.1526
Nov.	9.2252
Dec.	9.2290
1914	
Jan.	8.8857
Feb.	8.8619
Mar.	8.8329
April	8.7562
May	8.6224
June	8.6220
July	8.6566
Aug.	8.7087
Aug. 15	**9.8495**
Sept.	9.7572
Oct.	9.2416
Nov.	8.8620
Dec.	9.0354
1915	
Jan.	9.1431
Feb.	9.6621
Mar.	9.6197
April	9.7753
May	9.7978
June	9.7428
July	9.8698
Aug.	9.8213
1915	
Sept.	$9.8034
Oct.	9.9774
Nov.	10.3768
Dec.	10.6473
1916	
Jan.	10.9163
Feb.	11.1415
Mar.	11.3760
April	11.7598
May	11.7485
June	11.6887
July	11.5294
Aug.	11.4414
Sept.	11.7803
Oct.	12.0399
Nov.	12.7992
Dec.	13.6628
1917	
Jan.	13.7277
Feb.	13.9427
Mar.	14.1360
April	14.5769
May	15.1203
June	15.4680
July	16.0680
Aug.	16.3985
Sept.	16.6441
Oct.	16.9135
Nov.	17.0701
Dec.	17.5966
1918	
Jan.	17.9436
Feb.	18.0506
Mar.	18.0507
April	18.4431
May	18.8908
June	18.9818
July	**19.1624**
Aug.	19.0937
Sept.	19.0260
Oct.	18.9942
Nov.	18.8885
Dec.	19.0151
1919	
Jan.	18.5348
Feb.	17.6344
Mar.	17.2244
April	17.2795

The groups that make up the ind
number are as follows:

	Apr. 1, 1918	*Feb. 1, 1919*	*Mar. 1, 1919*	*Ap*
Breadstuffs	$0.2553	$0.1897	$0.1881	$0
Live stock	.6835	.6725	.6865	
Provisions	4.0867	4.6272	4.5974	4
Fruits	.3850	.3096	.3241	
Hides and leather	2.1200	2.1650	2.1350	2
Textiles	6.0122	4.9423	4.6317	4
Metals	1.3578	1.1520	1.1240	1
Coal and coke	.0113	.0121	.0117	
Oils	1.1659	1.1252	1.0790	
Naval stores	.0651	.1359	.1335	
Building materials	.1695	.2116	.2116	
Chemicals and drugs	1.5713	1.1658	1.1363	1
Miscellaneous	.5595	.9255	.9655	
Total	$18.4431	$17.6344	$17.2244	$17

The features brought out in the ab
table were cited as "advances shown
seven groups of commodities and decl
in six other groups." In the line of
vances, breadstuffs, live stock, provisi
fruits, hides and leather, naval stores,
miscellaneous products are grouped, w
in the list of decreases are textiles, me
coal and coke, oils, building materials,
chemicals and drugs. The provis
group shows the greatest strength, w
vegetable oils show most weakness.

PRICES NOW AND IN CIVIL-WA TIMES

Under the title "Prices Yesterday,
day, and To-morrow" Mr. O. P. Au
now the statistician of the National
Bank of New York, and formerly chi
the Bureau of Statistics at Washing
made an address in New York a few w
ago, in which he said the chief causes o
world advance in prices appeared to be "
inflation of world currency, coupled
scarcity demand" and consequent adv
in labor costs. He thought the pros
of material reductions in the near fu
depended upon the possibility of th
moval or modification of the chief ca
of the advance. Stated chronologic
the chief causes of the advance he tho
were, first, the "scarcity demand" for
materials, food, clothing, manufact
manufacturing materials, and the l
required for their prompt production,
this had been quickly followed by
enormous world inflation, in which p
money with a face value of $36,000,00
had been emitted by the printing-pr
of the countries at war, and the
tender circulating medium of the w
thus advanced from $15,000,000,00
1913 to over $45,000,000,000 in 1918,
of the gold formerly in circulation pa
into the vaults of the governments and
great banks as a partial basis for
greatly enlarged paper currency.
Austin said further:

"The face value of the paper curr
issued in the four years of the war
greater than the value of all the gold an
the silver mined in all the world sinc
discovery of America. Meantine,
national debts of the world have adva
from $40,000,000,000 in 1913 to $220,
000,000 in 1919 and the annual int
charges from $1,750,000,000 to $10,
000,000, and this quintupling of go
mental promises to pay had also an
portant bearing upon the world fina
while the fact that bank deposits in
fifteen principal countries of the w
grew from about $25,000,000,000 in
to approximately $75,000,000,000 in
still further increased the currency su
especially in countries like the U
States, in which the check plays so
portant a part in current bus
transactions.

"This enormous inflation thus bro
about, coupled with the continued 'sca
demand' for food, manufactures, m
facturing material, and labor requ
for their production, was accompanie
great advances in prices, first in

10c a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter—latest model

FREE TRIAL

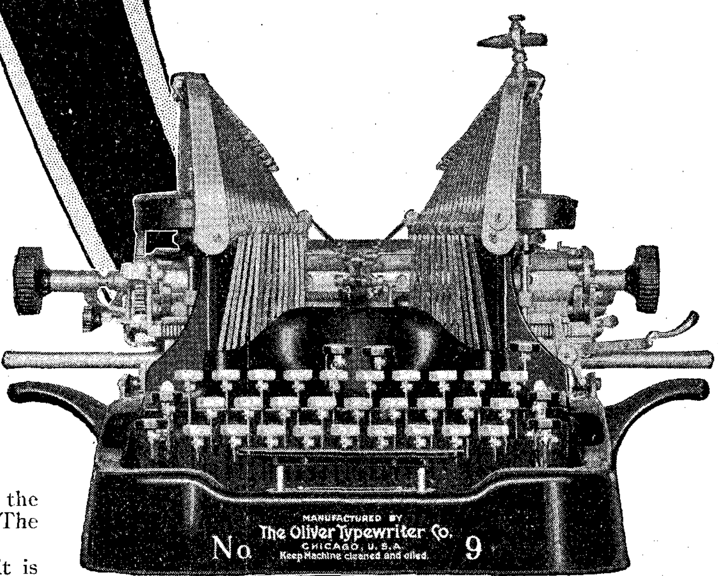
No Money Down

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save $43 on the price, for we now sell the $100 Oliver for $57. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest product of our factories.

We are able to make this great saving for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.



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Now $57

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ess of price, pay for it at the rate of $3 per
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you have the full amount.

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you a cent. Nor does it place you under obligations to buy.
ur new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling
Olivers this way than ever before. Over 700,000 Olivers
been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

his, the Oliver 9, has all the latest improvements. It is noted for
urdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished
ve enamel and polished nickel. If any typewriter is worth $100,
his Oliver, for which we now ask only $57, after its being priced
ears at $100.

ail the coupon for EITHER a free trial Oliver or further informa-
Be your own salesman and save $43. This is your great opportunity.

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This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save $43.

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☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is ....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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Name ....
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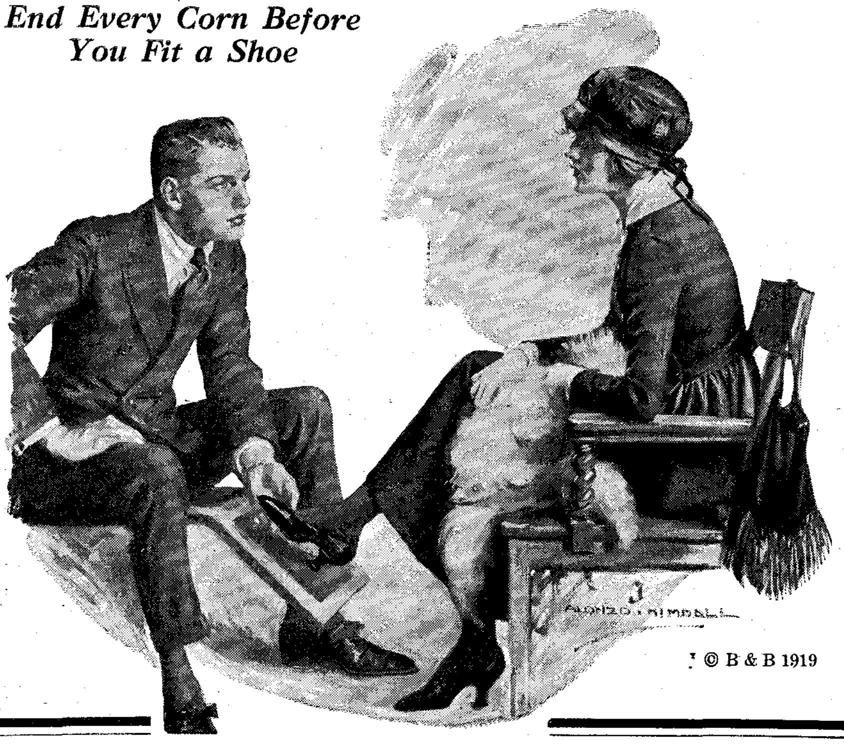
End Every Corn Before You Fit a Shoe



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Week-Old Corns

Should Be Unthinkable

These positive facts are now known to millions.

The pain of a corn can be instantly stopped, and forever.

The corn itself can be ended completely, and usually in two days.

The method is scientific.

It consists of attaching a Blue-jay plaster, forgetting the corn, and letting things take their course.

The results have been proved by experience.

They have been proved to so many people that corns are now comparatively uncommon.

Corn aches are needless.

Paring corns is folly.

Old-time harsh and mussy treatments have no place today.

You will know these facts, and quickly, if you'll try a Blue-jay on one corn. Do it tonight, and the whole corn question will settle itself forever.

B&B **Blue=jay**
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—
Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

materials for the war, then advances g ually extending to other articles wl their respective producers must excha for those in which the advance had alre occurred, and this made the advanc prices world-wide, and applying to classes of articles irrespective of t immediate relation to the requirem of the war.

"The chief question involved in a c sideration of the future of prices is whe there is a prospect of an early remova the causes of the advance. The 'scar demand' still continues in everything exc war-supplies and even in that line is entirely ended, since there are ab 15,000,000 men still under arms. ' demand for food is as insistent as e owing to the disordered state of the po lation of Central Europe and the poverished condition of the neglected of all that continent, while the facto and empty shelves of all the world clamoring for new supplies which ran during the war-period.

"As to a material reduction of the flated currency, the prospects for the future do not seem encouraging in vie the fact that the 1919–20 'budgets' of principal countries of the world now b made up call for fully four times as m money as those of the year preceding war, suggesting that the governme demands in the first peace year after war will be about $50,000,000,000 against about $12,000,000,000 in 1913, that the governments which must q ruple their demands upon their payers and prepare for a reduction of t debts will hesitate about reducing amount of money in circulation. W there may be a slight downward tren the general price-level and distinct re tions in certain articles, the difficult removing the chief causes of the adv suggests that the general reduction prices in the near future may not b rapid as has been anticipated."

Meanwhile the Department of Labc Washington has issued the results study of prices during wars and the suing readjustment periods. Discus the Civil-War period as a precedent, report says:

"A comparison of the course of p during the Civil War and the pre war shows many points of simil during the two periods. The cours prices during the present period of r justment and the corresponding pe following the Civil War shows more pc of difference than of similarity. Du both wars the wholesale prices of modities in general rose steadily thr the war-period. The rise during the C War period, taking the year 1860 as base, runs up to somewhat higher level t the rise during the present war. In l wars building materials rose in price, they did not at either time reach lc as high as the price levels of o commodities.

"At the beginning of the year 1 the end of the Civil War being in si wholesale prices broke suddenly violently. During the first six mo of the year prices in general fell of per cent. from the high level of Janu However, the break in wholesale pr tho unprecedented in violence and companied by the unsettling influenc the end of the Great War, produced business crisis or depression. Through latter half of 1865 prices recovered from low point until in January, 1866, they st just 16 per cent. below the level of Ja ary, 1865. From the beginning of prices dropt slowly downward. They not reach the prewar level until the 1878. As is well known, during that pe of inflated currency gold was at a premi However, commodity prices rema above the prices of gold up to and inclu the year 1877.

"Building materials declined in p along with other commodities during

A Positively Defined Price Policy

DIAMOND T
THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR

"WATCHFUL waiting" will not avail the man who is postponing his truck purchase for a rumored drop in prices. To be sure of our own final statement on this point, we have carefully canvassed the materials and labor situation—our policy is fixed, and it is phraseable in this way: We will guarantee current Diamond T prices on the present models for the balance of this year.

If, by some unforeseen trend of market conditions Diamond T Prices can be reduced at any time during the year, every 1919 purchaser of "The Nation's Freight Car" will be rebated the difference by check.

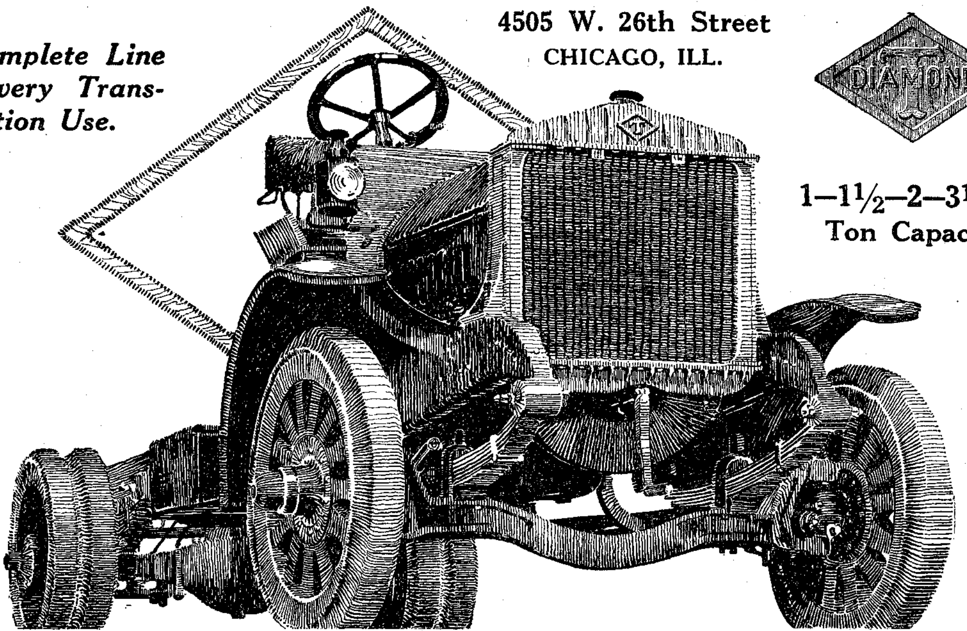
But, should the cost of production compel an increase, in spite of our present estimate, that increase will only apply on such orders as are taken after the price change becomes effective.

Buyers of Diamond T Trucks are thus guaranteed Diamond T's lowest 1919 prices.

For awhile, immediate deliveries of Diamond T's will be possible. With all price uncertainties removed, there is every reason for cutting your haulage costs and boosting profits with Diamond T—NOW. If you're not sure about our dealer's location, address

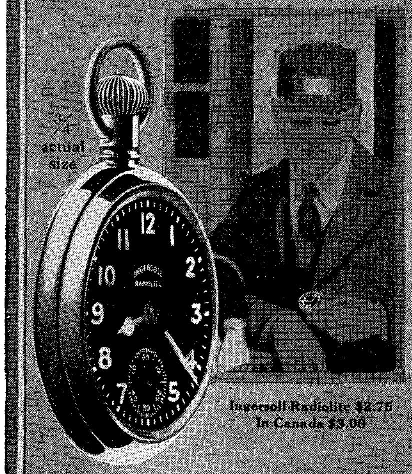
Diamond T Motor Car Company
4505 W. 26th Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

A Complete Line for every Transportation Use.

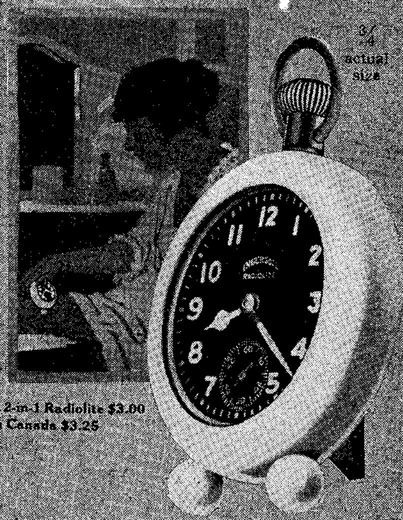


DIAMOND T

1–1½–2–3½–5
Ton Capacity



Ingersoll Radiolite $2.75
In Canada $3.00



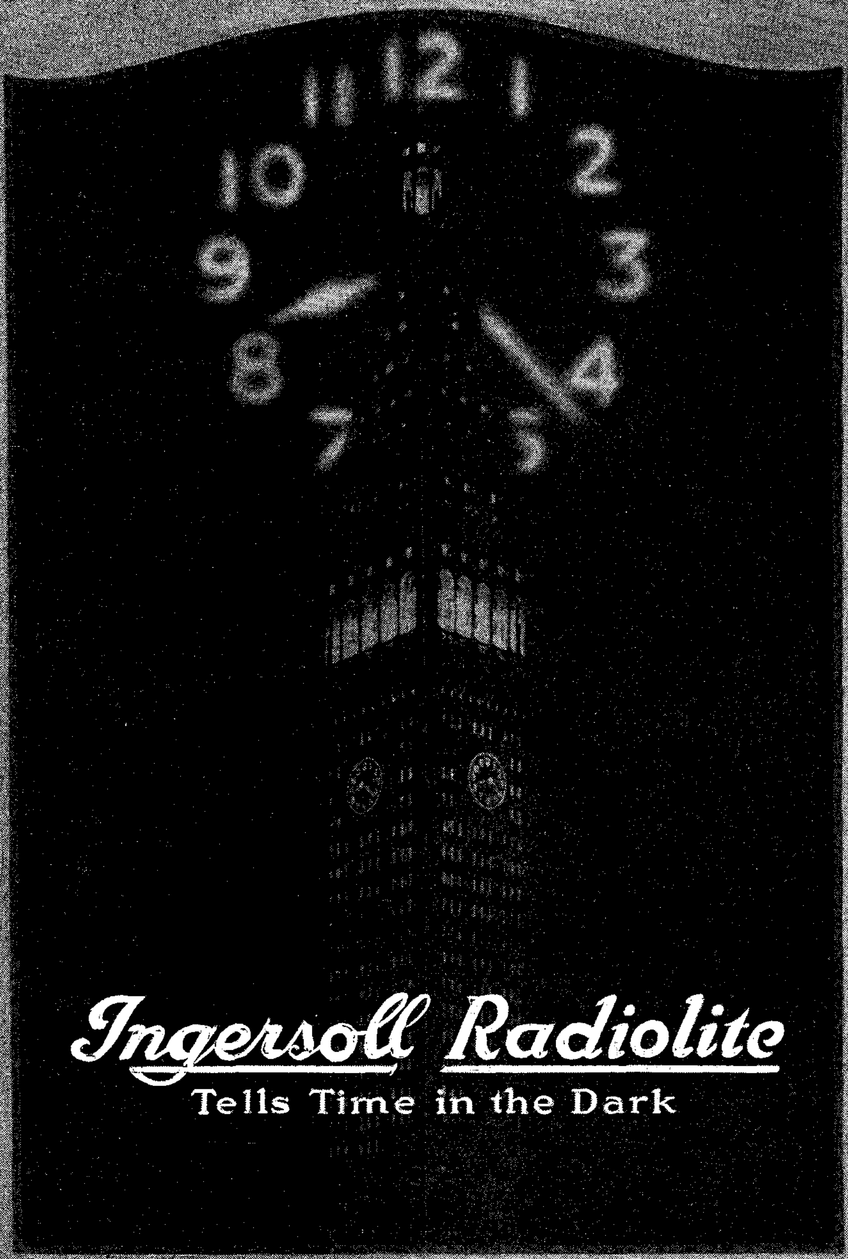
Ingersoll 2-in-1 Radiolite $3.00
In Canada $3.25

½ actual size

Midget Wrist Radiolite $5.50
In Canada $6.00

¾ actual size

Waterbury Radiolite $5.00
In Canada $5.50



THE great illuminated Metropolitan Tower clock cost $100,000 and it's worth it. It tells time night and day to thousands of New Yorkers—but its utility is limited to its immediate vicinity.

The Ingersoll Radiolite costs as little as $2.75, and because its dial is coated with a substance containing real radium, it glows your night time wherever you are.

It's the watch that gave our soldiers in France better service than any other watch on the front—it's giving the same faithful service to thousands throughout the world *now*.

Imagine the convenience of this watch to night workers—the delivery man, the policeman, the fireman, the sportsman, nurses, doctors—*everyone* whose work or play takes him into the dark.

The Radiolite is a sturdy watch encased in nickel. The Radiolite 2-in-1 is the same watch in an attractive stand. For outdoor men and women, the Midget Wrist Radiolite is the ideal timepiece; small and strongly built, it comes with pigskin strap. The Waterbury Radiolite is a handsome and durable jeweled watch. Encased in nickel and made in popular size. Look for the store with an Ingersoll display and remember—

"There's no Radiolite but the Ingersoll Radiolite."

NOTE: The U. S. Revenue Law effective April 1, 1919, places a 5 per cent tax on all watches.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chicago San Francisco Montreal Buenos Aires Shanghai
London (Ingersoll Watch Co., Ltd., Distributors)

first half of the year 1865. However, the fall was less than in the case of other commodities. Whereas commodities in general dropt 27 per cent., building materials dropt only 14½ per cent. The recovery during the second half of the year was more marked, prices of building materials returning to the level of the last quarter of the year 1864, and remaining at that level for a period of a year before the decline set in. The index-figure for the building materials group remained higher than that for all commodities up to and including the year 1874.

"The currency was on a distinctly unsound basis in the Civil-War reconstruction period. The sharp fluctuations in prices gave rise to much speculation and the opportunities for development of the resources of the country, such as unused land, rivers, and harbors, building of railroads, led to overexpansion of business resulting in the financial panic of 1873. This panic was not accompanied by any sharp decline in prices.

"As was stated above, it was thirteen years after the Civil War before prices returned to the prewar level. The principal cause of the return to the prewar level was the fact that there was such abundant opportunity for the development of new and more economic methods of production in the shape of new forms of machinery and new kinds of business organizations. These opportunities we do not have at the present day in any measure comparable with the previous period."

HIGHER RAILROAD-RATES THE WORLD OVER

That the world is destined soon to see higher rail-rates is being held by many observers of present conditions. Reports from Europe indicate a necessity for materially increased charges. German officials talk of raising rates 60 per cent. and Belgium expects an increase of 100 per cent. Russia must pay more, and England is faced by nationalization followed by general taxation to make up revenue deficiencies; so reports *The Wall Street Journal* as a result of information derived from many sources.

Hence it is believed that the United States "need not fear to face another increase in rates, as it will have plenty of company all over the world." Reports from Germany, Belgium, Russia, and England all tell of the necessity of large increases, and in some places the advances have already been decided upon. In the United States, notwithstanding repeated denials by the Federal Railroad Administration that an increase in rates is contemplated, "the feeling persists both within and without railroad circles that an increase in rates is necessary not only to meet the continuous increase in wages but to establish the credit of the railroad companies on a permanently sound basis." Commenting on an increase in rates in Germany, *Vorwärts* recently said:

"The new Minister of Prussian Railroads foresees the necessity of raising all freight-rates 60 per cent., exception made in the case of potatoes and wheat, if necessary. He proposes besides an increase of passenger-rates with the following percentages: Fourth class, 20 per cent.; third class, 25 per cent.; second class, 35 per cent; first class, 100 per cent. If the financial results of exploitation improve, the increase will be reduced or even abolished."

As to conditions in Belgium the *Gazette de Bruxelles* recently said: "We know that the new railroad-rate, which will soon be in force, will bring an increase of 100 per cent. over the before-the-war price." Commenting on the railroad situation in Russia *The Radio* has said: "The committee on rates of the Russian railroads has just decided to raise again the passenger-rates 50 per cent. for the third and fourth classes, or triple the tariffs of before the revolution. The second class will be increased 100 per cent., and the first class abolished." Frank H. Fayant, assistant to the chairman of the Association of Railroad Executives, recently returned from Europe, and, in commenting on the situation of English railroads, said:

"If returned to the private companies on their present basis of rates and costs, they could earn neither dividends nor interest, and most of them could not even earn their operating expenses. A freight-rate increase of 100 per cent. would be necessary to enable the companies to survive, and the feeling in England is that with rates already high no Government would have the courage to grant such a large increase to the private companies. For this reason it is believed that nationalization of the English roads will be the only way out of the muddle, and the general public, through taxation, will then make up the revenues unprovided by shippers and passengers."

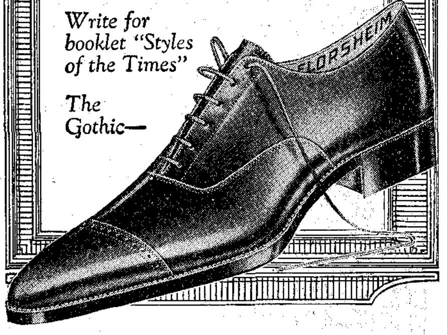
In this country, under the existing level of rates and costs, taxpayers are already making up the losses sustained by the Government in its operation of the carriers.

OUR GREAT EXPORT TRADE

"Bumper export trade totals" is what *Bradstreet's* calls some of the latest figures as to our trade with foreign countries. The total of outward shipments for March was valued at $604,945,546, a sum 3 per cent. in excess of February, 16 per cent. ahead of March a year ago, [and only 2.7 per cent. below the high record total of $622,674,083 set up in January, 1919. The last month and January of 1917 were, in fact, the only months showing larger totals than the third month of this year. At the same time, imports were heavy, aggregating $267,583,189, a sum 14 per cent. in excess of February, 10 per cent. in excess of March a year ago, and only six times exceeded in the country's history. Such was the excess of exports over imports in March, $337,362,357, that it has been only five times exceeded since January, 1917. Following are *Bradstreet's* figures of exports and imports of merchandise monthly for twenty-seven months past, with the excess of exports shown in each month:

1917	*Exports*	*Imports*	*Excess of Exports*
January..........	$613,324,582	$241,793,282	$371,531,300
February.........	467,648,406	199,479,696	268,168,410
March............	553,985,699	270,257,139	283,728,560
April............	529,927,815	253,935,966	275,991,849
May..............	549,673,545	280,727,164	268,946,381
June.............	573,467,789	306,622,939	266,844,850
July.............	372,758,414	325,926,352	146,832,062
August...........	488,655,597	267,854,767	220,800,830
September........	454,506,904	236,196,898	218,310,006
October..........	542,101,146	221,227,405	320,873,741
November.........	487,327,694	220,534,550	266,793,144
December.........	600,135,006	227,911,497	372,223,509
1918			
January..........	504,797,306	233,942,081	270,855,225
February.........	411,361,970	207,715,540	203,646,430
March............	522,900,238	242,162,017	280,738,221
April............	500,060,633	278,981,327	221,079,306
May..............	551,095,273	323,256,898	227,838,375
June.............	484,503,919	260,323,031	224,190,888
July.............	508,054,495	241,165,992	266,888,503
August...........	529,278,551	272,943,395	256,335,156
September........	549,828,302	262,257,387	287,570,915
October..........	501,860,550	246,764,906	255,095,644
November.........	522,236,594	251,008,037	271,228,557
December.........	565,886,112	210,886,517	354,999,590
1919			
January..........	622,910,383	212,992,644	409,917,739
February.........	587,990,478	235,187,088	352,803,390
March............	604,945,546	267,583,189	337,362,357

Bradstreet's notes further that the nine months' records of exports and of imports were also "far in excess of any preceding years for like periods, exports totaling $4,990,560,958 and imports $2,200,955,883, gains of, respectively, 13.8 and 5.6 per cent. over the year preceding, while exports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Consider the wear not the price per pair.

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The Gothic—

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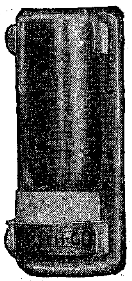
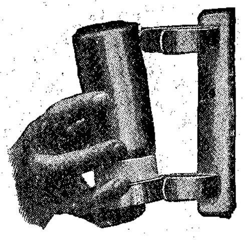
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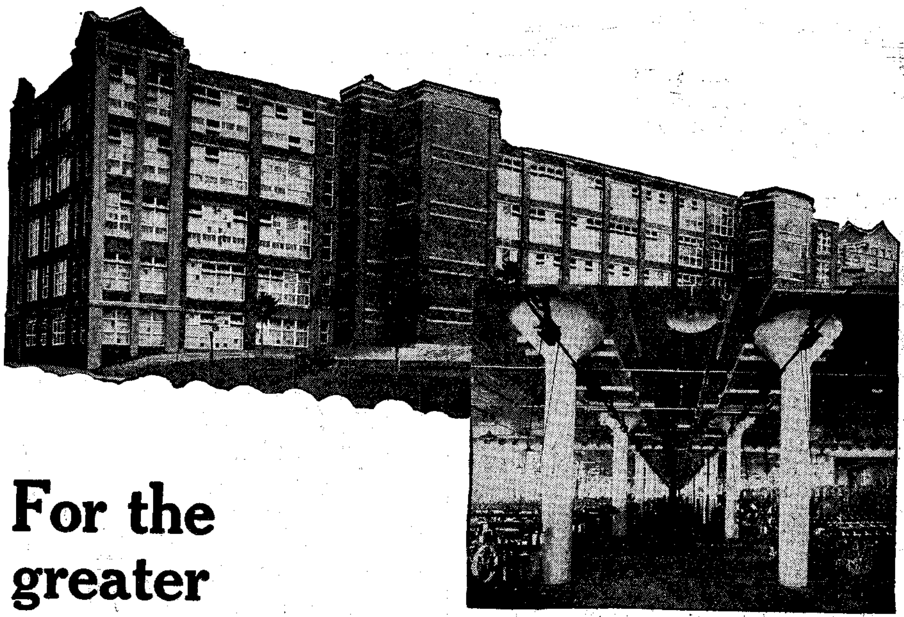

For the greater production of Duplan Silks

THE Duplan Silk Corporation has factories in France and Switzerland and three mills in eastern Pennsylvania. It is quite the largest manufacturer of silks in the world and the Duplan mill at Hazleton, Pa., is not equalled in size anywhere.

Despite its size, the capacity of the Hazleton mill was not adequate to meet the demand for Duplan broad silks. An addition was planned. Haste was required.

Just before sailing for Europe in May, 1917, Mr. Duplan approved plans drawn by Lockwood, Greene & Co. and construction began at once. By the time of his return late in the year the mill was partly used for production. It was fully completed in the following January.

The building is a modern, reinforced-concrete structure with three floor levels. It is 100 x 700 feet. In laying foundations it was necessary to go through an abandoned coal mine to get firm footing. The construction was supervised throughout by Lockwood, Greene & Co.

This is just another illustration of the fact that we know industrial engineering in every phase and are able to carry through any size task—on time.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK

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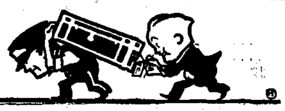


BAGGAGE TAGS

Tag your trunk on both handles—you'll find it at journey's end. Dennison dealers everywhere have baggage tags. We make 8,000,000 tags a day for special business orders.

Write to Dennison, Dept. L
Framingham, Mass., for the "Handy Book."

59 What Next ?

exceed the hitherto high record nine months of 1916-17 by 7.6 per cent." Following are given the exports and imports for nine months of the past six fiscal years ending March 31, which cover the war-period:

	Exports	*Imports*	*Excess of Exports*
1919........	$4,990,560,958	$2,200,955,883	$2,789,605,075
1918........	4,384,544,275	2,083,471,167	2,301,073,108
1917........	4,636,979,245	1,818,069,116	2,818,910,129
1916........	2,995,424,760	1,504,662,718	1,490,762,042
1915........	1,931,077,869	1,213,613,643	717,464,226
1914........	1,883,221,915	1,398,352,578	484,869,337

Following is a summary of leading exports in March and the nine months of the fiscal year, showing "the directions in which expansion occurred":

Exports by Groups	*March, 1919*	*March, 1918*	*Change per Ct*
Breadstuffs.........	$68,112,208	$65,255,128	I 4 3
Ccttonseed-oil.......	3,882,383	1,934,190	I100 7
Meat and dairy products..........	124,398,844	111,856,813	I 11 1
Cotton,.............	78,813,010	50,280,134	I 56 7
Mineral oils.........	20,850,911	29,099,844	D 28 3
Total above.......	$296,057,356	$258,426,109	I 14 5
Total others........	308,888,190	264,474,129	I 16 7
All exports........	$604,945,546	$522,900,238	I 15 6

	Nine Mos. Ended March, 1919	*1918*	*Change per Ct*
Breadstuffs.........	$645,962,493	$447,445,917	I 44 3
Cottonseed-oil.......	24,259,001	8,632,242	I180 9
Meat and dairy products..........	753,594,433	386,737,857	I 94 8
Cotton.............	632,619,853	539,275,399	I 17 3
Mineral oils.........	257,262,373	213,033,337	I 20 7
Total above.........	$2,313,698,153	$1,595,124,752	I 45 0
Total others.........	2,671,862,805	2,789,419,523	D 4 2
All exports.........	$4,990,560,958	$4,384,544,275	I 13 8

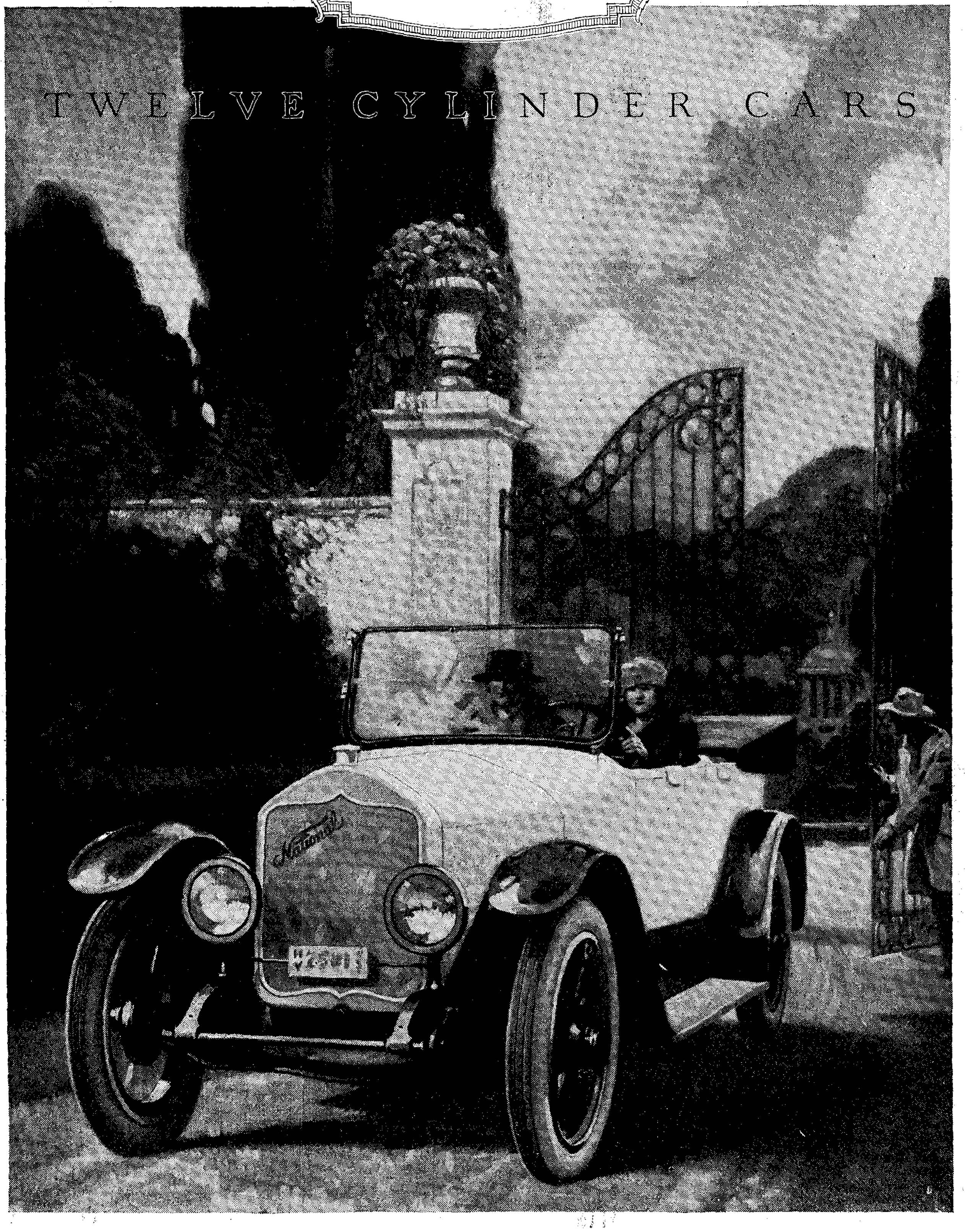
It appears also that the aggregate value of these five classes of exports "was $40,000,000 larger in March than in February, gains in breadstuffs, cotton, cottonseed-oil, and meats offsetting a decrease in mineral oil shipments, but all of the five except meats showed a decrease from January." Compared with March a year ago, mineral oils alone showed smaller exports, "with cotton leading in percentage of gain."

RATS FIGHTING OFF THE PLAGUE—India has been suffering intermittently for more than twenty years from plague, which has caused the death of some 10,000,000 people. There are now signs, we are told in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, March 22), that the periodic epidemics are becoming less virulent, and for a curious reason, which it gives in these words:

"Experimental investigation has shown that the newer generations of rats are developing comparative immunity from plague infection. It is thought that in time the rats in long-infected areas may become completely plague-proof. This eventual outcome has been predicted by Dr. C. J. Martin, F.R.S., director of the Lister Institute, who organized the researches which demonstrated that the infection is conveyed to man by rat fleas. Perhaps in some similar manner plague disappeared in the British Isles. British rats may gradually have become immune to plague infection. However, it must be remembered that plague remained persistently endemic through the centuries in certain quarters of the world, such as the highlands of Yunnan in China and of Asir in western Arabia, and India has always been regarded as a reservoir."

Art on the Farm.—MODERN PLOWLADY (ecstatically)—"My furrows are so much more artistic than the straight ones Farmer Jones used to plow!"—*Life.*

National



MORE than eighteen years have now elapsed since the first National automobile went forth from our factory to enter the service of a private individual. We offer this National Four-Passenger Phaeton proudly, as a product really expressive of eighteen years of earnest effort.

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EVERY cough in public betrays disregard for others. For coughing is unnecessary. You can relieve it with S. B. Cough Drops, and often prevent a sore throat or cold.

One placed in the mouth at bedtime will keep the breathing passages clear.

Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

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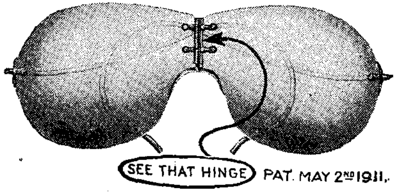
THE AUTOGLAS



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Obtainable from opticians, motor supply and sporting goods establishments everywhere.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"O. H.," Washington, D. C.—"(1) Is the word *hearty* properly used in the sentence, 'Beefsteak is too *hearty* for breakfast'? (2) Aside from the question of superfluity, is the word *some* used grammatically in the sentence, 'The agreement was made over *some* forty years ago'?"

(1) One of the definitions of the word *hearty* is "supplying abundant strength or nourishment, strengthening; invigorating." The use to which you refer is well established and dates back to 1617. It is a commonplace that mutton and lamb are less *hearty* than beef. (2) The word *some* is used correctly in the sentence you give It is a use that dates from the time of King Alfred the Great (849-901).

"A. J. Z.," Rochester, N. Y.—"What is the correct abbreviation for the word *manager?*"

The correct abbreviation for *manager* is *Mgr.*

"C. McD.," Hillsboro, Ohio.—"(1) What is the correct pronunciation of *generatrix?* (2) Is the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' considered a hymn or a patriotic lyric?"

(1) *Generatrix* is pronounced *jen'er-e"triks*—*j* as in *jet;* the first *e* as in *get;* the second *e* as in *over;* the third *e* as in *prey;* *i* as in habit. (2) "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is a patriotic lyric.

"L. F.," Little Rock, Ark.—"Please answer the following: Would you say 'Please hand me the *biscuit,*' or 'Please hand me the *biscuits,*' it being assumed that there are a number of biscuits on the plate?"

Biscuit is singular or plural, according to the quantity; the use of the singular to designate a plural quantity, altho occasionally heard, is not accepted as correct.

"D. W. H.," Phœnix, Ariz.—"Should the letter *s* in *sir*, when used as a salutation, be capitalized?"

Yes, as, "Dear *Sir*," "My dear *Sir*," "*Sir*," etc.

"E. W.," Langford, S. D.—"(1) Has the United States a national anthem? What is it, and when was it adopted? (2) What is the meaning of *Dakota?*"

(1) The regulations for the United States Navy require that "The Star-Spangled Banner" shall be played at both morning and evening colors, and this has been the practise and regulation since that time. In the United States Army at army posts it is played at retreat in the evening. (2) *Dakota* means "allies."

"C. G. B.," Rochester, N. Y.—"What is the meaning of *Berith Kodesh?*"

Berith Kodesh means "Covenant of Holiness," or "Holy Covenant."

"F. S. B.," Manistee, Mich.—"Is there any authority for the use of the word *refund* as a noun? 'We shall make a *refund* of $2.' This word is commonly used as a noun with accent on first syllable. *Refundment* sounds rather cumbersome to me, but I have been unable to find any authority for the use of *refund* as a noun."

Refund, once a colloquialism, defined as "The return of money or the sum returned," is no longer stigmatized as such. It has been in use since 1866, and is accepted by American dictionaries as well as by the New English Dictionary, published by the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, England, without qualification. The term *refundment* is now archaic.

Classified Columns

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